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ART. I.—1. *Manual of the Confraternity of La Salette, comprising every information concerning La Salette, with Directions for the Confraternities established in England.* By Rev. JOHN WYSE, Catholic Priest. London: 1856.

2. *The Holy Mountain of La Salette. A Pilgrimage of the Year* 1854. By the Right Rev. Bishop ULLATHORNE. 4th edition. London: 1855.

3. *La Salette devant le Pape, ou Rationalisme et Hérésie découlant du fait de La Salette, suivie du Mémoire au Pape par plusieurs Membres du Clergè diocésain.* Grénoble: 1854.

4. *La Conscience d'un Prêtre et le Pouvoir d'un Evêque, ou droit imprescriptible des Principes.* Paris: 1856.

ABOUT thirty-three years ago we had occasion to examine in this Journal some of those practices on the superstition and credulity of mankind, which had then acquired a sort of vogue under the name of Prince Hohenlohe's Miracles. We showed how degrading to religion, and how offensive to true piety, are those 'stratagemata prædatorum, quibus utuntur ad ambitionem 'propriam et lucrum,' to use the language of Lord Bacon. We demonstrated by medical evidence the utter absurdity of the cures which were supposed to denote a miraculous efficacy in the prayers of a German prince; and we terminated our remarks by the consoling reflection that such deceptions as these were no longer likely to produce any effect on society; that the days were passed and gone when prodigies could be imposed upon whole nations; and that the general improvement of men's

minds would prove a sufficient guarantee against such trash for the future.

The third part of a century has elapsed since these words were written and these hopes expressed. The century to which this portion of human history belongs is remarkable above all others for the vociferous diffusion of knowledge, and for undoubted improvements in all the methods by which knowledge can be imparted to men. It is characterised by an unbounded development of material force, and of that intelligence by which material force can be directed. It has established the dominion of man more firmly over space, time, and the world; it has roused fresh powers of self-reliance; it has satisfied fresh dreams of enterprise. Yet, if we are asked at the present moment, and with the evidence now before us, to reassert that the artifices of superstition are no longer to be dreaded; that the awakened intelligence of mankind can no longer be imposed upon; that the empire of bigotry and cant is approaching its downfall; and that the cause of religion is fortified by a nearer approach to the sublime purity of Gospel Truth, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that the experience of the last and the present generation leads us to an opposite conclusion. We have witnessed, and are still witnessing, even in the domain of science and positive experience, delusions as wild and senseless as ever beguiled the human imagination — clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, biology, and all the phantoms which hover on the confines of organic nature. We learn with astonishment that in the far West, beyond the deserts of the Rocky Mountains, in that region to which liberty and toleration have hitherto pointed as their inviolable refuge, a theocratic tyranny reigns over a hundred thousand American citizens,—more degrading in its objects of veneration, more abominable in its practices, more atrocious in its means of government, than the most accursed rites of heathenism. Nor is this strange aberration of the human mind confined to frantic enthusiasts or half-civilised communities. We have seen in one portion of our own Church a craving for the mysterious influences of the secondary objects of faith — an abject submission to authority and sacerdotal intervention — a sentimental veneration extending even to things inanimate and formal. The Church of Rome, with that profound observation or instinctive perception of the spirit of the age, which has characterised her for a thousand years, seeks largely and promptly to avail herself of this back-water of the great stream of civilisation. If her authority is contested, she asserts it in more imperious language; if her doctrines are assailed, she adds to them a fresh article of faith, more irreconcilable to

reason and to Scripture, and more opposed to the primitive belief of the Church than any former proposition of her creed; if the secret influence exercised upon society by her sacraments and her confessional is denounced as an insufferable tyranny, undermining the relations of husband and wife, of parents and children, she retorts by proscribing all mixed marriages as concubinage and all lay education as blasphemy; if her ecclesiastical organisation is resisted, she succeeds in wresting from Austria the Concordat of 1855, and in establishing a Papal hierarchy even in the most Protestant States of Europe; if her claim to traditional infallibility and miraculous gifts is denied, she boldly sets the stamp of her authority on lying legends and old-wives fables. And all this the society of Europe — the Europe of the nineteenth century — endures. To arrogance which the seventeenth century would have overborne with contempt — to superstitions which the eighteenth century would have scouted with ridicule, some at least of the men of our day lend a voluntary obedience or an indiscriminate faith. We boast of our victories over the prejudices and ignorances of the past — over political oppression and social abuses; but against this progress in the temporal and secular interests of life, must be set off a strange reaction in the higher regions of thought and belief, which serves in too many instances to render superstition more dense and intolerance more keen. It is not altogether safe, then, to rely on the progress of knowledge and cultivation to dissipate this gloom. It is not true that these phantoms will disperse at the first glimmering of the dawn. On the contrary, seen through the twilight of imperfect day, they assume an aspect at once more substantial and more menacing. Man is like the traveller who toils up the crags and through the mists of the Brocken, only to behold the visionary giant, which is the shadow of his own form, looming above his path and forbidding his advance. This inexhaustible love of the mysterious and the wonderful, which dwells in his finite capacity, seems to invest new idols with a supernatural radiance. Ecstatic nuns, false miracles, winking pictures, bleeding images, bodily apparitions, and all the retinue of imposture still haunt, not only the more ignorant classes of modern Europe, but persons of imagination and sensibility; and that Church which boasts among its proselytes even Englishmen of high attainments and undoubted mental powers, does not scruple to sanction tricks and absurdities which the Middle Ages would have repudiated.

The first of the little volumes before us has suggested these painful reflections, and appears to call for our serious animadversion. We make these remarks in no spirit of sectarian hostility

to any branch of the Christian Church. We believe—indeed we have the proof before us—that many Catholics reject with as much abhorrence as ourselves these attempts to impose on mankind a tissue of vulgar inventions. The Roman Catholic Church condemns by many of its greatest legislators and commentators these base artifices and deceits. But it is not the less true that a very considerable body of the authorities of that Church are lending themselves to this unhallowed work: the highest authority, that of the Pope, is invoked to sanction it by a form of worship and by acts of indulgence; and *even in this country* a distinct attempt is here made to enrol among the duties of religious observance one of the grossest frauds ever practised by the priesthood. We think, therefore, that it is not a useless task to unravel this story—to expose the facts on which it rests —to hold up a candle to this spectre—and to trace the rapid growth of so extraordinary an imposture.

Most of our readers have probably heard of the pretended Apparition of Our Lady of La Salette. We shall presently revert to the particulars of this astounding narrative, when we examine the evidence on which it rests. But few of them will be aware that this incongruous appendage to the offices of religion is no longer confined to the diocese in which it originated, or to countries in which the Roman Catholic Church holds an undivided sway. It remained for the Rev. John Wyse, Catholic Priest, to furnish us with a Manual for the Confraternities of La Salette established in England; and it remained for Bishop Ullathorne, titular Bishop of Birmingham, to send this mendacious production forth to the world with the stamp of his approval. On the first page of this publication we find the following strangely written declaration:—

'Approbation of his Lordship, the Bishop of Birmingham.

'I have read the book entitled "The Manual of the Confraternity of "La Salette," and find nothing in it *contrary* to faith or good morals: on the *contrary,* I consider it as calculated to promote piety and devotion, especially to the Mother of God.

✠ 'W. B. Ullathorne.

'*Birmingham,* June 9. 1855.'

We believe that Dr. Ullathorne is considered to be one of the most eminent of the Roman Catholic prelates in this country; and with this attestation before us we shall have an opportunity of judging what his notions of faith, good morals, piety and devotion really amount to. It must, however, be added, that he speaks with more than common authority on the subject, for his Lordship has actually made a pilgrimage to La

Salette in his own person, and has published an account of all that has taken place there under the title of 'The Holy Mountain 'of La Salette, by a Pilgrim of 1854.'

We have examined this narrative since the Manual first attracted our attention, and we find that it is the production of an enthusiastic votary of the Apparition. Nothing seems to be too extravagant for this reverend prelate to believe, and nothing too blasphemous for him to say. When it is remembered *what* the Roman Catholics conceive the Virgin Mary to be, we confess that we are lost in wonder, to find them treating her with a mixture of puerility and presumption which they would not display to any ordinary mortal.

It seems, however, that Mr. Wyse himself, the author of this Manual, is not entirely insensible to some of the inconveniences resulting from the propagation of such stories in England.

'In introducing this Manual to the use of English Catholics, it may not be wide of the purpose to say that, in common with other priests, I am well aware of the objections not unfrequently made to the establishment of this particular Confraternity in England. It is too singular, we hear it sometimes objected, and ill-calculated to win heretics to the Faith. Without considering the real *want of Faith*, which is usually the parent of such sentiments, I will simply answer, that the Catholic Church is our Country, and that, as the Confraternity of La Salette is not singular in one part of the Catholic Church, we have no right to treat it as a stranger here,—that if it is singular now, it need be so no longer; that on this plea many a good Catholic practice might plausibly be denied a place in our English services; that the contrary system, namely, pandering to Protestant prejudice and ignorance, has proved a mere chimæra: we gain nothing by it for ourselves, and lose a great deal, whilst not one soul the more is drawn into the Church; that our Confraternity has received the approval and encouragement of every bishop to whom application has been made for erecting it; that several bishops have been most anxious about it, and that no authority has spoken against it. Amongst these authorities I may include that of the good Curé of Ars, who is considered by every one to be a saint, and whose testimony, therefore, carries with it great weight.' (Preface, p. 8, 9.)

With regard to the testimony of the Curé of Ars, who is well known in the south of France for his great piety, we shall be able to show that this very individual has played a conspicuous part in exposing the imposture; but he is not the less relied on by Mr. Wyse, as an especial authority for the introduction of the devotion of La Salette in England.

It will have been remarked that in the passage just quoted from Mr. Wyse's preface, this reverend gentleman declares

'the Catholic Church to be *his* country'—implying that he acknowledges no other: and the views he entertains towards England in particular are expressed with equal candour.

'"Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." Now, practically speaking, in England there is a great want of this sort of willing Faith. Of course it is not meant to speak here of Protestants. Faith with them is out of the question. They do not believe in the *essential* truths of salvation; much less, therefore, in that which is not of necessity. But unfortunately by contact with Protestants, and by constantly breathing an atmosphere of rationalism, the Faith of many Catholics, firm enough in its way, has become, if we may be allowed to use the expression, ungenerous and stingy. Pushed and goaded on every side, and at last almost persuaded that the wonderful doctrines of the Catholic Church are quite hard task enough on their belief, they contract their Faith into as small a space as possible. They take in what they are obliged, and nothing more. These good persons are Catholics, it is true; but they are not catholic minded. "Tell me," says a great writer, "what they believe beyond "the essential truths of the Church, and I will tell you the measure of "their Faith;" or words to that effect. They believe, for instance, in the possibility of miracles, but feel somehow quite uncomfortable, when a miracle occurs, the truth of which they cannot contest. What miserable sort of work is this! If we are to be Catholics, why not be so to the full at once? We shall get nothing in the world by the contrary. The infidels and blasphemers will only laugh in their sleeve at us. We shall be insulted and persecuted just the same, but shall we be dearer to God for our thriftiness in matter of Faith? Far from it. God loves the cheerful giver. All this comes from allowing our minds to get impregnated with the pestiferous principles of the age, of which Protestant England is the reeking hotbed.' (P. 28-9.)

There is, according to this view of the nature of faith, no merit in believing what is possible or true: the merit of faith begins on the verge of absurdity. The essential truths of salvation revealed to mankind by the highest conceivable authority are not enough to fill and elevate the mind if they are not garnished with the puerile additions of mendacity or enthusiasm. Absolute credulity is the highest virtue—*credo quia impossibile,* the highest truth. These maxims, it appears, have not yet obtained full currency and acceptance in this country, or even, we hope, amongst English Catholics; but the object of Mr. Wyse and Dr. Ullathorne is to diffuse them. Thus a little further on:—

'As far as religion is concerned, we have, as Catholics, clearly nothing in common with those around us. England is an unchristian country; and certainly, to attempt to fraternize with half infidels by paring away from our Faith whatever consistently we can, is not the

way to remain Catholics ourselves. We are engaged in a deadly contest, which all thinking men allow to be verging to an issue. The fight is against the devil and his works, against blasphemy and infidelity, against swearing and profanation of the Sunday. There is need, then, for every available help! To this end truly our Blessed Lady appeared at La Salette; and certes how shall it fare with us, should we be found with our lamps untrimmed in the great day of trial? Strong conviction, therefore, as to the necessity of expiating the abominable sins by which God is daily outraged, particularly in England; a determination to begin this atonement by reforming our own lives; an earnest faith in the mission and intercessory power of the Blessed Virgin; such are the dispositions proper for 'those who desire to be admitted into the Confraternity of our Lady of Reconciliation of La Salette.' (P. 31-2.)

It might be inferred that as the scourges and chastisements announced by the Apparition were specially designed for the punishment of France, and are alleged to have fallen upon her, our own heretical and apostate country has some reason to congratulate itself on its escape from these calamities: but not at all; our state is the less gracious; we have not even been favoured with an apparition to warn us of our iniquities, much less with a famine or a pestilence to expiate them,—unless, indeed, we be told, that some ten years ago Catholic Ireland paid the penalty for Protestant England.

'Now there is one remarkable fact connected with these scourges that we must not fail to reflect upon. It is this: that, whilst our Blessed Lady *complains* and *reproaches*, there is no sin with which she reproaches France that is not doubly and trebly the crime of England,—want of faith, cursing and swearing, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and the rest. But when Mary begins to *threaten*, to prophesy that evil times will come, this wretched land is no longer included in her charity; for the scourges, let us remark, were to come upon France only; and so it has been. And yet, who can doubt but that England is deserving of punishment! how then explain it, except that the sins of this country are so great as not to deserve even a warning voice from her who is the "Mother of "Mercy." There were wicked men in France, but they still had a lingering devotion to the Blessed Virgin,—the sign of predestination, and God saved them because of this one love. Here in England men are not contented with sinning; in their very sins they are unnatural,—they throw aside the obedience and honour due to their Mother, and in the hour of danger there is no mother there to warn them or to speak for them. Scourges will come, however, and are fast coming upon this proud country. The apostacy and wickedness of three centuries have yet to be expiated. What a dreadful thing, then, to have no one at such a moment to stand forward with a holy threatening to urge us to conversion, and thus to save us! It was an evil day for England when she cast off Mary.' (P. 103-4.)

Dr. Ullathorne himself pours forth his lamentations on the gross and habitual blasphemy of the English people.

'Blasphemy against Jesus in his holy Eucharist, — blasphemy against Jesus in his holy Sacrifice. Our sovereigns are not crowned without it; our peers enter not the senate without it; our representatives enter Parliament with it on their lips, — terrible oaths, in which God is called to witness against himself. They form a part of our laws, — they are an element of our constitution.'

We do not exactly understand to what oath Dr. Ullathorne refers, for we cannot imagine that he still believes the declaration against transubstantiation to be a condition of a seat in the legislature.* But these passages suffice to show what are the sentiments towards this country which Mr. Wyse and his reverend diocesan conceive to be not contrary to faith or good morals, but calculated to promote piety and devotion.

We now proceed to consider the facts of this extraordinary attempt to gorge the credulity of mankind with miraculous incidents. The French works we have placed at the head of this article, and from which we shall borrow the evidence we are about to produce, are written by some of the objectors to the pretended miracle — themselves not only Catholics, but members of the diocesan clergy of Grenoble, — but who unhesitatingly declare and show that the whole invention has been got up, propagated, and is maintained by the priests. Many other clergymen of the diocese, who were originally the dupes of this imposture, though they have since discovered their error, have not the courage to stem the tide of false enthusiasm, to abjure a lie so profitable to the district, or to resist the misapplied authority of their bishop. A few who did resist with greater firmness, have expiated their adherence to the cause of truth by persecution,—they have been deprived of their cures, denounced as infidels, and driven from the country. But meanwhile the lie prospers. It has struck root in the faith of the populations; it is preached with authority to foreign nations. As years and distance intervene between the moment and the scene of these occurrences, it will become more difficult to strip

* The words of the Catholic Emancipation Act (10 Geo. iv. c. 7.) are: — 'Whereas certain declarations or oaths against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, are required to be taken by the subjects of His Majesty, as qualifications for sitting and voting in Parliament, and for the enjoyment of certain offices, &c., all such acts or parts of acts as require such declarations, &c. *are hereby repealed.*'

off the consecrated disguise of this mummery. Even the curiosity excited by the legend is construed into a corroboration of its truth. The Bishop of Grenoble says in his mandament,—'The fact acquires a new degree of certitude by the immense 'and spontaneous concourse of the faithful upon the spot of the 'Apparition,'—an argument which would apply with equal force to the crowds assembled to watch for the Cock Lane Ghost. Everything indicates, in short, that we have here before us the actual process by which the legendary faith of the Roman Catholic Church has been made what it is. We have human deceit, human credulity, human interest; the love of the marvellous, the love of gain, the love of power, actively at work in one large and successful conspiracy against truth, honesty, and reason; until we find at last the supreme authority of Rome sanctioning the religious commemoration of a trick so gross, that the success it has obtained is but one degree less incredible than the Apparition itself.

Before we proceed to analyse this extraordinary imposition, we shall leave Mr. Wyse himself to relate the story of the miracle in a style worthy of the subject:—

'The mountain of La Salette is situated in the diocese of Grenoble, at about sixty or seventy English miles distant from the city of Lyons. That particular portion of France was formerly the province of Dauphiné. It is now known as the department of Isère. From Corps, which is the nearest town of any importance, to La Salette is a distance of seven miles; and the road upwards, which discloses alpine scenery of the highest beauty, is so exceedingly rugged, and so ill-adapted to traffic and social purposes, that for a considerable part of the way a mule path is the only means of proceeding. The village of La Salette forms one of ten hamlets, which lie together in a sort of craterlike basin, and immediately above it is the mountain of the same name. With this village the traveller leaves behind him the last trace of civilisation,—a few sickly-looking trees. In a few moments he has penetrated into a region of silence, beyond the dwellings of men, beyond the abode even of birds; the ascent has assumed a wild and terrifying aspect, which increases with every step, and surrounds him on all sides with its dead inclosure, till, after a journey of exceeding toil, he mounts on to the terrace called Sous les Baisses. Here is a complete change. From the terrace up the entire side of the mountain the ground is covered with the loveliest verdure. Wonderful feat of nature, no doubt, but not without its peculiar meaning for us. On this terrace our Blessed Lady appeared to Maximin and Melanie, the two children of La Salette.

'The history of the Apparition may be given briefly as follows. Maximin Giraud and Melanie Matthieu were two children, the one born at a small town called Les Ablandins, in the year 1835, the

other at Corps, in 1831. Both were of poor parents; and both are described as being, previous to the Apparition, *totally ignorant, and without any education whatsoever, religious or otherwise.* Maximin was so incapable, that in the course of four years his father had with difficulty taught him the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Melanie was timid and careless, seldom, if ever, went to church, and could not learn two lines of her catechism. Up to the 17th of September, 1846, they had had no acquaintance with each other, and they remained then only a very short time together; but on the 19th of the same month and year, the eve of the Feast of the Seven Dolours, they met by chance, when driving their cows down from the mountain of La Salette, upon the terrace Sous les Baisses. The day was exceedingly beautiful, not a cloud was visible, and the sun shone brilliantly. Towards mid-day, which the children had learnt to mark by the sound of the Angelus bell, having taken their light repast, they crossed over a little stream called in the language of the country La Sezia, and after depositing their bags close by a dried-up fountain, both fell asleep on the grass, at some little distance one from the other. The girl woke up first, and not seeing the cows, called to her companion to come and look for them. They accordingly recrossed the stream, and ere long found their cows lying down on a gentle slope. Scarcely had they turned to fetch their bags of provisions, when they perceived a light of dazzling brightness, and soon after a lady, sitting on a stone upon the bank near the fountain, in an attitude of grief, and with a countenance expressive of the most profound affliction. The two children start back with affright. Melanie lets her stick fall, but Maximin tells her to keep it in case of need. In the meantime the lady rises, and bids them encouragingly "to come near, and not to be afraid." "I am here," she said, "to announce to you great news."

'The children then came over the stream, and the lady approaching placed herself between them, and with many tears continued,—

'"If my people will not submit, I shall be forced to let go the arm of my Son.

'"It is so heavy, so weighty, that I can no longer hold it back.

'"For how long a time am I not suffering for you. If I would not that my Son should abandon you, I have to entreat Him without ceasing.

'"And as for you, you care not for it.

'"You may pray as you like, you may do what you will, never will you be able to recompense the trouble I have taken on your account.

'"*Six* days have I given you to labour, the Seventh I have kept*

* 'The Blessed Virgin, by these majestic words, speaks here no longer in the name of her Son; she makes Him, as it were, speak for Himself. Thus did Moses and the prophets speak in the Old Law, or rather, thus did they cause Almighty God Himself to speak.' (*Note by Mrs Wyse.*)

for myself, and they will not give it to me. It is that which makes the hand of my Son so heavy.

'"Those who drive the carts cannot swear, without introducing the name of my Son.

'"These are the two things that are weighing down so much the hand of my Son.

'"If the harvest gets spoilt, it is entirely on your account. I gave you warning last year in the potatoes, but you did not heed it. Quite the contrary; when you found the potatoes destroyed, you began to swear by the name of my Son. They will continue to rot, so that by Christmas this year there will be none left."

'Here the children, not comprehending what was meant by potatoes, began to look at each other, and to think what might be understood by *potatoes*, which at Corps and other places are known by the name of *truffes*. The Lady then said—

'"Ah, my children, you do not understand, but I will tell it you in another way."

'And now she began to speak to them in the *patois* of the country, of which the following is a translation of the main part.

'"If you have corn, you must not sow it: whatever you sow will be devoured by cattle; that little which will come up will crumble into dust when you thrash it.

'"There will come a great famine. Before the famine comes, children under seven years of age will be seized with a trembling affection, and will die in the hands of those who hold them; the others will do penance by the famine.

'"The walnuts will become bad; the grapes will rot."

'At this point the Lady gave to Maximin, and afterwards to Melanie, a secret, which no one has ever been able to wrest from them; and whilst speaking to one, the other heard nothing, and could perceive only the movement of the lips.

'She then proceeded:—

'"If they are converted, the stones and the rocks will change into heaps of corn; and the potatoes will become as it were selfsown on the lands.

'"Do you say your prayers well, my children?"

'"Scarcely at all, Madam," answered both together.

'"You must do so, however, my children, both night and morning. When you cannot do better, say at least an Our Father and a Hail Mary. And when you have time, say more.

'"A few aged women are all that go to Mass; the rest work on the Sunday all the summer; and in winter-time, when they know not what to do, the young men go to Mass, only to mock at religion. During Lent they go to the shambles like dogs.*

'"Have you never seen any blighted corn, my children?"

'Both answer, "Oh, no Madam."

'"You must surely have seen it,—you, my child," turning to

* 'A common expression in the Sacred Scriptures.' (*Note by Mr. Wyse.*)

Maximin, "once when you were near the farm of Coin with your father.

'"The owner of the land told your father to go and look at his blighted wheat. You both went there. You took two or three ears of corn in your hand; you rubbed them together, and it all turned to dust. You then went home. When you were within half an hour's walk of Corps, your father gave you a piece of bread, and said to you, Here, my child, eat some bread this year at least; I don't know who will eat any next year, if the corn goes on like that."

'Maximin answered, "Oh yes, Madam, I remember it now; a while ago I did not remember it."

'After that, the Lady said to them in French, "Well, my children, you will cause it to be made known to all my people."

'And passing onwards beyond the little stream, she repeated, "Well, my children, you will cause it to be made known to all my "people." She then ascended to the spot where the children had found their cows. She advanced without making the least impression on the grass. Maximin and Melanie followed her. And then this beautiful Lady arose a little from the ground, looking first towards heaven, and then towards the earth; and gradually she vanished from them, the head disappearing first, then the arms, and lastly the feet, till there remained but a brightness in the air, which lasted a short time.

'According to the children's account, the Lady had on her feet white shoes, ornamented with roses of various colours; a gold-coloured apron, a white robe covered all over with pearls, a white cape, and a high head-dress with a crown of roses. Around her neck she wore a small chain, from which was suspended a crucifix, with the emblems of the Passion. Another large chain hung from either extremity of the cross; and there were roses all along the border of her cape. Her face was pale, rather elongated, and so dazzlingly bright, that it was impossible to look at her for any length of time together. Neither of the children can speak with clearness of the materials or texture of her dress; but both unite in describing the light which shone from her as incomparably brighter than the sun. No representation, as yet produced, has succeeded in satisfying the idea formed of the Lady's appearance in the minds of the children. Melanie speaks of the gentle sweetness of her voice as beyond all comparison; and Maximin has declared that all the Church symphonies which he has since heard are as nothing to that voice. Whilst the Lady was speaking she shed many tears, which Melanie says were very brilliant, and did not fall on the ground, but disappeared like sparks of fire. Her eyes betrayed exceeding tenderness; and her looks were kind and affable. When she had vanished, Melanie exclaimed, "It is either God, or my father's Blessed Virgin, "or a great saint." As to Maximin, various thoughts flitted through his brain. He had heard talk of sorceresses, and perhaps *she* might be one; but catching at the last words of Melanie, his ideas changed, and in his turn he exclaims, "If we had known it was a great saint, "we would have asked her to take us with her." And immediately they ran to look after their cows.' (P. 3-10.)

It is needless to point out the puerile extravagances of such a story—the absurdity of a long conversation partly in French and partly in *patois*, repeated by two young children to whom the French language was so little known, that whilst they retained expressions which Mr. Wyse does not scruple to compare to the Voice upon the Mount, they did not know what was meant by *potatoes**,—the absurdity of directing corn *not* to be sown, *because* it would be devoured by cattle, and that a great famine was coming,—the *hocus pocus* of changing stones and rocks into heaps of corn,—and the audacious parody of the Ascension. All this falls within Dr. Ullathorne's conception of faith and good morals, piety and devotion!

We cannot, however, pass over in silence the extraordinary language in which these scenes are described, and the arts employed to kindle the fervour of the faithful. Dr. Ullathorne exclaims, as he reached the scene of the Apparition:—

'I hastened to the fountain; to that fountain which had gushed forth from the spot where stood our sorrowing Mother with her crucified Son upon her breast. I now understand what is felt at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, or on Calvary.'

On the first anniversary of the Apparition from fifty to sixty thousand persons, we are told, came together on the mountain:—

'Though as yet there was neither habitation nor place of shelter, and the rain fell heavily from eight o'clock the night before until ten next morning, fifteen hundred persons passed the night on the mountain. And by one in the morning, illuminating the darkness with torch-light, the head of a procession began to ascend the mountain, whilst its farther extremities extended some twelve or fifteen miles along the roads in the direction of Gap and Grenoble, besides crowding the different paths of the mountain; and every hour of the morning poured some thousands of persons upon the scene of the Apparition. Two altars were erected, and covered over with sheds,

* In the eyes of all true believers it is an additional confirmation of the miracle that the 'Children of the Apparition,' as they are termed, were unable at the time to understand what was addressed to them in French, and had no definite conception who it was that addressed them. They said naturally enough that *it* might be a sorceress, or a great saint; indeed, they were so little instructed at the time as not to know who the Blessed Virgin was. The apparition suddenly remembered, in the middle of her discourse, that *patois* was the language of the Alps, and continued in the following jargon:—'Si las truffas se gastoun eï rien que per vous aoutres; vous oöu 'aïou fa veyre l'an passa, n'aïa pas vougu fas conti; qu'èra oön coun- 'trère quand troubava de truffas gastas djurava, l'y bitava lou nouc de moun fils oöu mey.'

and on these the holy sacrifice was offered some thirty or forty times. Pressed together as this vast multitude was, yet by all accounts there was no disorder. Only four gensdarmes were on the spot, and their sole occupation was to open the passage to the altars for the communicants, or to the fountain for those who came to drink of its waters. A thick cloud covered the mountain, and filled the valleys beneath, so that for a considerable time the pilgrims could only see the masses of human heads buried in the fog for the distance of a hundred paces from where they severally stood, though the whole breadth of the mountain resounded with pious canticles. At last the sun raised the cloud from the top of the mountain, and revealed the entire scene, whilst the stream of fresh arrivals were emerging out of the mists that still lay below. The *Magnificat* was chanted in two choirs by some thirty thousand voices. And then, an ecclesiastic, tall of stature, and with stentorian voice, rose up above the multitude, and cried out over the vast assembly, "My brethren, let us pray for France."'

Without wasting another line on these 'revivals,' — for such, in fact, they are, — we shall now proceed to borrow from the other books before us a narrative which is somewhat more consistent in its details, and, we think, not less interesting.

The diocese of Grenoble was governed down to 1853 by Philibert de Bruillard — a prelate born in 1765 — who had consequently considerably passed his eightieth year at the time of these singular events: in addition to his extreme age, the bishop appears to have been of a feeble, credulous, and incautious character. On some former occasions he had declared the authenticity of certain miraculous cures and prodigies, which had brought scandal on the Church by the obvious falsehood and disgusting details which accompanied them. Practically, the episcopal authority was chiefly exercised by two priests; the one, M. Rousselot, one of the Canons of the Cathedral of Grenoble, Vicar-General of the Diocese, and Professor of Moral Theology in the Great Seminary; the other, an Abbé Orcel, also belonging to the Chapter. These priests have been throughout the principal promoters of the belief in the Apparition, both by their personal influence and their writings; by sheer impudence and intolerance they have overcome the resistance of truth, conscience, and ridicule; and if they are not the real authors of the pantomime, they are at least responsible for the character it has assumed throughout the Romish Church.

It seems ascertained that the little cowherds of La Salette did actually meet upon the hill on the day in question, a woman strangely accoutred, who perhaps addressed them in some such language as that they related to their respective masters on their return to the farm. Some doubt may be felt whether the boy

Maximin was really imposed upon; but the girl Melanie probably believed she had beheld a celestial vision, as her subsequent history proves her to be a child of lively imagination as well as of extreme ignorance. The story was related in the village the same evening; it was repeated by the curé of La Salette, a simple old village priest in the pulpit on the following day, to the great surprise of his parishioners; the curé, full of the astonishing tale, proceeded the same evening to Grenoble to communicate it to his Bishop; the Bishop, without further inquiry, announced the fact of the apparition to a meeting of 400 female teachers of primary schools, who happened to be assembled at Corene on the 22nd of September; and thus it was disseminated within three days, by episcopal authority, into every parish of the diocese. Meanwhile, the boy Maximin was not allowed to return to his family at Corps; he was instantly placed in a religious establishment of that town, and Mélanie was soon afterwards similarly provided for. These young persons have ever since remained under the exclusive control of the ecclesiastical authorities, and their ulterior history forms an instructive commentary on the scene of which they were the sole attesting witnesses.

If, then, it be true that the occurrence described by the children had some foundation in fact, by whom was this farce enacted? how was the strange costume of the pretended apparition prepared and conveyed to that wild spot? and what became of our Lady of Salette afterwards? To these questions a copious answer is supplied by the volumes before us—volumes published, be it observed, by Catholic priests residing on the spot, and who have since paid the penalty of their disbelief by expulsion from the diocese.

For many years before the events we are examining, a lady of good family, but of an eccentric and enthusiastic temperament, Mademoiselle Constance Lamerlière de St. Ferréol, had acquired some notoriety in the religious community of that part of France. She entered a convent at Grenoble in 1822, where for several years she performed the duties of mistress of the novices; discontented with this position, she sought to withdraw from this establishment, and organised a charitable institution partly under the patronage of the Abbé Rousselot. Her conduct was however so strange and reckless, that her own family thought it necessary to place her under judicial control; and on the 5th of September, 1846, she was interdicted as incompetent to manage her affairs by the Tribunal of Saint Marcellin. This decree preceded the Apparition by one fortnight, and it seems to have

excited Madlle. Lamerlière to the extraordinary steps she then proceeded to take.

Her first care was to provide a costume adapted to the supernatural part she was about to perform. Accustomed to the use of the needle in her convent, she easily prepared for herself a white muslin dress, with silver trimmings: on the breast was embroidered a large cross, and on each side the symbols of the Passion; the apron was of bright yellow, fringed with silver, a scarf of artificial roses, white satin shoes with flowers upon them, and marygold stockings. With this attire in a bandbox, she took the diligence from St. Marcellin to Grenoble, and as there was no room inside, she occupied a seat with the conductor, one Fortin, on the imperial. To this man it is alleged that she communicated her scheme; she undoubtedly boasted of the sublime achievement she was about to perform in the Alps; and upon hearing of the Apparition some days afterwards, he immediately exclaimed, 'It is one of Madlle. La-'merlière's tricks.' When confronted with the conductor soon afterwards, Madlle. Lamerlière said, 'Don't believe him; you 'will do harm to religion;' and to Fortin himself, 'If you don't 'believe yourself, let others believe.'

At Grenoble she went to the shop of a dealer in church furniture to complete her costume, and there, to the extreme surprise of the tradesman and his family, she exhibited this grotesque apparel. Several other persons, worthy of credit also, saw the mystical dress of this 'Shepherdess of the Alps,' as she called herself. In fact, she had for some time past frequented a châlet on the mountain, not far from the scene of the prodigy, and there she completed her preparations. These points, which have been subsequently established before a civil court of justice, raise a vehement presumption of the identity of Madlle. Lamerlière and Our Lady of Salette. She was seen immediately after the pretended miracle in the same dress by other persons of the neighbouring villages; she is known to have worn the same dress on other occasions; and she has herself owned to sundry persons, and in particular to Father Burnoud *, the Superior of the Missionaries of La Salette, that she was herself the heroine who appeared to the cowherds on the 19th

* On the 11th of January, 1855, this estimable priest stated in a conference of the clergy of Grenoble, 'J'ai eu plus d'un entretien 'avec Madlle. Lamerlière. Cette femme est très eccentrique; si on 'veut la diriger, elle vous échappe; si on l'abandonne à elle-même, 'elle est très compromettante; *je tiens de sa bouche que c'est elle* '*seule qui a fait l'apparition de la Salette.*' (*Conscience d'un Prêtre*, p. 42.)

of September. We quote these statements from the decree of the Court at Grenoble to which Madlle. Lamerlière brought her case; the Court held them to be sufficiently proved. Madlle. Lamerlière brought an action for defamation in 1855 against the Abbé Déléon, who has been the principal author of the exposure of these frauds. The Abbé justified his statements, and the Lady of La Salette was non-suited and condemned in costs. An appeal from the Court of First Instance to the Imperial Court of Grenoble has been brought and argued in the month of April of the present year, and it has ended like the former trial by a verdict for the defendant. The miracle and the miracle worker have therefore been twice judicially condemned.* The story is, however, now denied by the lady herself, and by the present Bishop of Grenoble on her behalf, on the ground that this respectable person must have been past fifty when the event occurred, and that 'douée d'un embonpoint plus qu'ordinaire,' she would have had great difficulty in making the ascent of the mountain! Her presence there on more than one occasion is proved beyond dispute. It is not, however, indispensable to this view of the case that this lady should herself have personated the Virgin Mary: a younger and more graceful person may have been employed for the purpose.

To complete what we know of the personal history of this crazy impostor, it appears that she continues to infest and scandalise the diocese. In 1848, she took an active part in the popular movements at Grenoble, and figured in the female clubs of the Revolution; and when last we hear of her, she had retired to a cottage at Cras, over the door of which she had inscribed, '*Au Moderne Bethlehem.*'

To return, however, to the more serious parts of this case: we have yet to show by what means these absurdities, instead of being disavowed and punished as they deserve to be, were solemnly adopted by the Church, and are now proposed throughout the world to the veneration of the faithful. In November 1846, a Commission, composed of the canons and professors of the church and seminary of Grenoble, was consulted on the authenticity of the miracle. They prudently reported that no decision

* An attempt has been made to set up an *alibi* for the Apparition; and Dr. Ullathorne boldly asserts that it has been legally proved that Madlle. Lamerlière was pleading a cause before the Tribunal of St. Marcellin on the 19th September at the very time of the miracle. The Doctor is mistaken. All that can be shown is, that she was served with a writ at St. Marcellin on the morning of the *18th September;* but that circumstance is not incompatible with her being at La Salette on the afternoon of the day following.

could be come to, inasmuch as the story rested on the evidence of two children only, and that in the story itself there were details 'qui inspirent quelque défiance sur la vérité des paroles 'de la dame.' But a party existed in the Chapter which was little disposed to sacrifice the promise of so abundant a harvest. M. Rousselot, who afterwards figures as the leading champion of the legend, was at that time considerably in debt; and some of his reverend colleagues in the Chapter had become his sureties. It so fell out, that these identical persons were employed in the following year (1847) to sit on another commission, which first lent a deliberate sanction to the miracle. The credulity of the people and the encouragement of the clergy had, already given a strange importance to the tale. Stories of miraculous cures produced by the water of a spring near which the Lady of La Salette had sat, were circulated far and wide. The demand for this holy water became general, insomuch that at the fifth sitting of the second commission Vicar-General Berthier inquired whether the new incumbent of La Salette *accounted for the sums he receives for the water of the holy spring.** This question was so ill received, that Vicar-General Berthier was dispensed from further attendance. The commission at last divided in the proportion of five votes to four in favour of the miracle, and on this ground it was eventually affirmed by the bishop.

Endless contradictions, inconsistencies, and quarrels have marked every stage of this affair. But the subsequent history of the two witnesses deserves to be noticed. Maximin, the boy, was placed under ecclesiastical tuition, but he proved stupid and intractable beyond all conception. In five years he could not be taught to read. On one occasion, some months after the Apparition, when he had recited his story with his usual volubility, he was asked whether all these details were equally present to his mind on the day of the miracle. 'No,' said the boy. 'How, then, do you 'manage to recall them?' '*C'est M. le Curé,*' replied the self-convicted witness. In November 1850, Maximin was brought to M. Vianay, the curé of the village of Ars—a man eminent for his piety in all the country round. To this worthy priest he

* In June 1850 M. Melin, Curé of Corps, admitted to the Bishop of Gap that he had received 40,000 fr. for the water he had sold. Since then the traffic is considerably increased, and the public conveyances of the neighbourhood are laden with it. It is now estimated that, including the sale of medals, images, trinkets, books, masses, and holy water, the Apparition brings in from 200,000 to 300,000 fr. a year!

distinctly acknowledged that the whole story was a lie, and that he knew he had never seen the Blessed Virgin at all. The particulars of this interview are recorded in a formal Report drawn up at the time; and M. Vianay addressed the following letter to the bishop on the 5th of December 1850:—

'Monseigneur,

'I had great faith in N. D. de Salette. I have consecrated and distributed a great quantity of images representing the occurrence. I have distributed part of the rock on which the Blessed Virgin was supposed to have sate. I carried some of it about with me. I have very frequently preached on this subject in church. Few of your clergy have done so much for La Salette as I have.

'The boy *having now told me he never saw the Blessed Virgin at all*, I was oppressed for a couple of days; but, after all, the harm may not be so great,' &c.

The answer to this letter was an order to the Curé of Ars to *hold his tongue;* and we conceive him to be the identical person who is quoted by Mr. Wyse in the Preface to the Manual of La Salette, as the best authority for the introduction of this devotional exercise into the faith of the Catholics of England. The old man has since been effectually reasoned out of the evidence of his own senses, and ascribes Maximin's retractation to the suggestions of the Devil.

The fate of the girl, Melanie, is even more distressing. Her mind appears to have given way under the excitement caused by the assurance that she had actually held communication with a supernatural being. She went on to deliver extravagant prophecies; and at last it has been found expedient to transfer her, curiously enough, to *this* country. Such, at least, is the statement given by the opponents of the miracle. Dr. Ullathorne says, however, that he saw this girl in a convent, where she has taken the vows under the name of Sister Mary of the Cross.

To these doubts, these contradictions, these denials, proceeding from the only persons whose testimony could have any weight on the subject, the Church of Rome had but one answer to make, and that answer was made in the name of Authority. On the fifth anniversary of the Apparition, the Bishop of Grenoble, being then eighty-six years old, gave his doctrinal judgment in favour of the miracle, in a pastoral letter, which Mr. Wyse affirms to have been 'previously submitted to the private correc-'tion of his Holiness the Supreme Pontiff.' After reciting the fact of the Apparition, the miraculous cures resulting from 'the 'water of a fountain near which the Queen of Heaven was said 'to have appeared to the two shepherds,' the incredible concourse of pilgrims to the mountains, the publications of the Abbé

Rousselot, and the transmission to the Pope of the secret revealed by the Virgin to the children, the Bishop added:—

'At the express petition of all the members of our venerable Chapter, and of by far the great majority of the priests of our diocese;

'In order to satisfy also the just expectations of so many pious souls, belonging as well to our fatherland as to other countries, who might at length reproach us with holding captive the truth;

'Having invoked again the Holy Spirit and the assistance of the Immaculate Virgin;

'We declare as follows:—

'Art. 1. We pronounce that the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to two shepherds, on the 19th of September, 1846, on a mountain of the chain of the Alps, situated in the parish of La Salette, and in the archpresbytery of Corps, bears in itself all the marks of truth, and that the faithful may with justice believe it to be indubitable and certain.

'Art. 2. We believe that this fact acquires a new degree of certitude, by the immense and spontaneous concourse of the faithful upon the spot of the Apparition, as well as by the multitude of miracles which have followed the said event, and a great number of which it is impossible to question without violence to the rules of human testimony.

'Art. 3. Wherefore, in order to testify in a lively manner our gratitude to God and the glorious Virgin Mary, we authorise the devotion to our Lady of La Salette. We permit it to be preached, and allow the moral and practical consequences resulting from this great event to be drawn from it.

'Art. 5. We expressly forbid the faithful, or the priests of our diocese, ever to lift their voice in public or to write against the fact which we now proclaim, and which henceforth calls for the respect of all.' (P. 58-9.)

Mr. Wyse himself acknowledges that 'Rome, with that caution and prudence which is her characteristic, did not pronounce that final decision which brings all things to a close,' but the Pope has undoubtedly sanctioned the ceremonies and indulgences which are expressly connected by the clergy of Grenoble with the Apparition. The truth is, that in these extraordinary proceedings all the laws of the Church have been set at nought, and a single bishop, or rather one or two members of his chapter acting in his name, have found means to palm this gigantic fraud on the faith of the whole Church. Mr. Wyse and Dr. Ullathorne affirm that the Confraternity, which they are establishing in this country, has received the approval and encouragement of every bishop to whom application has been made for exerting it, and *that no authority has spoken against it.* This statement is positively unfounded; and what adds to the singularity of this transaction is, that the story has been forced upon the higher

authorities by the impatient credulity of the people and the rapacious zeal of the lower clergy. Having once committed a certain amount of ecclesiastical authority to the imposture, the Church wanted the courage and honesty to repudiate it. It is, however, due to the clergy of France to show that they have not unanimously encouraged these scandalous delusions, which Dr. Ullathorne commends to the devotion and faith of the British public.

Monseigneur Depéry, Bishop of Gap (the adjoining diocese to Grenoble), addressed to his clergy in 1851 the following letter:—'It concerns our duty and our conscience to warn the 'clergy and the faithful that we are strangers to this manœuvre; 'and that they would be the dupes of a criminal intrigue and 'a shameful speculation, if they allowed themselves to believe 'that we patronise an occurrence in which we neither can nor 'will take any part. Several miraculous cures have been stated 'to have occurred in this our diocese; we declare that we have 'not been able to establish any one of them! Advise religious 'persons to be on their guard against such stories when they 'have not been verified by scrupulous inquiry. We peremptorily 'forbid the recitation of the service of La Salette in our diocese.' The Bishop of Belley held similar language. Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, wrote to one of his friends at Grenoble, in 1851,—'The further I go, the more I hear, the 'less can I discover the spirit of God in all this. I cannot 'agree with your clergy on all these things. Faith and charity 'are lost amidst this noise, this confusion, this division. As 'for M. Rousselot and his books, the matter and the manner 'in which he treats it are a real scandal. Be assured that they 'are full of danger to faith and good morals.'

These words are the direct reverse of Dr. Ullathorne's certificate of approval.

In 1854, the Bishop of Mans, who passes for the first theologian in France, enjoined on all his clergy to pay no attention to La Salette. The Bishop of Poitiers refused his authority to print the Litanies of La Salette. The late Archbishop of Paris prohibited the sale of the Holy Water of Salette. The Archbishops of Bordeaux, Avignon, Turin, and Aix have all expressed, more or less openly, their disapproval and disbelief of this pantomime. And the Pope himself, when the pretended secrets* of the children were laid before him, declared that they

* It is somewhat remarkable that, although the believers in the Apparition maintain that for some inscrutable purpose a secret was confided by the Virgin Mary to each of the children, which they were bound by a divine command never to reveal, yet all the clergy

were revolting nonsense, brought to him by a couple of crazy priests, and fit only for the waste-paper basket. This fact is given on the authority of M. de Ségur, an auditor of the Rote, who heard the Pope use this language; and it is notorious that the French bishops who have since visited Rome have received the Pope's advice to let the affair of La Salette fall to the ground. Yet the authoritative promulgation of the Apparition subsists; the new Bishop of Grenoble has not had the courage to put an end to this fraud; the high authorities of the Church have not formally prohibited it; and an English Roman Catholic bishop chooses to recommend it to the especial devotion of the faithful in this country.

What becomes of the boasted uniformity of belief and practice of the Romish Church, on the immutable basis of infallible authority, if on an occasion like this it fails to protect the weak and the unwary from gross imposition and debasing misbelief? We may pass by with a smile a few ecstatic visions and pretended cures; they denote at most the aberrations of the human imagination; but the Apparition of La Salette belongs to a different class of events. It purports to be nothing less than the visible appearance upon earth of a being whom the Romish Church invests with divine attributes, and has recently made to partake of the Divine nature. This being assumes the language of Omnipotence; professes to warn, to judge, to admonish the earth, though in terms little fitted to so stupendous an occasion. If such an event could be shown to be within the bounds of probability, and were supported by any evidence to command belief, it would at once become the most solemn and amazing incident in the history of the world since the Ascension of our Lord. It is that, or it is nothing; it is that, or it is a lie; the scandal and the blasphemy of which are commensurate with the awful subject of such a caricature.

We cannot assent to the mild view taken of this case by some of the Catholic prelates who disbelieve in the miracle, but who would fain pass it over in silence, and hope that it will be forgotten. Tried by the standard of a higher morality, it is either a truth or an unparalleled iniquity,—an opprobrium to the Church, and an offence to religion. Can there be a greater offence in the eyes of God and man than a deliberate conspiracy to convert the vagaries of a half-witted nun into a divine revelation, to render this unfortunate wretch an object of worship, and to erect a temple to her on the scene of her performance? Yet

who examined them employed every artifice, including gross menaces and falsehoods, to induce them to *disobey* this injunction.

in all lands to which the Catholic priesthood penetrate,—from the forges of Birmingham to the islands of the Pacific Ocean,—this conspiracy has spread, and is spreading, to the eternal disgrace of its authors. The fact is, that they found, like Frankenstein, they had given a shape to a monster which was too strong for them. . They had set in motion so many of the baser elements of human nature, that they lost the power of controlling them.

The history of vulgar errors is one of the most curious pages in the records of human society. We have daily experience, without invading the precincts of religion, of the eagerness with which every marvellous absurdity is caught up and propagated, and of the difficulty of effacing its pernicious traces. But we hardly know of any example in which a fraud of this magnitude has been cultivated with equal success, or in which its progress can be so regularly followed. Shall we say—for we say it with pain—that after all there are many things that men love better than truth? They prefer to it their own false gods, and for that reason the Almighty set the first canon of his law against idolatry. They prefer to it power; they prefer to it wealth; they prefer to it mere wonder. To all these things truth is perpetually sacrificed. The noblest and the rarest act of an exalted nature is to suffer and even to die in manliness and simplicity for truth alone.

Wherever the Church of Rome is tried by this test, she has been found wanting. We speak not here of her peculiar theological doctrines, or of her hierarchical constitution, but of that tendency to artifice, to disguise, to pious stratagem, and mental equivocation, from which as fervent a believer as Pascal did not hesitate, in his time, to pluck off the mask It is her deliberate policy to substitute the supposed interests of the Church for all that mankind hold sacred —the reality of things, the revealed law of God, the nearest domestic ties, the holiest social duties, the sanctity of oaths, and the law of conscience. Frauds such as we have been describing in these pages could not live in any atmosphere, but an atmosphere of deceit. The honest blow which should fell them to the earth is arrested by the consideration that mere delusions may be profitable, and that exposure may be injurious.

These are the considerations which render the intrusion of such forms of devotion as those propounded in the Manual of the Confraternity of La Salette so odious to the people of this country. We wish to speak with becoming respect of the distinctive theological tenets of the Church of Rome, which have been and are held by some of the greatest and

best of mankind; nor would this be a suitable place to call that faith in question. Still less do we mean to imply any disposition to restrict that religious liberty which the Catholics of England enjoy in common with all their fellow countrymen; we know the worthlessness and the wickedness of the barriers of intolerance. But in discarding the weapons which were used in former times, and are still used by the Church of Rome wherever she can employ them, we grasp our own national arms of free discussion, and we claim the right to bring these things to the bar of public opinion. No man who has watched with some attention the proceedings of the Romish clergy, both in Britain and in Ireland for the last few years, and the results of their proceedings, can doubt that they act with an amount of energy, design, and combination, which they have not shown in this country since the Reformation. By the influence of what is called 'direction,' even when it extends to only one member of a family, the priest becomes an active though invisible power in that household, and finds his way to its very core. By the stringent rules now applied by the clergy to mixed marriages, and the education of young children, the sacred duties and rights of the parent are often superseded; those of Protestant parents are openly violated; and instances are not rare of the removal of English children to foreign seminaries and foreign convents, beyond the control of their relatives, and the jurisdiction of our courts of law, until they are denationalised and disqualified to live as Englishmen. The grotesque imitations of the Romish ritual, and the more daring assertions of some Romish doctrines, which have become prevalent of late years amongst a small and sentimental section of the English Church, lend a convenient shelter to the approaches of the Catholic emissary; and the result has been in a certain number of minds a vitiated faith, disguised in fanciful practices, without the free convictions of the Protestant Christian, or the unflinching obedience of the Catholic to his priest. This disorder still pervades and disturbs a portion of English society; it has divided many a household; it has embittered many a life; it has shipwrecked some hearts, worthy of a better fate. On the bulk of the people of England we are satisfied that it has produced no effect at all, except a more rooted aversion to the false pretensions of ecclesiastical authority. It is not to such a people that Dr. Ullathorne and Mr. Wyse can successfully address their legend of Our Lady of La Salette. We have no doubt that the best informed and most pious of the English Catholics are ashamed of this nonsense, and would repudiate it if they dared. But where are they to draw the line? Where are they

first to apply their reasoning faculties, and to recognise the laws of nature and evidence? This Manual tells them what they may be expected to believe; and if the principle of unqualified obedience to episcopal authority is to be their guide, they have no reason to stop short at any point in the maze of credulity and imposture.

But we cannot dismiss these publications without adverting to one or two considerations of a still higher order. The members of the clergy of Grenoble, who denounced these tricks, and exposed this imposition, have themselves pointed out with becoming force the injury done not only to their own Church, but to Christianity itself, by such practices as these. Can there be a more formidable weapon in the hands of scepticism than this living contemporary proof of the avidity of the people to swallow the grossest inventions? Is there not a fatal tendency in the human mind either to accept the false because it bears some external analogy with truth, or else to reject the true because it bears some external analogy with falsehood? Does the Catholic Church place these puerile exhibitions, resting solely on the evidence of two illiterate children, who certainly knew nothing of what they had seen until they had been tutored by the priests, on the same footing as those miraculous displays of the Divine Power which were wrought in the presence of countless witnesses, and are attested by an unexampled mass of corroborative testimony? The Church of Rome in theory claims no such power. 'Conveniunt omnes Catholici,' says Bellarmine, whose opinion will not be disputed when it tends to limit the Papal authority, 'posse Pontificem (Romanum) etiam ut Pontificem, 'et cum suo cœtu consiliorum, vel cum generali concilio, '*errare in controversiis facti particularibus, quæ ex informatione* '*testimoniisque hominum præcipuè pendent.*' It is an entire usurpation of authority, even by Rome, to pronounce definitively on such facts as these, and to direct the mistaken veneration of the devout to objects and persons more fit to figure in a police court than on the altar. Yet, practically, in the Manuals of Devotion before us, and by the authority of Romish priests and bishops, the worship of Our Lady of Salette is raised to the height of the most exalted offices of religion. Nor can we doubt that the effect of this depraved propensity for spurious miracles and sham revelations is deeply injurious to the sanctity of that faith in which all Christians have a common interest.

The same abuses which render this powerful aid to the cause of infidelity, are not less favourable to the growth of bigotry and intolerance. If our Catholic fellow-countrymen have sometimes reason to complain of the virulence with which their tenets are

assailed in Exeter Hall—if the increasing hostility and jealousy of the Catholic and Protestant Churches both in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, has virtually deprived the great measure of 1829 of its most desirable social consequences—if at this very time even the endowment of the College at Maynooth is a subject on which intolerant scruples do pervade some parts of this country, we owe the continuance of these unhappy differences in great measure to the extravagant conduct of the Roman Catholics themselves. The tone of the books written and circulated by them on the subject of this apparition, is, as the Bishop of Orleans declared, a scandal to the Church. The vast system of machination carried on by them, and by their perverts, against the peace of families and the faith of England, is a system of clandestine warfare. And whilst the more tolerant and forbearing spirit of the present age has extended to them the full enjoyment of the rights and liberties of Englishmen, they have employed these privileges to renew the language of the Marian restoration, and to revive the impostures of mediæval superstition.

ART. II.—1. *A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice.* By AUGUSTE DE LA RIVE, Ex-Professor in the Academy of Geneva. Translated for the Author by CHARLES V. WALKER, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1856-7.

2. *Magnetical Investigations.* By the Rev. W. SCORESBY, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1852.

3. *Experimental Researches on Electricity.* By Professor FARADAY, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1849–55.

THE microscope, that wonderful triumph of inventive skill, when directed by a dexterous hand, now magnifies the component parts of material structure until invisible points expand into magnificent webs of many woofs and dyes. Surfaces, by its aid, can be made to seem four millions of times larger than they really are. Yet the minutest point which is thus discerned in these surfaces, so far from being the last refuge of material substance, is itself still a congeries of molecules, a mighty labyrinth of atoms. Nature's own raw material, the ultimate element of substantial composition, has never yet been brought within the scope of the human senses; as an element, it has never been felt or seen. Yet, strange to say, man speaks of *ultimate atoms*, believes that such things exist, and knows that he can tell beforehand how they will comport themselves under particular arrange-

ments. By means of his atomic theory, the chemist appears to have penetrated to existences which even the microscopic eye cannot see.

The power of theoretic deduction has recently made vast incursions into this invisible atomic world which lies beyond even the scrutiny of the microscope. It has been admitted, on all hands, for some time, that the constituent molecules of terrestrial substances, even of the densest kind, are so far suspended in isolation from each other, that no force, which human agency can bring into play, is equal to the task of driving them into absolute contact. The constituent molecules of lead and steel can be compressed nearer together by the energetic persuasion of Bramah's hydraulic press or Nasmyth's steam hammer; but when these mighty engines have done their utmost, there still remain yawning gulphs between the contiguous particles. Lurking amid those minute molecules there is a repellent force, more potent than any engine the intelligence of man can wield. A name has been conferred, for convenience sake, upon this antagonist of molecular compression; it is called 'Heat.' The powerful agent was at first conceived to be a mysterious fluid, not amenable to the necessities of ponderable substance, but capable of flowing through matter, and performing various other astonishing feats of legerdemain. Recent researches of MM. Joule, Claudius, and Thomson have, however, served to introduce a more rational idea of this subtle influence. Heat is now held to be a condition of material substance, rather than a superadded ethereal mystery; and it is further conceived to be highly probable, that each primary atom of matter exists, closely as it seems packed in with its neighbours, in a state of incessant rotatory movement; a state originally impressed upon it as a necessary attribute of its atomic being. This movement is capable of undergoing considerable modification; it may languish under certain extraneous influences, or it may be urged on with augmented speed. The greater the speed, the more the rotating atoms repel each other, and the higher the temperature of the constituted mass becomes. How rotatory movement exerts itself as repulsion does not yet, even in hypothesis, appear.

Such is the mechanical theory of heat; and truly wonderful is the conception which is thus presented for contemplation. All material bodies, however quiet they may seem, and dense, and still, are nevertheless made up of an infinity of whirling parts, which never touch one another, and never pause, even for a passing moment, in their restless whirl! It requires rather strong faith in the surefootedness of science to induce men, who have

long believed in the habitual sobriety of matter, to trust themselves to the guidance of so giddy a scheme. Those, however, who are best qualified to form safe judgments in such matters, having looked well into the proceedings of the originators of the theory, report that they find ample warrant for the conclusions in the carefully elaborated experiments which have been made.

One particular branch of physical science seems especially commissioned to advance the views of these experimentalists, and to tell further tales of the atomic and molecular vicissitudes of matter. Electricity was once, like heat, conceived to be an imponderable fluid, which, notwithstanding its levity, could be bottled up in glass, and could flow along metallic wires. But now electrical force seems to be following the fortunes of its calorific comrade, and resolving itself into a material condition. In this state of affairs, a very masterly exposition of the facts and views of electrical science, by the accomplished ex-professor of the Academy of Geneva, M. Auguste De la Rive, has made its well-timed and welcome appearance. The first two volumes of the work comprise within themselves ample indications of the promise held out by the more abstract departments of this branch of physical research. The third volume (which is on the eve of publication) contains the more popularly interesting matters, connected with the practical application of the propounded theories to the explanation of natural phenomena — physiological, atmospheric, and terrestrial, — and of the manifold uses to which this wonderful agent is put, when harnessed to the car of art. M. De la Rive has been very happy in the accomplishment of his task. The work, although of voluminous dimensions, yet possesses the high merit of being a thoroughly readable book, from the excellence of its arrangement, and the unaffected simplicity of the style. A close and full exposition is given of the experimental proceedings by which the several deductions of the science have been arrived at; but in each section these deductions are so lucidly and pleasantly set forth by themselves, that the reader who enjoys only a limited command of time, may by a slight exertion of tact easily carry away, from a cursory perusal of the text, a comprehension of the leading features of the science. The work is equally suited to be the text-book of the practical experimentalist, and the resource of the philosophical reader; and it is likely that this comprehensive treatise of M. De la Rive will remain for a long time the classical work on the theory and practice of electricity.

Everybody knows that 'Electricity' derived its name from

the property of amber and some other substances, when briskly rubbed, to attract light bodies. But what is it that happens to these excitable substances when they are made attractive by friction? M. Ampère tells us that this is what occurs: The little particles of the bodies get deranged by the friction, from the state of placid equilibrium in which they previously existed — an equilibrated state which is due to every particle being saturated with electrical fluid of a particular kind, whilst it is surrounded by an atmosphere of another sort of fluid. When bodies are in an unexcited state, these unlike electricities, — namely, that belonging to the particle, and that which is external to the particle, — saturate each other in virtue of their opposite powers. But so soon as their normal molecular condition is disturbed by friction, each electricity is torn asunder from its ordinary companion, and then, striving to return to its pristine relations with it, sets up the peculiar tension or force which is the characteristic of the electrisation of the body. Such is M. Ampère's idea; a notion which constitutes a great advance when compared with older hypotheses, for reasons which will be presently apparent, but which, nevertheless, is in itself insufficient as a theory. It accounts readily and completely for most of the observed peculiarities of electrical action, but fails no less signally in one particular. Most susceptible bodies are capable of exhibiting different kinds of electrical energy when brought into relation with dissimilar bodies. An electric which manifests a *positive* tension when rubbed by one body, has a *negative* tension when it is rubbed by some other. The assumption that each integrant particle of a given substance has a specific electrical fluid natural to it, can in no way satisfactorily account for this fact.

Berzelius was of opinion that every little ultimate atom of matter possessed two poles opposite to each other, and of unlike influence. M. De la Rive adopts this notion of Berzelius, and extends it in a very interesting way. Seizing upon the deductions of the mechanical hypothesis of heat, he points out that, as a necessary consequence of atomic rotation, each little rotating atom must have a direction of movement, and an axis round which the movement is performed; as it has an axis, it must also have poles, and each of these poles must be differently circumstanced with regard to the direction of the rotatory movement. Here there is an amply sufficient reason for the existence of a polar force among atoms. Every ultimate atom of matter possesses, as an attribute of its atomic existence, a *natural polarity*, dependent upon its inherent rotatory movement.

M. De la Rive further conceives the phenomena of electrical

force to warrant the conclusion that the subtle imponderable ether, which pervades the universe, and gives rise to the vibrations of light, holds certain specific relations with the elementary rotating atoms of matter, and that the conditions of electrical excitement or electrical repose are determined by changes in these relations. In this sense electricity takes rank as the immediate link which unites ponderable with imponderable nature, and so acquires a very high degree of importance and dignity.

M. De la Rive suggests that it is very probable the condition of atomic equilibrium and electrical repose is established in bodies, simply by the constant set of an electrical current through the axis of each constituent atom in one direction, and back in the opposite direction, along its external surface,— atoms being in this electrically quiescent state necessarily, when they are isolated to a certain distance from each other. When atoms are nearer together, several are clustered to form an integrant molecule, by presenting poles of opposite power towards each other, the precise character of the atom determining the size and mass of the molecule, and then an electrical current circulates round the constituted molecule, instead of around each isolated atom. Molecules naturally so arrange themselves that all their indwelling polarities and electrical currents neutralise and counterbalance each other, unless some extraneous force deranges this balance, when the derangement takes effect as tension exerted on external bodies. The following extract contains M. De la Rive's own statement of his views on this subject: —

'We are able to establish as a rigorous principle demonstrated by experiment, that not only friction, but that every mechanical action which disturbs molecular equilibrium, by deranging from their natural positions the particles of a body, becomes a cause of the production of electricity; electricity, the manifestation of which is more or less sensible, according to the various conditions under which the bodies subjected to these mechanical actions are found.' (Vol. ii. p. 644.)

There is one circumstance capable of producing disturbance in the molecular equilibrium of electrically excitable bodies, which appears very extraordinary to the uninitiated, and which is, in reality, as important as it is strange. It is the mere close neighbourhood of a substance already in a disturbed or electrised state. Every body which is in an electrical condition tends to trouble the peace of its neighbours, and to call up a like state in such other bodies as lie comparatively near to itself. Molecular disturbance is communicated, as it were, contagiously around it. This constitutes what is known as the process of *induction.*

When light bodies are attracted towards excited electrics, the effect occurs, indeed, because those bodies are inductively electrised by the near neighbourhood of the excited electrics. This elementary phenomenon of electrical action, therefore, serves as a fitting, because familiar, illustration of inductive disturbance. Now, when these light bodies are thus inductively influenced, it is seen that the influence is exerted from a considerable distance. Pith balls rush towards a stick of rubbed sealing-wax, while it is still two or three inches away. Professor Faraday, however, holds that, notwithstanding the appearance, inductive action is *only* exerted at comparatively inappreciable distances. The invisible air, omnipresent, and insinuating itself into every possible crevice, becomes electrised by induction when pressing near to an excited electric; it then inductively electrises other layers of aërial substance, and these ultimately electrise inductively the bodies which are at some little distance from the primary source of the action. The influence is propagated, wave-like, onwards through the successive atmospheric layers. By his ingenious and elaborate investigations, Professor Faraday seems at least to have securely established the very important position, that there never is manifestation of electrical force except through the direct intervention of material particles. He has shown how immediately and readily the repulsion of similarly electrised bodies, — that difficulty which, when negative electricity was concerned, drove Æpinus rashly to attempt to set up revolution in the kingdom of cohesion, and to attribute to the atoms of matter a mutually repellent power, — how readily this repulsion is explained by disturbance induced in the circumambient air. The seemingly repelled bodies are really *attracted* in the direction of their movement by the inductively electrised aërial particles lying there. According to Professor Faraday, the opposite electrical forces are due, not to the presence of antagonistic ethers, but to alternating changes in the aërial positions of the rotatory atoms and molecules. When a body is electrised, it is considered, in this view, to have successive strata, in which the poles of the constituent atoms range different ways. In each stratum the rotatory axes of the atoms are parallel to one another, but the axes of the atoms of contiguous strata are transverse to one another, and it is by the onward propagation of these alternated strata of axial positions that the effects of induction are carried to a distance. So long as the atoms are maintained in this disturbed condition of alternate strata, the mass manifests electrical tension, and so soon as they cease to be so the tension disappears, and the electricity is said to be discharged. M. De la Rive subscribes

unconditionally to Professor Faraday's conclusion that there is no such thing as electrical force, apart from the intervention of matter. But he has more reserve touching the inability of induction to take effect at a distance: he thinks that there are some results derived from experiments carried on *in vacuo* which are opposed to this notion in its strictest sense, and he inclines to the suspicion that the electrised condition of air intervening between a primarily and inductively excited object may be due to the inductive influence simultaneously exerted by these objects upon the air, instead of the air being the medium whereby the influence is extended to the distance.

Whatever causes disturbance amidst the molecules of material substance, produces also a manifestation of electrical force, friction being merely one of the mechanical methods whereby molecular disturbance is effected. Of this fact there can be no question. Under certain molecular conditions, change of temperature produces the result. Increased rotatory velocity of atoms is connected, as cause or effect, with augmented temperature. But increased rotatory velocity of necessity elevates the energy of atomic polarity. If all the atoms in a heated body are equally free to move, they instantly accommodate themselves to the new state of affairs, by establishing a fresh equilibrium of position; for the intensities of the two opposite polar forces are raised in an equal degree. When, however, there is a want of homogeneity in the constitution of the heated body, the heat is transmitted unequally amongst its molecules, and the ordinary molecular condition is sufficiently disturbed for a manifestation of electrical tension to take place. This is why ductile metals are heated without any electrisation being effected, and why electricity invariably appears when crystalline bodies, whose atoms are grouped not uniformly but in a particular distribution, have their temperatures raised or depressed.

Chemical changes are alterations of molecular condition; therefore there should always be a development of electricity, where chemical transformations are going on. Here facts accord most rigidly with the deductions of theory. Chemical operations constitute the great source whence art derives its supply of electrical power, as instanced in the employment of the voltaic battery in the service of telegraphy. M. De la Rive holds heat, electrical force, and chemical affinity to be so nearly related, that the quantity of heat generated, or of electrical force set free, in any case, serves as a delicate and accurate measure of the operations of affinity. Indeed, he seems inclined to consider that electrical polarity and chemical affinity are actually identical things, and he has a method of his own of showing how

the two results may flow from the one cause. He conceives that, although each atom of matter has two electric poles, of contrary kinds of energy but of equal force, dissimilar elementary bodies have atoms whose poles are endowed with unlike energies. When contiguous atoms are dissimilar and possess different degrees of force, the positive pole of the stronger atom coerces the negative pole of the weaker, and draws it towards itself, constituting chemical union, and issuing in the formation of a compound atom. Heterogeneous atoms of unequal power attracting each other by their opposite poles, contract the union of *chemical affinity.*

It has been objected to M. De la Rive's electro-chemical theory, that it can hardly be philosophic to assume atomic rotation as the cause both of temperature and of electric polarity, since atoms which are chemically unlike, and therefore endowed with different polarities and rotatory movements, occasionally have the same temperatures. To this M. De la Rive replies that, in the mechanical hypothesis of heat, regard must be paid to the particular mass of the rotating atom, as well as to its rotatory velocity. The same velocity of rotation may not be necessary for the production of any given temperature, in atoms whose respective masses are different. And then, again, it is but reasonable to suppose that the action exerted by the polar force of any atom is greatly modified by the particular state in which it exists in molecular aggregation, and by its degree of isolation. The strong point about this very ingenious electro-chemical theory is, that a very large series of experiments and observations have shown positive electricity actually to possess a greater expansive force than negative electricity (whatever that may be) at the same tension, and that, therefore, the positive pole of an elementary atom *ought* to possess the ascribed predominance of power.

The electrical force, which is manifested by bodies when their normal state of molecular equilibrium is deranged, is termed *static* electricity, or electricity in a condition of rest. When the electrical state is in the act of being propagated from one part of a substance to another, or from one body to another, the force manifested is termed *dynamic* electricity, or electricity in movement. Static electricity makes itself manifest merely by its *tension;* that is, the disturbance it produces in bodies external to itself. This tension is but a particular form of expression for the effort which the disturbed molecules are exerting to restore their original equilibrated state; why, therefore, does this effort not at once take effect in restoring the internal molecular balance? The reason is that there is some peculiar con-

dition present, among the molecules of electrically excitable bodies, which acts as a kind of vis inertiæ, and prevents the original arrangements from being immediately recalled. The atoms of electrics are stubborn, and when once their usual orderly distribution has been disturbed by extraneous interference, they refuse to recover their pristine conditions, until forced to do so by some new exertion of power. When electrical force was conceived to be due to two different ethers, which were commonly combined, but which were capable of being separated and held asunder, it was supposed that the bodies possessed of electrical vis inertiæ were such as were able to oppose the movements of the separated ethers in their attempt to return into combination; they were deemed to be substances capable of imprisoning the opposite electric fluids, so to speak, and they were thence called *insulators*. Bodies, on the other hand, which were incapable of being made to manifest electric tension, unless when entirely surrounded by insulating substance, and which were able to relieve electrised insulators of their tension, when brought into communication with them, were called *conductors*, under the notion that they served as channels for the electric influence, and allowed it to flow along them.

Professor Faraday has rendered great service to the cause of electrical science by effecting a radical change in these notions. He has shown that the distinction of bodies into insulators and conductors of electricity has no real existence in nature. Every substance does oppose some resistance to the transmission of electrical influence, and every substance does allow that transmission in a certain degree. The secret of the difference in the facility with which bodies transmit the influence, is merely that some, in virtue of their intrinsic molecular constitution, offer greater resistance to the destruction of their normal molecular equilibrium than others, and also resist, in the same degree, its restoration when once disturbed: they have more molecular vis inertiæ. Now all bodies which possess this vis inertiæ, and, therefore, the so-called insulating capacity, in a marked degree, are also capable of initiating a true inductive influence. The comparative persistence of their disturbed molecular states issues naturally in this result. Professor Faraday consequently replaces the old term 'insulator' by the new and unobjectionable designation '*di-electric*,' while he still names all those substances which evince slight capability of retaining the disturbed molecular condition, 'conductors.' The question, therefore, here presents itself, what is it that really constitutes conducting power?

The transmission of electrical force seems to be due, not actually to the passage of any stream of fluid, ethereal or other, but to the *propagation onwards of molecular disturbance* in the substance of the transmitting body, in a very rapid way. In insulating bodies, successive inductions and neutralisations of disturbed atomic polarities take place very sluggishly, but in conducting bodies they are produced very speedily. The transmission of electric force in conductors is always preceded by the induction of axial deflections in the atoms, and it always occurs by the neutralisation of the induction, and the return of the polarised atoms to their normal positions. So long as the transmission continues, the successive alternations of polarisation and neutralisation go on with inconceivable velocity. There is an incessant vibratile play of the axes of the material atoms backwards and forwards. Here then it becomes at once apparent why there must be two kinds of electric force, and why there can be no such thing as the transmission of a single kind of electricity alone. Two opposite states of polar deflection are continually interchanged amongst all the material atoms lying along the line of the electric march. When the transmitting line is placed between two bodies which are themselves oppositely excited, as is the case with the conducting wire situated between the poles of the charged voltaic battery, or between the inner and outer metallic coatings of the charged Leyden jar, each source of action operates from opposite directions in establishing identically the same atomic movements; the effect therefore is doubled.

This view of the nature of electrical transmission at once removes a difficulty which has been felt by many as a great stumbling block to their thorough comprehension of the wonderful effects accomplished by the electric telegraph. An individual desires to send a message from London to Edinburgh. He sees the telegraphing clerk at work at his commutator, and is told that he is directing a stream of electric influence to flow along four hundred miles of insulated wire, each time the key is turned; but he is also told that the electric influence so transmitted, has to find its way back by the earth to the cellars containing the voltaic battery of the operator, or that there could be no result. Now while this is taking place there will, in all probability, be numerous other messages passing transversely to the London and Edinburgh wires, between other stations, and the electric influence employed in all these will also be thrown into the earth and allowed to find its way back to the spot whence it has started. How strange that these several streams of influence, thus thrown to-

gether in the terrestrial mass, should, with unswerving truthfulness to their several missions, and with incorruptible fidelity, return, each like an electric dove to its own ark, notwithstanding the myriad of distracting inducements to which it has necessarily been exposed during its course. Why does not the electric stream poured into the earth at Edinburgh, find its way to Newcastle, or Hull, or Liverpool, when at each of these places a similar stream is due? The answer is the simple one, that there is really no *stream* in the case. The effect is produced, not by actual substantial flow, but by the propagation of alternating atomic polarisations in a vibratile way. The extremity of a wire, with its atoms in a state of positive polarity, in consequence of its connexion with the positive pole of a voltaic battery, is made to touch the earth at Edinburgh. Another wire, with its atoms in a state of negative polarity, in consequence of its connexion with the negative pole of the battery, is made to touch the earth at London. The contacts with the earth allow the vibratile alternations of atomic positions, upon which electrical transmission depends, to be set up. The terrestrial substance, acting as a vast reservoir of neutralisation, contains within itself all that is necessary for the immediate reversal of each successive polar disturbance, and for the consequent renewal of the polar susceptibilities of the atoms, and for doing the same thing to any extent to which demands may be made simultaneously upon it. So long as the wires are not in contact with the earth, they possess a certain measure of static tension, each wire of an opposite kind; the moment the terrestrial communication is made, the tension is neutralised, and then set up again, and then neutralised again, and this in continued rapid succession; the voltaic battery reproduces the tension, and the earth repeats the neutralisation, and so the force which was static in the wire, is rendered dynamic. If it be the wire from the positive pole which is placed in communication with the earth at Edinburgh, and that from the negative pole which touches it at London, the successive polarisations which are propagated, are initiated in one direction; if the arrangement of the contact poles be reversed they are initiated in the other direction; and this determines the precise behaviour of the magnetised needle, which has to tell the tale of the character of the propagated polarisations, and so become a recognisable signal. It may be remarked, however, as a curious fact, that M. Marianini has shown any number of so-called electrical currents may be simultaneously propagated through a bulky conductor, like the earth, or a reservoir of liquid, quite inde-

pendently, and without the one interfering with, or modifying, the other.

A large amount of ingenuity and industry has been applied to the task of finding out what the rate is with which this propagation of the electrical state can be made through conducting wires, and the inquiry is not without great practical importance, now that it is in contemplation to throw the telegraphic cable across the basins of wide oceans. The first accurate experiment that was attempted with a view to determine the speed of dynamic electricity, was made in the year 1748, soon after the invention of the Leyden jar. The experimenter, Mr. Watson, then passed the electric shock through his own body and 12,276 feet of wire, he himself forming the middle of the line. He stood near the jar, and marked the spark with his eye, while he felt the shock in his arms. His conclusion was that the spark was seen, and the shock felt, simultaneously, and that the time occupied by the passage of the influence along 6138 feet of wire was altogether inappreciable. Professor Wheatstone has, however, by the employment of a very refined process of observation, since arrived at a different conclusion. The Professor makes use of a board having three pairs of copper balls upon it. The middle pair interrupts a line of copper wire, half a mile long, in the midst, and the outer pairs are connected with the respective extremities of the wire. All the three pairs are so arranged that sparks can be seen passing between them when an electric discharge is made along the wire. The object of the observer, when he uses this apparatus, is to detect whether the three sparks all occur at the same instant, and he is aided in this delicate investigation by a kind of micrometer of the most exquisitely scrutinising power, it being composed of a rapidly revolving mirror whose rate of rotation is accurately known. By the employment of this very ingenious apparatus, Professor Wheatstone finds that the image of the spark between the middle pair of balls is in arrear of the images between the extreme pairs to the extent of a 1,152,000th part of a second. He therefore concludes that, since the electric influence takes the 1,152,000th part of a second to travel through a quarter of a mile of wire, it would pass through 1,152,000÷4=288,000 miles in a complete second.

Other experimenters who have concerned themselves with investigations relating to the speed of dynamic electricity, have arrived at very different conclusions from those of Professor Wheatstone. It occurred to Mr. Walker and Mr. Mitchell in the United States, that they might determine the period a signal required for transmission along a lengthened line of telegraph wire,

if they had the transit of a given star observed at the extreme stations as it passed over the meridian. The transits of the star at the two stations would fix the precise local time there; and any difference remaining in the recorded time of the electric signal at those stations, after due allowance had been made for their relative situations in longitude, could only be due to the time occupied by the transmission of the signal. Several series of careful observations by this method gave, as the results of the two observers' experiments, a rate of 18,760 and 28,526 miles per second. Mr. Gould, taking advantage of a colossal circuit of wires extending to no less a distance than 1045 miles, between Seaton, near Washington, and St. Louis, registered a signal upon two evenly rotating clock-regulated cylinders of paper, one placed at each extremity of the wire, and then, by comparing the registers, fixed 12,851 miles per second for the velocity of the transmitting agent. It is very curious to remark the precision of this estimate, 12,851 miles per second! MM. Fizeau and Gonelle operated with double wires, iron and copper, between Rouen and Paris, and between Paris and Amiens, and deduced their indications of velocity from the deflections of a magnetised needle, caused by the interrupted current transmitted through a rheotome. The rates deduced from their experiments were 62,130 miles per second for the iron wire, and 111,834 for the copper wire. The Astronomers Royal for England and Scotland have even more recently attempted to apply Messrs. Walker and Mitchell's method of combining the signal of the telegraph with astronomical observations at the extreme stations: from experiments made between the observatories of Greenwich and Edinburgh, the rate came out 7600 miles per second; and with the observatories of Brussels and Greenwich, the estimate was 2700 miles per second.

In this last experiment Mr. Airy appeared to have found a speed for electricity, while traversing a good conductor, 100 times less than that which was attributed to it by Professor Wheatstone from his early experiments with the spark-board and revolving mirror. It was therefore at once felt by electricians, when the Astronomer Royal's result was made known, that either this strange discrepancy must be accounted for, or discredit would be thrown upon the entire series of investigations accomplished at the cost of so much time and labour. Professor Faraday, with characteristic gallantry, threw himself into the gap, and undertook the complete examination of the question in its entire bearings. The result is an unqualified triumph for the experimenters. The Professor has been able

to account most satisfactorily for the differences of speed deduced in the several cases.

It is a curious consequence of the operation of induction, that an excited electric, having inductively called up a state of electrical tension in a neighbouring body, then has its own tension inductively heightened in turn through the influence of that very disturbed state of atomic polarity which it has itself caused. If the two bodies thus electrised, one primarily and the other inductively, be separated from each other by a thin layer of insulating substance, their tensions become exceedingly strong under this mutual action, and the heightened tensions remain imprisoned by the powerful attractive hold each exerts upon the other through the impassable intervening layer. While this state of matters continues the electric tensions manifest themselves *only* by the effort they make to neutralise each other through the intervening layer; they exhaust their energies entirely upon themselves, and produce no external effect; they are therefore, in the language of electricians, said to be '*disguised*.' The charged Leyden jar is an instance of this production of disguised electrical force under the operation of induction. The inside metallic coating of the jar being positively electrised and insulated by means of the thin glass of the jar, negatively electrises the outer metallic coating through induction, and then has its own tension greatly augmented by the active state of the outer coating. The two electrical tensions pressing towards each other through the thin glass, are retained in their positions of close propinquity by their tendency to take the nearest, and yet also impracticable, route to get together, until some conducting path is arranged for them from one coating to the other, when they leap through this course, and the static electricity of the jar is discharged.

Now Professor Faraday has pointed out that the long wire of an electric telegraph, if insulated by means of a coating of gutta-percha, which is itself surrounded by water or moist earth, is in precisely the condition of a Leyden jar. So soon as a charge of electrical tension is communicated to the wire, that tension immediately calls up inductively an opposite tension in the layer of moisture which covers the outer surface of the insulating tube, and this, in its turn, reacting inductively upon the electricity of the wire, tends to hold it there, impeding the production of those alternating changes of molecular polarity upon which the onward transmission of the electric force depends. The gutta percha-covered wire of the electric telegraph is indeed a lengthened out Leyden jar, instead of being a simple conductor. Therefore the electrical state loiters and

hangs back in it, instead of being freely propagated onwards. In the experiment of the Astronomer Royal, made between Greenwich and Brussels, a portion of the line of communication lay in the submarine cable, and so far the transmitted electricity had to run the gauntlet through circumstances which were able to exert upon it a strong inductive pull, and thereby to delay its progress. The Professor has been able to show, by direct experiment, that when only wires freely suspended in the air are employed in the transmission, the propagation of the electrical influence is practically instantaneous through a wire 1500 miles in length, and that through a tube-insulated subterranean wire of the same length a retardation of two seconds is experienced. In strictly aërial lines of wire some inductive retardation of this kind is almost sure to occur, in ordinary arrangements, in consequence of the wires being carried in places near to the ground, or past walls, or in the neighbourhood of other kinds of masses capable of being influenced, and of influencing, inductively. In all probability the results of the experiments, lying in point of time between those of Professor Wheatstone and of the Astronomer Royal, were made as discrepant as they proved from causes of this nature.

In consequence of Professor Faraday's discovery of the subjection of the coated telegraph-wire to the influences that produce disguised electricity, the question has been anxiously mooted, whether in a submarine cable 1900 statute miles long, this disturbing force would be likely to be of sufficient moment to interfere with the free transmission of signals. The ingenious investigations of Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, tend to throw considerable light upon this matter. In the researches which this experimenter has made, and upon which indeed he is still engaged, the very beautiful method has been adopted of making terrestrial gravity measure the electrical force and telegraphic capability of any given arrangement, instead of trusting to the indications of the capricious galvanometer in previous use. When currents of any considerable degree of intensity are in transmission, the magnetic needle of the galvanometer throws somersaults and leaps about so madly, that any exact reading of its indications is simply impracticable. Mr. Whitehouse has therefore contrived a very delicate steel-yard, so exquisitely hung that it will turn with the variation of a fractional part of a grain, although it is able to weigh thousands of grains under special arrangements. Weights of different capacities can be hung upon the long arm of the steel-yard, and be shifted to any required position upon it. The short arm carries an armature of iron, which is drawn down

through a limited space by a soft iron bar placed beneath, whenever that bar is magnetised by a current of electricity passing through a surrounding coil. These arrangements being effected, the number of grains which is the limit of the lifting capacity of the electro-magnet, becomes the exact indication of the force of the current which produces its magnetization.

Standing by the side of this 'magneto-electrometer' in his inquisitorial office, Mr. Whitehouse also has another curious little familiar of his own creation, which seems to have been endowed by his hand with almost super-physical sensibility. This apparatus is designed to ascertain the *velocity* with which the electrical current travels in any given case through gutta-percha-covered wire, as the magneto-electrometer is intended to estimate its *force*, and therefore the extent to which its available influence can be extended. The primary power in this piece of apparatus is a second's pendulum which sways backwards and forwards with incorruptible fidelity. As the pendulum swings it reverses at each beat the direction in which the current issuing from a voltaic battery flows. The current calls into activity relay-batteries, which then print a trace upon a ribbon of chemically sensitive paper, as it is unwound from a cylinder. There are, however, two printing styles, each supplied by its own relay-battery, the one set to work by the primary current as it enters a long wire under examination, the other set to work by the current as it passes out of the wire. Two traces are thus impressed on the paper, side by side, in very convenient positions for comparison, although the wire lying between the styles effecting those traces may be hundreds of miles in length. As the ribbon of paper is drawn along evenly under the two styles, one trace is necessarily as much *behind* the other, as the one style is later than the other in being electrically excited to begin its printing work. Each trace, from each style, is broken too every second by the beating of the pendulum, so that the degree to which one trace lags behind the other can be accurately estimated in proportional parts of this second's length. If the electrical current be four tenths of a second in traversing the length of any wire under examination, then the style at the end of the wire will commence to print on the paper-ribbon four-tenths of a second later than the style at the beginning of the wire, and this will be visibly indicated by one printed trace lying on the paper four-tenths of its own second's length behind the other.

Operating with these very efficient and novel instrumental assistants, Mr. Whitehouse finds that if he takes a fragment of the Atlantic cable fifteen miles long, and leaves its further end insulated by hanging it up in the air, he can communicate to the

interior wire of the cable an electric charge (just as a charge is communicated to the inside insulated coating of a Leyden jar by an ordinary electrical machine), which is able, by the mere act of discharge passed through the magneto-electrometer, to lift 1075 grains. With 200 miles of cable he communicates an electrical charge which lifts 2300 grains by its discharge. This at once *proves* that the cable is a Leyden jar, and acts as one, and not as a simple conductor. *The longer piece of cable manifests the greater lifting force on its discharge.* It had received and held for the time the greater quantity of electricity, and the greater quantity had produced the greatest effect when it was transferred from the static to the dynamic state. This is why in the arrangements of the Atlantic telegraph a small conductor is used in preference to a large one. The larger conductor of any given length would be a more capacious Leyden jar to be charged, and would therefore require a heavier measure of electricity to work it. The wire is fully charged and discharged, as a Leyden jar, every time a signal is transmitted. Mr. Whitehouse finds that a *small quantity* of electricity, in a state of *high intensity*, and passing through a comparatively *small wire*, acts far more satisfactorily than any arrangement which depends upon a capacious conductor and a large charge. The matter is, in fact, altogether an affair of proportion and symmetry. Success requires that every condition and element of the arrangement shall be weighed and adjusted to the details with which it is to be associated. There is no royal telegraphic road through the depths of the Atlantic, either upon the simple base of conducting capacity or of electrical force.

Nothing can more completely establish this proposition than one experiment which Mr. Whitehouse has devised and carried out. It had been suggested that the mere attenuation of the soft copper core of the Atlantic cable, in consequence of the drag of its own weight in laying down, would be likely so to diminish its capacity of transmission that it would become useless for telegraphic purposes, under the influence of the law which causes a conductor to carry electricity with a facility which is proportional only to its smallest part. This law is correct for transmission through a simple conductor, but it does not apply where the transmission is by means of the charge and discharge of a Leyden jar, and Mr. Whitehouse has experimentally established the fact that there is no ground whatever for apprehension in this particular. He first passed a current from a pair of magnetic induction-batteries through 600 miles of the cable, and ascertained the number of grains it was able to lift in the magneto-electrometer. He then passed a similar current through

the same length of cable, *having a fine wire of a mile-length introduced mid-way*, and observed the number of grains it was able to lift. In the first instance the electro-magnet lifted 745 grains; in the second instance it lifted 725 grains. Only twenty grains of force were lost in consequence of the mile of attenuation, although the mile of wire employed in the experiment was actually *eleven times as small* as the conducting core of the cable. When the apprehension is felt that the soft core of the cable may be stretched two feet in a mile in laying down, and be so rendered useless, Mr. Whitehouse replies by stretching one mile in 600 until it is reduced to the one-eleventh of its size, and then shows that even this only takes away a thirty-seventh part of the transmitting capacity of the cable! Mr. Whitehouse has also demonstrated that the core of the cable may be stretched until it yields twenty feet in a mile, without its insulation being injured, or its transmitting capability being affected in any important degree.

One of the most astonishing characteristics of this slight cable is the perfection of its insulation, and the extreme sensibility of its conducting power. Seven small triangular pieces of plate zinc having been connected with fragments of copper wire, and having been coated with sealing wax, the point of each of the triangles was scraped clear of sealing wax by a knife, and the plates were then immersed in acidulated cells, so that they constituted, with the appended copper wires, voltaic pairs. The cleared point of the zinc triangle, and the ends of the copper wires then formed the only acting portions of the battery. By means of this Lilliputian apparatus, printing was effected on the paper-ribbon of the apparatus already described, *through 660 miles of the cable*, and with a facility that indicated only nine-tenths of a second having been consumed by the passage of the current through that extent!

Mr. Whitehouse finds that a simple voltaic current acts with more force at the end of a considerable length of cable, than a magnetic induction-current does, but that it travels with less velocity. Seventy-six pairs of voltaic plates of sixteen square inches lifted 1400 grains at a distance of 600 miles, the current spending four-tenths of a second on its journey. Ten small cells, with plates of 100 square inches, acting through magnetic induction-coils three feet long, lifted 745 grains at the distance of 600 miles, the current spending only nineteen-hundredths of a second on its passage. As rapidity of signals will be an affair of considerable moment, in a case where the messages of two great nations will have to be sent through a single wire, it has been wisely determined that the Atlantic Telegraph shall be

worked by magnetic induction-batteries, rather than by simple voltaic cells.

The experiments which Mr. Whitehouse has carried out regarding the diminution of electric power from increase of the distance to which it has to be transmitted, are very complete and satisfactory, and prove that there is no good ground for fear in the mere breadth of the Atlantic basin. A voltaic battery of seventy-two pairs is found to lift 25,000 grains when transmitted to the magneto-electrometer by means of a couple of yards of wire. If transmitted to it by 200 miles of Atlantic cable, it lifts 10,650 grains. If transmitted through 400 miles, it lifts 3250 grains, and if through 600 miles, 1400 grains. It will be at once perceived that there is nothing formidable in this ratio, when it is remembered that at the end of the cable the faint current will be intensified by being passed through a coil, which will act indirectly upon soft iron, and so set a relay-battery at work to print; and that also, by the employment of this very arrangement, seven points of zinc do print through 660 miles of cable.

In the present state of this wonderful undertaking to annihilate commercially one of the great oceanic gulfs of the globe, every thing is full of the highest promise. Each difficulty that has been suggested hitherto, has been instantly met by a statement of experimental results planned by the sagacity of the electrician and engineer of the company, Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Bright, and carried out long since with a view to the determination of that very point. The amount of labour and research which these gentlemen have given to the mere anticipation of possible obstacles, cannot be conceived unless the details of their patient and intelligent work are followed step by step. The only practical difficulties which these experimenters themselves really fear, are the possible influences of terrestrial currents acting inductively upon the cable when safely laid on its shelf in the Atlantic depths. These probable sources of trouble Mr. Whitehouse is already contemplating with a jealous eye; and it is pleasant to know that he himself believes he shall be fully prepared to grapple with them, should they unfortunately prove troublesome, by furnishing an artificial neutralisation of the mischievous influences through currents of an opposite kind.

The experiments of Professors Faraday and Wheatstone, of Mr. Whitehouse and of MM. Fizeau and Gonelle, all combine to establish the principle that the propagation of electricity is really effected by means of successive vibrations or waves, called up amidst the atoms of the transmitting substance, but that the velocity of the propagation of these waves is in some degree dependent upon the precise molecular character of the

transmitting body; these researches are thus in very interesting agreement with the independent investigations of M. De la Rive, and favour his atomic theory of electrical force.

Chemical decomposition is the source whence electricity is invariably derived for the purposes of telegraphy. The reason for this is, that a very small amount of chemical change is found to set free a very large *quantity* of electrical influence. Professor Faraday has shown that the electrical current which is required to decompose a single grain of water, is also sufficient to keep a platinum wire, the hundredth part of an inch in diameter, at a red heat for three minutes and three quarters. But if the same heat were sustained for the same time by the discharges of Leyden jars, instead of by the continuous current of the voltaic battery, it would be necessary that six millions and a half of discharges, of a jar eight inches high and seven inches and a half in diameter, should be employed for the purpose. This, therefore, would be the quantity of static electricity which would be needed to effect the decomposition of the grain of water! But again, the quantity of electricity which effects the decomposition of a grain of water, is also the amount that would be liberated when enough oxygen and hydrogen were combined to form a grain of water, or that would be liberated when one grain of water was decomposed by simple chemical means. The conjoint investigations of M. Becquerel and Professor Faraday have established the fact, that the amount of static electricity chemically set free on the decomposition of a grain of water, is such as would suffice to charge with high tension an insulated conducting pane, such as a thunder-cloud, thirty-five acres in area! The discharge of such an electric pane, if instantaneous, would be a true flash of lightning, of terrific intensity and power. In all voltaic piles and batteries, such as those which are employed for telegraphic purposes, the propagation of the electric influence through the wire which is interposed between the poles, is effected by the successive decompositions and recompositions of the equilibrated positions of the several molecules. Each of these successive polar changes is accompanied by chemical decomposition and recomposition of the molecules of the liquid, which forms a part of the electrical circuit, within the cells of the battery. The chemical change is essential to the maintenance of the continuity of the electrical current. This, then, is how chemical change is made a source of electrical power, when a sustained stream of that power is required for a specific purpose. It is absolutely necessary to the development of voltaic electricity, that there shall exist an intimate chemical relation between the substances brought into

contact with a view to its production: one must be capable of entering upon a combination of affinity with at least one of the elements comprised within the other. M. De la Rive holds that the power of the so-called dry voltaic piles is entirely due to the chemical action incident upon the presence of moisture in the paper used in the construction of the pile, or in the surrounding air. He does not think the existence of such a thing as electrisation by mere contact, independently of chemical influence, or mechanical molecular disturbance, admissible.

When the electricity, which is set free by the decomposition of a grain of water, or any analogous change, is passed in a continuous current, as it is called, this being spread out through three or four minutes, comparatively slight effects are produced. A few inches of fine platinum wire placed in the course of the current become red hot, or another grain of water is decomposed, or the fibres of a frog's muscle are kept twitching, or a faint spark is produced at the extremity of the interrupted wire. If, on the other hand, the same measure of electricity is discharged instantaneously between a thirty-five-acre thunder-cloud and the earth, the result is a veritable lightning-flash of fearful power. It is exceedingly remarkable that there should be this difference in the sensible strength of the electric discharge and the electrical current. The philosopher in his laboratory is continually handling with safety the concentrated essence of the fiercest thunder-storms, keeping it under his perfect control, and sending it hissing through fine wires, or turning it from one vessel to another, at his pleasure, as he would so much water. This surprising peculiarity seems to be entirely due to the concentration of the sum of the force into the instant in one case, and to its dissipation through an immense number of successive instants in the other. The instantaneous discharge of electric force, the moment before in a state of static intensity, is accompanied by the production of a vividly brilliant *spark*. When the instantaneous discharge is broken up into a series of smaller discharges, a *brush* of light is seen passing through the interval of air that lies between the discharging conductors. The brush is obviously nothing more than a stream of very small sparks flowing side by side, and in rapid succession. If the stream of sparks is made to flow yet more quickly, by increasing the tension of the electrised source, or by diminishing the resisting power of the air through rarefaction, distinct points of light cease to be discernible, and the brush is changed into an unbroken *glow*. In this way the actual transition of the instantaneous discharge into the lengthened current can be followed. But the light itself which thus accompanies the

discharge; the spark,—the lightning, mimic or real,—what is its nature? Why does this luminous effect appear when the balance of the polarities of material atoms is being suddenly disturbed or re-established?

The character of electric light is best studied in the appearance which is presented, when two pointed pieces of charcoal are placed on the extremities of the wires of a powerful voltaic battery. If the charcoal points be brought into contact, they become incandescent, and if these incandescent charcoal tips be then gradually withdrawn to some little distance from each other, an arched bundle of fire is seen extending between them, curved up in the middle apparently because a current of heated air is ascending there. Bent upon investigating the nature of this luminous arch, Professor Silliman contrived to protect his eyes by green glass, so that he was able to discern finely divided matter passing across in it to the negative point, as a kind of dust; a rapid series of slight detonations was distinctly heard, caused, as it seemed, by the tearing asunder from the positive pole of the particles thus carried through the arch. M. Van Breda replaced the charcoal points by a pair of iron balls, and found that after the voltaic current had been transmitted between them for some time, the ball in connexion with the positive pole had diminished in weight to the extent of four grains and three quarters. From these and other carefully conducted experiments it seems that the luminous arch is made up of a chain of molten incandescent particles of matter passing between the poles. The incandescence is not the result of a true combustion of these particles, for it is equally well sustained in the entire absence of oxygen. The surface molecules of the charcoal, or metal, which constitute the termination of the pole, are burst off from the rest of the mass by the force of the electrical tension, and are then thrown into such rapid vibration as they are conveyed across to the opposite pole, that they produce effects in the luminous ether which issue in brilliant light. The spark of the instantaneous electrical discharge is a consequence of precisely the same cause. It is composed of material particles torn from the terminal conductor, and rendered incandescent by the electrical tension. Both in the spark of the instantaneous discharge and in the arch of the voltaic current, the light is produced by the electrical state propagating itself through a line of ponderable matter, for the time itself in a state of onward transmission, yet constituting nevertheless a strict unbroken course of continuity. The particles of matter in this line are heated, precisely in the same way as the molecules of a fine wire, when this forms a portion of the voltaic circuit, by the state of rapidly intermitting polarisations into

which they are thrown. In the spark of the instantaneous discharge, the effect is so momentary, that no trace of radiant heat can be discovered, notwithstanding the fact that numerous other indications of a very elevated temperature are left in its course. The spark indeed is so instantaneous that it has not time to fire explosive compounds, such as gunpowder, as it passes through them, unless its pace is retarded by the intervention, for a short interval, of some imperfectly conducting substance, as for instance, string moistened with water. If this intervention be made, the explosion immediately ensues.

Professor Faraday considers that the instantaneous discharge of electric tension is effected in two altogether distinct ways; that is to say, by a burst through the instrumentality of the electric ether,—and through connexion or transport by means of the movement of material particles. M. De la Rive maintains that these are properly the same thing, and that even in the most gentle discharge there is always a transport of finely divided material particles. M. Fusinieri has demonstrated that electric sparks invariably contain brass in a state of diffusion, and incandescent molecules of zinc, when they have issued from a brazen conductor. He has also proved that they contain particles of silver and gold, when emitted from surfaces of those metals. There is one very surprising fact named in M. Arago's volume of 'Meteorological Researches,' in connexion with the authority of M. Fusinieri's name. It is, that if an electric spark be drawn from a gold ball, and be made to traverse a thick silver plate, a circular layer of the gold will be subsequently found *on both surfaces of the silver*, as if the gold-atoms had been absolutely carried by the spark quite through the silver! Pulverulent deposits are constantly found wherever lightning has struck terrestrial objects. M. Fusinieri conceives that the lightning finds mineral substances, — sulphur, phosphorus, and other things, floating in the higher regions of the air in a subtle form, and takes them thence to feed, or, more correctly speaking, to form, its own fires; and he attributes the peculiar sulphur-like odours experienced wherever lightning has recently struck the earth, to the presence of these sublimated minerals. Illustrations of the intimate relation that connects electrical discharges with the power of absorbing and transporting, or otherwise affecting, material particles, are without number. Constantini relates one very remarkable instance. In the year 1749 a lady put out her hand close to a window, during a thunderstorm, having upon her arm a gold bracelet at the time. A vivid flash of lightning seemed to strike her arm, and the bracelet entirely disappeared in a moment, as if absorbed by the

lightning, leaving behind not the slightest trace of its existence. The lady herself received only a trifling hurt. During the present year the Chapel of the Madonna del Soccorso, built on the ruins of the palace of Tiberius at Capri, was struck by lightning, and the altar, and the framework of an oil-painting of the Madonna, were entirely destroyed. The brows in the picture were crowned with silver. The lightning entirely stripped this silver away from the canvass, but the painting, for miraculous reasons of course, was entirely untouched. Bayle tells us that upon one occasion two large drinking glasses stood side by side upon a table during a thunder-storm, and that a flash of lightning was seen to dart between them. Immediately afterwards it was found that one of the glasses had become so bent it could hardly stand on its base. The vitreous substance had obviously been momentarily fused by the electric discharge, and had then hardened again, without being damaged otherwise than by distortion of form.

The ordinary spark of the instantaneous electric discharge presents to the eye the form of a white line tipped with red at its extremities. This line may be procured by good management a foot long, and it is then obviously zigzag, like forked lightning, the irregularity being due to the condensation of the air in the direction of its progress, and to the lateral deviation thus forced upon it here and there. The form of the electric spark is, however, considerably modified by the shape of the conductor from which it issues, and the nature of the medium through which it passes. The material of the conductor also, as might be anticipated, determines its colour to a considerable extent. Different kinds of elementary molecules give different tints of light. All the peculiarities of the electric spark are reproduced in lightning upon a grand scale. There is scarcely any other difference between the natural and the artificial instantaneous discharge, than the very much higher intensity and power of the former. The distance to which lightning occasionally flashes through the air is almost incredible. A foot is deemed an extreme distance for the artificial discharge to traverse, but M. Petit of Toulouse was able, in one instance, to estimate the length of the lightning flashes in a severe storm at nine geographical miles! Through this vast leap lightning can carry its burden of sublimed and light-furnishing matter, when it has merely a bridge of aërial particles to cross.

Thus far all that has been made out concerning the nature of electric light, tends strikingly to confirm the notion that electric force is entirely due to a disturbance produced amidst material molecules. Its evidence has, therefore, to be added to that

which has been previously accumulated to support the atomic or material theory of electricity, so ably advocated by M. De la Rive. It is a deeply interesting fact, naturally allying itself to this portion of the subject under consideration, that the light called forth by these electrical influences approximates very much more nearly to the sun's light, than any other illumination which can be artificially effected. The flame produced by the combustion of lime, by means of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases, is very brilliant; yet its intensity is 140 times less than that of direct sunshine. The electric light, on the other hand, according to MM. Fizeau and Foucault's observations, is not more than four times less intense than solar light. The electric light, in common with sun-light, affects the photographic plate, and is devoid of any trace of polarisation; a very brilliant coloured spectrum also is obtained from it, when it is passed through a glass prism. The details of the spectrum are, however, modified, according to the character of the conducting substance that is caused to form the surface of the pole whence the discharge or current is sent forth.

Yet another proof of the atom-coercing and atom-affecting power of electricity has to be adduced, gleaned from an altogether different field. Wherever common frictional electrical machines are in brisk operation, a peculiar odour, half phosphoric half sulphurous, is perceived. Precisely the same odour is developed at the positive pole of a voltaic circuit, when water is undergoing decomposition, and also is found to pervade the atmosphere in which lightning has been recently flashing. M. Schœnbein has paid considerable attention to this odour, and has determined that it is due to the presence of a gaseous principle, to which he has given the name 'Ozone.' This principle resembles chlorine in possessing the power of bleaching vegetable colouring matters: if slips of filtering paper, soaked in a solution of iodide of potassium mingled with starch paste, be hung out in the open air for a few minutes, they turn blue provided the slightest trace of ozone is present there. From the period of its first discovery it has been known that ozone plays some very important part in the business of organic chemistry. M. Schœnbein's first idea concerning the agent he had discovered was that it was a peculiar and hitherto unrecognised compound of oxygen and hydrogen. This notion is, however, clearly not correct. M. Marignac and M. De la Rive have shown that ozone can be produced by electrical agency where there is no other material substance present but pure oxygen, and that, indeed, any quantity of pure oxygen can be turned entirely into ozone. Ozone then probably

is merely oxygen in a highly exalted state of chemical energy; *nascent oxygen,* to speak technically in the language of modern chemical science. Electricity seems to possess the power of disaggregating the molecules of oxygen gas, and of insulating the constituent atoms with all their polarities set free, so that these atoms acquire a concentrated tendency to combine with bodies towards which they manifest no affinity while in their ordinary state. Thus, even the atoms of the great representative of chemical energy — the mighty and ever active oxygen itself — have their already exalted chemical powers still further quickened and raised, when they are brought under the direct sway of electrical influence.

The narrative of the atomic legerdemain of electricity, so far from being now nearly ended, is indeed barely commenced. A long series of very wonderful relations whereby this subtle influence marks its connexion with matter, yet remains to be alluded to. The most important of these is unquestionably the fact which is at the bottom of the mechanism of electric telegraphy, — namely, the ability of electric currents to coerce the directive power of a freely suspended magnet. If a wire be placed near to a suspended magnetic needle, and parallel to the direction in which it is hung, the needle is jerked out of its normal position in the magnetic meridian the instant a voltaic current is passed along the wire; and its north pole is kept deflected either towards the east or west, according to the direction in which the current is caused to move, so long as the current flows. M. Ampère furnishes a simple formula, to serve as a sort of memoria technica in determining which way the magnetic needle will jerk in any given case. If the individual observing the movement were to lie down in the voltaic current head foremost, — that is with the head towards the negative pole, — and with his face towards the magnetic needle, the north pole would invariably deviate towards his left hand. In the practice of telegraphy the conducting wire is made to coil many times round the needle, which is to be deflected by the current, in the direction of its length, because then the effect on the needle is multiplied by the number of coils in the wire; the current moving along each division of the coil, exerts its own independent influence on the needle. If, under this arrangement, a current is sent *onwards* past a distant needle, that needle jerks its north pole to the left; if the current is brought *inwards* past it, its north pole is jerked to the right. Thus two easily distinguishable signals, producible at will and at a distance, are secured, and by using two currents and two needles for the production of the signals, and by causing the needles to move

together or separately once, or twice, or thrice, in quick succession either way, or by alternate jerks from left to right, or from right to left, a sufficient number of signals is procured to represent the several letters of the alphabet. Such is the outline of the electro-telegraphic signal code.

But not only does the electric current trouble the equanimity of the magnet, and cause it to be 'untrue to the pole;' it also has the power to make magnets. If a silk-covered wire be coiled round a horse-shoe-like bar of soft iron, the bar becomes a magnet the moment an electric current is made to stream through the wire-coil. Magnets may be readily prepared in this way, which are capable of sustaining weights of as much as 120 pounds. The instant the current is arrested, the bar loses its magnetic virtue, and becomes again only a horse-shoe of iron. If, however, the horse-shoe be of hard steel, instead of soft iron, the magnetic property is retained for some time after the arrest of the current.

Yet, again, electric currents are found to be veritable magnets, and to direct themselves north and south when left free to follow their own inclinations, by being placed upon floats of cork launched upon water, or by other contrivances. Magnets, too, call up electric currents in wires disposed near them, whenever the magnetic poles are connected together by armatures, or whenever this connexion is broken. Magnets inductively magnetise iron held near to them. Magnets formed by currents circling spirally round soft iron, react upon the currents that embrace them, and exalt their energies in a very enormous degree. Rotatory movements make magnets and produce electric currents. Electric currents and magnets determine rotatory movements. Heat renders iron magnetic. Electric currents call up electric currents, which make magnets or anything else, it would almost seem, at the will of the wizards of operators who wield the secrets of this modern necromancy. Not even light escapes: a ray extinguished by polarisation, through the instrumentality of Nichol's prisms, re-appears when a near bar of soft iron is converted into a magnet by the agency of an electric current. In short, universal nature seems to be one general conflict between induction and neutralisation when looked at through the medium of electro-magnetic and magneto-electric doings. There is, however, supreme order and obedience to law really at the bottom of these involved appearances. All the varied results fall into ranks of the most significant regularity when reviewed under the guidance of an intelligent consideration of the necessities of the atomic electric theory. An old acquaintance, *induction*, is the responsible agent of change from

first to last. Everywhere it is disturbance of the balance of atomic or molecular polarities, calling up like disturbance in other bodies so placed as to be amenable to the derangement. Some curious reader may perchance like to have a glimpse at the number of links there may be in an inductive chain. If it be so, let him peruse the following passage, extracted from M. De la Rive's pages: —

'A primary current developes two induced secondary currents in contrary directions, one at its establishment, the other at its rupture: these two currents may be separated by an interval of time; they are equal, but have not the same tension, that is to say, the same facility of traversing imperfect or discontinuous conductors. Each secondary current is able to determine two opposite tertiary currents, but separated by an interval of time of inappreciable duration, seeing that the secondary current is itself instantaneous. These two tertiary currents are equal, but they likewise have not the same tension. Each tertiary current is in like manner able to determine two equal quarternary currents, but also of different tensions; at each secondary current, namely, at the rupture or establishment of the primary current, there correspond, therefore, four quarternary currents, produced by the two tertiary ones. If all these induced currents, that are separated by infinitely short intervals of time, had the same tension as well as being equal; or rather if they had to traverse only perfectly uniform circuits, they would all mutually neutralise each other, and no effect would be manifested. But this is not the case; on which account it is that there is a production of phenomena, due to the superiority of tension, of the currents moving in one direction, over those moving in the other.' (Vol. i. p. 401.)

One prominent conviction flashes continually from the midst of these involved complications of electric and magnetic relationship. It is that the electric and the magnetic states are mutually *interchangeable.* Magnetisation is some form or other of electrical tension. Its establishment is unquestionably closely connected with the production of molecular disturbance. M. Joule was able to demonstrate that a soft iron bar actually lengthens itself at the moment that it is converted into a magnet, by the passage of an electric current through an investing coil of wire, and then again shortens itself when the current is arrested. M. Wertheim states that he can *hear* molecular vibrations running along in the longitudinal direction of an artificial magnet, so long as its substance is kept in a vexed state by frequent interruptions of the inducing electric current. M. De la Rive considers that he can define the precise condition of disturbance which is produced in magnetised bodies: he says that the integrant molecules are all arranged, under the constraining force due to the proximity of other magnets, or of external

electrical currents, so that their encircling currents are parallel to the coercing currents. The magnetism is temporary if the molecules do not retain their constrained positions after the disturbing force has been withdrawn; but it is permanent when they do. Electric currents pre-exist round the integrant molecules of bodies susceptible of magnetisation, and the act of magnetisation simply involves their all being forced to distribute themselves in one common direction. The magnet acts upon external bodies *exactly* as closed electric currents do; both exert a directive force upon magnets, and produce instantaneous electric currents inductively in good conductors of electricity. The magnet, indeed, is in itself a closed electric current, or rather a congeries of such currents moving together in strict parallelism.

But after all, magnetic bodies prove to be not so entirely of a distinct nature from their unmagnetic companions as it was at first supposed they were. Here again that great leveller of distinctions, Professor Faraday, has been at work. He has shown by experiment that magnetic bodies are distinguished, not so much by their possession of a directive power, as by their being *directed differently* from other substances. All those bodies which are not magnetic, with the exception of the gases, range themselves east and west, when freely suspended over the poles of powerful magnets, whether artificial or natural, instead of north and south. The strange exhibition has been made, in the professor's hands, of suspended needles and bars of sulphur, resin, meat, apples, feathers, glass, phosphorus, gold, silver, lead, and bismuth, hastening to place themselves equatorially across the line connecting the poles of a horseshoe-bar of iron, the moment the bar was turned into a magnet by electric agency. Even gases have been subjected to magnetic scrutiny by the clever contrivance of introducing them into soap-bubbles, or into thin glass balls fixed upon opposite extremities of light bars of wood, and this with the remarkable result of showing that oxygen is powerfully magnetic, while all other gases are neutral. Professor Faraday thus distributes nearly all material substances into two grand classes, one of which is characterised by having the bodies comprised in it repelled by the poles of a magnet, so that they are constrained to place themselves *equatorially* or transversely to the line uniting those poles; the other by having the bodies comprised in it attracted by the poles of a magnet, so that they range themselves *axially*, or in the line uniting the poles. The axially ranging bodies he still calls magnetic, because they are all susceptible of being turned into magnets. The equatorially-

ranging bodies he calls *dia-magnetics.* The substances which he finds to be endowed, or endowable, with magnetic properties, are iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, cerium, titanium, paladium, crown-glass, platinum, osmium, and oxygen. The dia-magnetics are the rest of the metals, and all other solids and liquids, bismuth among them taking the foremost place.

Now the magnetic bodies have one structural peculiarity, which is common to the whole class. They are all of them substances that contain the greatest number of chemical atoms in any given volume. They are *chemically* compact, or dense. The three most susceptible magnetic metals, iron, nickel, and cobalt, all have 230 atoms, and the seven feebler magnetic metals 170 atoms, in the volume, which comprises only from 74 to 150 atoms, where the dia-magnetic metals are concerned. There are only two exceptions to this rule: copper and zinc belong to the chemically compact class of metals, and yet they are faintly dia-magnetic. This discrepancy, however, it will be presently seen is satisfactorily explained.

It is the opinion of Professor Faraday that dia-magnetic bodies are not themselves *directive* in their equatorial lines, as magnetic bodies are in their meridional ones; he believes them to be simply passive, and obedient to the repulsively coercing power of the poles of an adjacent magnet. They move when they are pulled, but they do not move themselves by pulling. In this particular other electricians, however, hold different views. M. E. Becquerel and Professor Tyndall have shown that the deflection in the dia-magnetic is *proportional to the square* of the magnetic intensity which acts upon it, exactly as it should be, if the dia-magnetic power were due to a real inherent transverse polarity in the dia-magnetic body. If the dia-magnetic deflection were simply a passive obedience to the coercion of the magnet, the action should augment and diminish *directly* with the intensity of the magnet. M. De la Rive's explanation of the difference of the behaviour of magnetic and dia-magnetic bodies is mainly this. In the magnetic substance each integrant molecule necessarily has an electric current circulating about its molecularly chained atoms, in consequence of the close approximation of those atoms to each other; in the dia-magnetic substance the constituent atoms of the integrant molecule, are so much more distant from each other, that no inter-molecular atomic chain is formed, and that no molecular current normally exists. The atoms of the dia-magnetic are independent of each other, and in that state in which their electrical forces are naturally in equilibrium. When an external electric current, or a magnet which consists of a myriad of such

parallel currents, is brought near to dia-magnetic atoms, they are so coerced as to be constrained to arrange their *axes parallel to the constraining currents;* then atomic chains are formed, and molecular currents are set up, which move for the time transversely to the external inducing force. In magnetic bodies electrical currents pre-exist around the integrant molecules, and the influence of the exterior action merely constrains them all to assume a direction parallel to the external current. In dia-magnetic bodies, molecular electrical currents do not pre-exist; they are called into being by the external action, and are then directed transversely to its course. The induction in the magnetic body is in the mass, so to speak: in the dia-magnetic, it is in each separate molecule; and a very energetic action is commonly required to effect this induction, because the atoms, which have their polar equilibrium successively disturbed and re-established, are comparatively far asunder, and comparatively bad conductors in themselves. Copper and zinc are not magnetic, although chemically compact metals, because their atoms are of such high conducting power that they cannot be made to retain their positions of disturbed equilibrium even for a passing instant. This is in a measure proved by the fact that copper becomes magnetic when combined with oxygen or chlorine, which both diminish its electricity-conducting capacity. M. De la Rive suspects that the magnetic capabilities of oxygen depend upon the atoms of the gas being packed very densely together to constitute integrant molecules, an arrangement which is physically disturbed when the oxygen is converted into ozone. Oxygen has atomically dense molecules, although a gas.

It should be remarked before this portion of the subject is dismissed, that the influence exerted by the magnet upon polarised light, — a phenomenon already alluded to in a passing way,—is in itself simply another illustration of the atom-disturbing power of electrical force. The polarisation of the luminous ray is obviously an effect of the molecular arrangement of the transparent crystal, through which that ray is passed. It is this light-polarising arrangement of the material atoms that is disturbed by the proximity of the magnet. When the atomic cause of the polarisation is destroyed, the polarising effect of course ceases, and the extinguished ray reappears. The ray which seems to obey the magnetic power, really is obedient to the atomic state of the crystal, which is itself constrained by the magnetic influence. It is now known that not even those stubborn and so-called noble metals, palladium, gold, and platinum, can altogether resist the atom-scattering power of electrical tension. Platinum is slowly dissipated from a voltaic

pole in the form of a black powder, which proves, upon examination, to have suffered a series of successive oxidations and reductions. M. Despretz thinks that he can, by the instrumentality of the electrical current, even compel the atoms of carbon to assume that peculiar crystalline condition which converts carbon into the diamond. He made a fragment of very pure carbon the positive pole of a voltaic battery, and embraced this by pincers of platinum, which were constituted the negative pole, and he found minute glittering particles where the contact of the platinum and carbon had been, which presented all the properties of the brilliant gem. What an invaluable adjunct the voltaic battery would have proved to the working apparatus of the alchemists of olden times!

Magnetism depends upon a certain specific arrangement of the atoms of material substance. Such is the leading deduction which is drawn from the practical investigations hitherto passed in review. But mere mechanical operations are occasionally sufficient to produce this particular atomic arrangement, in bodies that are of high magnetic susceptibility. A sudden shock or a continued vibratory movement, frequently renders a mass of iron magnetic which was not so previously. The consideration, therefore, is here suggested, how can such purely mechanical operations exert that coercing power over the atoms of the susceptible body, which suffices to place them in the constrained order of magnetisation? It fortunately happens that a very simple experiment furnishes a ready clue to the heart of the mystery.

If a bar of soft iron, about a yard long, be held at such an inclination that it points nearly towards the North Pole of the earth, the bar immediately becomes a magnet, having a north pole at its lower end, and it continues to be so as long as the position is preserved. The magnetic property is at once manifested: if a compass be brought near to the bar, the south pole of the compass-needle is drawn towards its depressed extremity. Now, here, the result is obviously an effect of simple induction. The bar is magnetised by the inductive power of *the earth.* The earth itself is a huge magnet, and is constantly striving to produce molecular derangement in the substance of all bodies that are situated upon its surface, so that their electrical currents may be ranged parallel to its own, or transversely if they be dia-magnetics. The earth's power of directing the needle of the mariner's compass is merely one of the proofs of its own magnetic state. The soft iron bar of the experiment loses its induced magnetism as soon as it is withdrawn from the position in which it points to the earth's magnetic pole,

because its molecules have not the capability, in virtue of their inherent arrangement, of retaining the constrained position forced upon them inductively.

If a bar of hard steel be held in the position specified in the preceding paragraph, it is not converted into a magnet by terrestrial induction, because its molecules have more atomic vis inertiæ than those of the soft iron; they require the exertion of some stronger force than the earth's polarising pull to place them in the magnetic position. If, however, a series of sharp blows, or rapid vibrations, be impressed upon the bar, the earth then acquires, with the aid of this auxiliary force, the power of effecting the magnetisation of the steel. When the natural balance of atomic position is forcibly disturbed by the mechanical violence, the atoms of the steel bar are for the time shaken out of their vis inertiæ, and yield to the earth's inductive solicitation. Then, however, the same stubbornness, that was at first opposed to the magnetisation, comes into play to retain it. The steel bar continues to be a magnet after it has been withdrawn from the position in which it was placed when magnetised. This, then, is the explanation of bodies becoming magnetised while under the influence of a mechanical shock. Their molecules are naturally more or less in the condition in which they are affected by vis inertiæ. The mechanical impression loosens their inertness, and then the polarising power of the earth constrains them to take up the positions upon which magnetisation depends.

One very important consequence follows from these relations. When iron ships are built, lying during their construction, as they must do, upon the terrestrial surface, they of necessity acquire magnetic properties. Some portions of their metallic masses are sure to possess that inert molecular constitution which makes them retentive of magnetism. Then, the hammering and rivetting which the vessel undergoes, enable that huge magnet beneath it, the earth, to establish inductively the magnetic state in those masses. This result is not entirely confined to iron ships. All very large vessels have so much iron in their frames, that they contain magnets in their structure when they are launched for service upon the waves.

But when a vessel which has magnets distributed about in its own structure, enters upon its sea-life, what must necessarily happen? The compasses, which ought to be true to the earth's pole, and guide the floating mass over the sea, are diverted from their truthfulness, and assume a false position under the seduction of these nearer magnets. The plan which has been generally adopted hitherto to neutralise this source of uncertainty in the

performance of the compass, is this. The vessel is what is technically called 'swung,' as soon as it is ready for sea, with its compasses on board. Its head is turned into all possible directions, while some land object is still kept in sight to indicate what the precise position at any moment is, and the deviation of the compass from its proper bearing in each position is marked and recorded. The record is then preserved, to be employed as a check upon the compass in the future. In the working of the ship, the error for each position is allowed for; and so the mariner manages to direct his path aright by an erroneously pointing guide.

This method of swinging vessels, for the ascertainment of their compass-errors, answered very well so long as only wooden ships were employed. Now, however, when the largest vessels are built entirely of iron, it unfortunately becomes of very little service. These vast iron structures start upon their marine existence with magnetic dispositions which can be accurately ascertained and allowed for. But, alas, these dispositions, most strange to say, are as capricious as the winds and the waves, which are to be their playmates. Every time the vessel encounters the shock of heavy waves, having its head turned towards a new point of the compass, the great terrestrial magnet beneath gets a different pull upon its contained magnetism, and the poles of its contained magnets shift their positions, producing a correspondent change of deviation in the compass-needles. It is found that even the long continued tremor set up by the working of steam-machinery, in a comparatively smooth sea, will produce this alteration of deviation, when a new course has been suddenly shaped. Nay, the mere passage near to a prominent headland of the coast, which is itself in a state of induced magnetism, in consequence of some peculiar arrangement of its own parts, may effect the same momentous change. The captain of one of the Cunard line of Atlantic steamers told Dr. Scoresby, in the spring of 1848, that he always remarked on rounding a prominent headland in the south-east of Ireland, on the return-voyage from America, that his compass-cards 'swung widely,' and sometimes went quite round. Captain Moresby, the intelligent commander of the 'Ripon,' states that the compass-variation commonly changes four or five degrees on passing Cape Bon, near Tunis, and does not resume its normal amount until after some hours. It is probably sometimes the direct magnetic influence of one of the constituents of the rocky masses of the coast, which seduces the compass-needle from its sober terrestrial allegiance. But, more generally, it is the influence of the coast acting upon the retentive magnetism of the

ship, which produces the disturbance. In this case, that it is so is obvious from its being only the compasses of iron ships that are obnoxious to the derangement.

It is a very curious fact, that practical seamen had learned to make allowance for compass-deviations, induced by the proximity of certain coasts, long before any thing was known of the nature of inductive magnetism. Dr. Scoresby alludes to one very striking instance of this in his second volume of 'Mag-'netical Investigations.' On the 18th of December, in the year 1811, the line-of-battle-ship, 'Hero,' left Wingo Sound in the Cattegat, with a convoy of 120 sail of merchant-ships and transports under its charge. The vessel took a direct compass-course for the Downs, from the coast of Denmark, and in the middle of the night of the 23rd, went on shore, in a heavy squall of wind and sleet, upon a sand off the Island of Texel. Two other line-of-battle-ships, the 'St. George' and the 'Defiance,' which were some distance behind the 'Hero,' and steering the same course, were driven on shore, on the coast of North Jutland, in the same gale, and several of the 'Hero's' convoy followed the 'Hero's' lead, and shared the same fate. On the evening of the 23rd, at the commencement of the gale, a Whitby pilot, who had charge of the 'Centurion' transport, was down in the cabin taking a meal, when he was told that the commodore on board the 'Hero' was signalling to steer south-south-west. On the instant the wary seaman issued the order 'Haul 'our ship to the south-west!' and then added in a solemn tone to the officers who were around him in the cabin, 'If the com-'modore stands that way' (*so little towards the west*), 'they will all 'sleep in their shoes before the morning.' The opinion of the old pilot was sadly justified by facts. Before the morning nearly two thousand men were 'sleeping in their shoes' beneath the surf of the German Ocean. Only those vessels that followed the example of the 'Centurion' escaped from the storm. When the captain of the 'Hero' became aware that he was approaching some shoal, he actually ordered the ship to be steered south-south-east, directly in the teeth of the danger, in the conviction that he must be entangled somewhere with the British coast. The commanders of the line-of-battle-ships, placing their faith, no doubt, in the scientific light which they then possessed, took the compass for their sole guide, and followed it to destruction. The Whitby pilot, on the other hand, had been taught by experience, while making this passage, that something always tended to carry the ship towards the Dutch coast, and accordingly took care to give it what the more scienti-

fically trained officers of the navy would, no doubt, have considered an unnecessarily wide berth.

In consequence of the recent largely extended use of iron in the construction of ships, it has become a consideration of most momentous import, to find some means whereby the uncertain and capricious compass-deviations, incident to the employment of the metal, may be obviated. The Astronomer Royal has devised a plan which is attended with a considerable measure of success, so long as the vessel moves only through a narrow range of latitude, and so long as it is not exposed to much mechanical violence. This method is to place fixed magnets near to the compasses, in such a position that they exactly undo what the magnetic masses of the ship accomplish. Then the compass-needles are left free to range in exact obedience to the directive force of the earth's polarity. Dr. Scoresby, however, who had perhaps a more intimate practical knowledge of this subject than any other man, distrusted the Astronomer Royal's method. He thought that the Astronomer Royal entirely under-estimated the power of accidental mechanical impulse to render iron vessels susceptible to changes of magnetic condition, and maintained that the compensating method needs to be itself subjected to frequent corrections, as these changes arise, before it can be admitted as trustworthy. This being a process that would be found to be very difficult in application to vessels at sea, Dr. Scoresby himself proposed the adoption of a very much more simple contrivance, which he believed to be perfectly effectual under all circumstances. It is merely to keep a standard compass some distance up aloft, with which the working compasses may be frequently compared. The deranging influence of the magnetism of the vessel takes effect mainly because the compass is so near to the metallic masses of the ship. If the compass be removed to some considerable distance from these masses, then their power becomes comparatively trifling, when measured with the influence of the earth, which is not diminished in like degree, on account of the stupendous mass of the terrestrial sphere. Upon one occasion Dr. Scoresby found that when every compass on the saloon-deck of the large iron vessel, the 'Imperador,' was in error from two and a half to three and a half points, a compass raised thirty-two feet above the deck was absolutely true in every position in which the vessel was placed. The veteran navigator and philosopher undertook a voyage to Australia, shortly before his decease, exclusively to test the efficacy of his plan, and he had the satisfaction of finding it answer his expectations in the most complete way. His opinion was subsequently expressed, that with a standard-com-

pass aloft, and with a fair measure of precaution, in making frequent references to it, even an iron steam-ship may go any where and do any thing, without incurring the risk of being misled by the capricious conditions of its own metallic mass.

The distinguished French philosopher M. Ampère, long since maintained that the magnetism of the earth was due to the presence of electrical currents coursing round its spheroidal mass, at a small depth below the surface, and from east to west. A full investigation of the causes which could give rise to such a series of equatorially moving currents, as well as of the evidence that is available to prove that such currents are actually in existence, is made in the third volume of M. De la Rive's work, and the judicial summing up is there in favour of M. Ampère's notion. The huge earth, for ever rotating on an axis in virtue of some primeval necessity impressed upon its spheroidal form,—with its circling currents of electrical force coursing round its equatorial girdle,—and with its polar tensions of magnetic force radiating from near the extremities of its axis,—seems to be but a copy in large of the invisible material atom which is the basis of its own substance. And this, in all probability, is not the final suggestion Electrical Science is destined to furnish in this direction. There are dull molecules and bright molecules upon the earth, and dull masses and brightly glowing masses,—illuminated worlds and illuminating suns,—in the wide spaces of the heavens. The dull molecules of terrestrial matter become resplendent with light, when their rotatory movements are quickened by the spur of electrical tension.—Why are the stellar orbs of the remote Universe so brilliant? This much at least may be said. The stars blaze with the same illumination that sparkles in the earth. The light which ripples upon the shore of the infinite, is the same light which bursts from the morsel of charcoal when the electrician touches it with his energising wires. It is bent by the prism, collected by the lens, and reflected by the mirror in precisely the same way. It produces the same changes on the sensitive plate of the photographist, and the same feeling on the sensitive membrane of the organ of vision. The sagacity which is now on the point of demonstrating that the earth is a huge electro-magnet, inductively excited by the sun, already suspects that the inductively exciting sun, and the kindred stars, are themselves, in their surpassing splendours, vast electric lights.

ART. III.—*Mémoires du Duc de Raguse; de* 1792 *à* 1832. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1857.

MARSHAL MARMONT—for by that name the Duke of Ragusa will probably be best known to posterity—bequeaths these remarkable Memoirs to the world in the following terms:—

'Two things have chiefly occupied my mind in these latter years: the compilation of the memoirs of my life, and the narrative of my travels in 1834 and 1835. I had imposed on myself the obligation of completing the first work before leaving Vienna in 1834, and I have accomplished it; for I looked on it as a duty, before encountering any new risks, to place beyond all hazard a publication which must have some weight in the History of my Time. I am the only survivor among those who surrounded, at the outset of his career, the extraordinary man who has weighed so powerfully on his age; none of those who occupied the same position as myself at his side have written; my words therefore, will be received for truth. And I hope that the spirit of veracity which animates me will give a deserved credit to my writings in the eyes of posterity. Having been from a very early age an actor in the greatest events of that fabulous period of eighteen years, during which so many almost incredible prodigies succeeded each other, until still greater evils came to close it, I have seen much as regards both things and men. Furnished by nature with a good memory, and, by a singular good fortune, *not having lost a single important paper*, I have been able to retrace facts as they were. All the events are still present to my mind. The reading of these memoirs will therefore serve to enlighten the student as to the value of the declamations of that crowd of *charlatans* with whom our epoch and our country abound, and who change and modify their language to serve the circumstances of the times and the interests of the day.' (*Memoirs*, vol. ix. p. 1.)

From the editor's introduction to these volumes we learn that the writer began to compile them in 1828, and continued to work on them until his death. They bear in consequence evident marks of having been written at various epochs, and of having undergone a great deal of addition and retouching. The editor affirms that he has scrupulously obeyed the Marshal's solemn injunction, 'de les publier sans y apporter aucun changement, même sous le prétexte de correction de style: et ne souffrir ni augmentation dans le texte, ni diminution, ni suppression quelconque.'

It would ill become us, members of the critical profession, to complain of the extraordinary affluence of materials for the history of the last generation which are now accumulating in our hands. We have scarcely digested the very important and

authentic mass of information which the Correspondence of King Joseph for the first time revealed, when we are presented with these nine volumes of the Memoirs of Marmont; and the three first left by Soult have already appeared, and will doubtless expand into very serious dimensions. And yet, while our sources of knowledge appear thus rapidly to increase, we do not find that knowledge itself becomes in proportion much more accurate or more extensive. We must confess that it sometimes happens to us to take up a work like the present, possessing great pretensions to new authority, with a kind of indolent fear lest we should have to undergo the penance of unlearning much and acquiring much,—of changing many favourite notions, and abandoning many conclusions arrived at with toil and difficulty; and we have closed it again with the somewhat ungrateful feeling, that after all there is not much harm done — that nothing has transpired to modify our leading impressions of men and events — that our new guide, like former guides, is of especial value only so far as regarded the limited range of objects within his own particular sphere of vision. If all the Myrmidons — *race féconde,* as Beranger calls them—had left memoirs, we should no doubt be abundantly satisfied that, in the opinion of certain writers, the share of Achilles in the exploits of the Grecian army had been considerably exaggerated, and those of Menestheus, Eudorus, and Echecles had by no means received sufficient justice; but, when all had been said, we suspect that 'the tale of Troy divine' would have remained much the same, in its principal outlines, as we possess it now.

There were, however, reasons to make us anticipate, with somewhat more than usual interest, the long-promised revelations of the Duke of Ragusa. There are some names — and his is of the number — which Fate seems to invest with a peculiar and ominous celebrity. They are inseparably connected with the misfortunes of a nation, or the fall of a political power. They stand prominent in periods of adversity, and mark, as it were, the turn of the tide in human affairs. Such men are charged before public opinion with a responsibility not really their own, because on them was cast, by Destiny, the task of opposing the inevitable. To a French ear, the name of Marmont calls up at once the memory of three heavy calamities, — the first great defeat sustained by the imperial arms at Salamanca; the capitulation of Paris in 1814; the Three Days of 1830. And yet for the first alone of these sinister events is he in any justice answerable, and that but to the extent of a strategical error, committed (unluckily for him) in the face of a great commander. As to the

second, his conduct had been long ago cleared of all real blame in the eyes of most fair judges, although party kept up the charge; and as to the third, he failed only in a task not of his own seeking, and where success was apparently impossible. There is a tendency, after the lapse of years has smoothed away the asperities of recent excitement, to judge leniently of men on whom Fate has thus set its mark, and to regard them as victims rather than criminals. It might have been so with Marmont, had he confined his self-defence to dispassionate narrative, or maintained the greater dignity of silence. But, as it is, the publication of these memoirs will probably establish for the Duke of Ragusa an unenviable position in that final history of his time which has yet to be written. He will suffer, not only from the abundant proof which he has here left on record of the characteristic vanity and self-opinion attributed to him by his enemies, but by reviving against himself that darker charge of ingratitude which all his laborious efforts to wash it away only render more indelible.

It is not, however, his defence of himself, but his judgments passed on others, which have made the appearance of his posthumous work the most noted literary event of the day, and called forth such a multitude of comments and indignant refutations as to form already a little branch of bibliography. M. Ducasse, one of his angriest commentators, quotes the saying of a 'dame d'esprit,' that 'Marmont is a sharpshooter, who hides 'behind his own tombstone to pick off people who cannot reply.' This, indeed, is partly true of all posthumous memoirs; nor could they furnish any great contribution to knowledge if it were otherwise. But the list of the people 'picked off' by Marmont comprises nearly all the cotemporary world. He had no friends or partisans,—insulated from mankind by the great infamy attached to his name, which had not the less poisonous effect on his disposition from its being specifically unjust, and yet so mixed with general truth as to make it impossible to tear away the clinging imputation which sat so close. Never was a better illustration of the saying of Shakspeare's Enobarbus, that 'men's judgments are a parcel 'of their fortunes.' It is not without truth that another indignant critic, M. Laurent de l'Ardêche, observes that, 'à 'chaque phase de l'histoire .... il est tourmenté par une même 'pensée, sous la pression d'un même sentiment: le besoin 'd'alléger le poids du souvenir qui en lui domine tous les 'autres. Quand sa plume est à Milan, au Caire ou à Saint 'Cloud, son esprit est toujours à Essonne.'

His associates in the glories of the Empire are for the most

part objects of his hostility: some from old personal quarrels, some as successful rivals; others from a desire to fix on them the same charge of disloyalty to their master under which he had himself suffered so deeply. The court of the Bourbons despised, while it employed and flattered him, and he retorts its contempt with bitter scorn of his own. But it is for the immediate household and family of the Emperor, and most of all for Napoleon himself, that he reserves the choicest results of the

'Patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.'

And it must be confessed that many as are the Marshal's sins of insertion as well as suppression,—open as he has laid himself, in many instances, to the charge of calumny,—yet he is generally so well-informed, and so skilful in the art of maliciously pointing and improving an anecdote founded in fact, that his opponents find it easier to answer him, for the most part, by minute criticism than by substantial refutation, and a great deal easier to abuse him than to answer at all.

The records of Marmont's own early life are brief and soldier-like. He was launched into the life of camps a mere boy, and knew no other until the age of forty. His family was noble, and military from father to son. Their name is Viesse (of Marmont). Born in 1774, he entered the service at fifteen, and became sous-lieutenant of artillery at seventeen. It was while studying for this grade at Dijon, in 1791, that he made his first personal acquaintance with Napoleon, then in the artillery regiment of La Fère, which was stationed at Auxonne in the neighbourhood. The intimacy thus commenced ripened into the closest familiarity; and although the general tone of these memoirs is to pass over as slightly as possible the facts of this early connexion, yet Marmont nowhere disguises the substantial fact, that he owed his rapid rise in life to the friendship of the First Consul, however it may have been justified in his own eyes by extraordinary merit. He was first distinguished and selected for important service by young Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon. Thenceforward, with the exception of a short service with the army of Sambre et Meuse, in 1795, the fortunes of Marmont were inseparable from those of his patron. Junot and Marmont were Napoleon's companions at Paris, when at the lowest point of his fortunes in the winter of 1794, and both were among the officers whom he proposed to take with him to Constantinople when he wildly talked of offering

his services to the Sultan. They and Murat joined him together at the outset of the Italian campaign of 1796. Marmont was conspicuous by his bravery and ready talents in that and the following memorable year. He accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, captured with his own hand the standard of the Order of Malta by the way, was made commandant of Alexandria in 1799, and stood by the side of his menaced chief in the Council of Ancients, on the 18th Brumaire. It was he, if we may believe his own account, who both conceived and executed the daring idea of dragging the artillery past the Fort du Bard by night, when the opposition of that insignificant work was on the point of deranging the whole plan of the campaign in 1800. He pointed the three famous pieces of cannon which aided Kellermann's charge in arresting the advance of Zach's grenadiers; and thus (he says) determined the upshot of the most critical moment in which fortune ever hung in suspense on a battle-field, on the day of Marengo. He was one of the First Consul's most trusted and energetic agents in preparing for the projected invasion of England from Boulogne. And here we must pause to signalise one of his misrepresentations, although we shall soon have more important work of the same kind on our hands, because the subject is of interest and the calumny palpable.

Marmont recounts (vol. ii. p. 211.) that he was present at several interviews between Fulton the American and Napoleon; that *he*, Marmont, endeavoured without success to combat the First Consul's prejudiced resolution to have nothing to do with the offered invention of the steamboat; and thereupon he indulges in observations on Napoleon's narrow spirit of professional routine, which sound somewhat strange when applied to the great revolutioniser of modern war. It so happens, however, that Napoleon's despatch on the subject to M. de Champagny, Minister of the Interior, is extant. It is quoted by M. Laurent: —

'Je viens de lire le projet du citoyen Fulton, ingénieur, *que vous m'avez addressé beaucoup trop tard, en ce qu'il peut changer la face du monde.*'

He then directs the Minister to refer it to a commission of the Institute.

'*Une grande vérité, une vérité physique, est devant mes yeux.* Ce sera à ces messieurs de la voir, et de tâcher de la saisir.'

'Ces messieurs' failed to see it; and thus the great invention of modern times was only just prevented from visiting us first

in the form of a hostile engine of war, dragging in its train an invading army.

In furtherance of the projected descent, Marmont was sent from the camp at Boulogne to command the army of Holland; and now took place the first of those incidents which, as these Memoirs plainly show, contributed to the ultimate estrangement between Marmont and his master. Napoleon became Emperor; and 'all those who were then in command of corps d'armée were 'made Marshals of the Empire, except myself alone.' Marmont confesses that his chagrin on this occasion was 'neither 'just nor reasonable.' In fact, he had no substantial pretensions whatever to the dignity, for he had never had any separate command of importance until his quite recent nomination to the army of Holland.

'Et puis,' as he good-naturedly observes, 'en vérité, pour un homme qui se sentait quelque capacité, il valait mieux attendre, et entendre plutôt dire, comme cela m'est arrivé, "pourquoi n'est-il pas Maréchal?" que d'entendre répéter, comme on n'a cessé de le faire pour Bessières, "pourquoi l'est-il ?"'

Still, the sting of disappointment was not the less acutely felt at the time by the inordinate vanity of Marmont. And it was doubtless sharpened by the feeling, so often experienced by the personal favourites of the great, that on occasions of important preferment their claims are apt to be disregarded in comparison with those of others, precisely because their dependent position or their proved attachment renders it safer to slight them.

Marmont, now Colonel-General of the Chasseurs, shared in the triumphs of the Grand Army of 1805, 'probablement la 'meilleure et la plus redoutable qu'aient vû les tems modernes:' but he was detached to command in Styria, just before Austerlitz. At the peace of Presbourg he was placed in command of the force destined to occupy and organise the new Illyrian frontier. The years which followed were the most instructive and the most useful of his life; for even his enemies unite in appreciating the great administrative as well as military talents which he displayed in this mission. They afford a subject on which he evidently dwells with peculiar pleasure. But his achievements in this remote region, always the obscurest corner of Europe, have but little interest for the general reader.

In 1809, Marmont attained the summit of his military reputation, in command of the army which marched from Illyria through Styria on the Danube, to support Napoleon's advance into Austria, and which crowned its career of success by the vic-

tory of Znaim. On that field he reached the highest grade of a soldier's ambition, and in a manner which exemplifies Napoleon's taste for mystifying and passing practical jokes on his favourites,— a proceeding which was now and then popular enough, but almost as often illustrated the old proverb about 'jeux de 'Princes, qui ne plaisent qu'à ceux qui les font.' He summoned Marmont to him the day after the battle, and discussed, somewhat stiffly, the military details of the affair. 'Ses con-'clusions m'étaient favorables; mais il semblait prendre à tâche 'de me trouver en faute, et le chercher avec ardeur.' Marmont retired to his tent in dudgeon, but had scarcely laid down on his straw, when he was interrupted by an aide-de-camp of Berthier.

'"Mon général, voulez-vous bien me permettre de vous embrasser?" "Tant que vous voulez, mon cher Girardin: mais il y a du mérite à "embrasser une aussi longue barbe et un homme aussi sale." Et immédiatement après il ajoute, "Voilà votre nomination de maréchal."' (Vol. iii. p. 255.)

Marshal and Duke of Ragusa, Marmont avows himself, for about the first and last time in his Memoirs, 'content et satis-'fait.' He had but just reached the half-way of life, and had already exhausted all that the course of military achievement had to bestow. Little could he anticipate what Fate had in store for him. His life divides into two strongly contrasted portions; the one of uninterrupted success, the other of an unceasing struggle against rough weather and disasters,— the first half all light, the other all shadow. We have had no time, in this rapid review, to contemplate his demeanour in prosperity, but shall find more leisure to show how he met adversity.

The fourth volume of the Memoirs is wholly occupied with the narrative of his command in the Peninsula in 1811 and 1812,—a command which he seems to have accepted in the pride of his heart, determined to triumph over Soult, whom the English had compelled to evacuate Portugal, as fully as over the English themselves. For military readers of our own nation it will have peculiar interest; but our present purpose is different, and we must leave the task of comparing the Marshal's account with that of the various military authorities, both French and English, to whom he stands opposed, and in particular with the 14th volume of M. Thiers's History. Generally speaking, he seems to us to have the appearance of frankness as well as clearness of statement, and a disposition to do as much justice to his enemy as his own case would admit; laying his failure on what he considers the absurd orders and

ruinous interference of Napoleon, and on the insubordination of his own generals. As to the conduct of the Emperor towards his former favourite, after the catastrophe of Salamanca, it will be remembered that Napier cites it as a peculiar instance of the Imperial magnanimity. 'With a kindness, the recollection of 'which must now pierce Marmont's inmost soul, twice in the 'same letter he desired that these questions' (to be addressed to Marmont by the Minister of War) 'should not be put to 'his unhappy lieutenant until his wounds were cured and his 'health re-established.' We fear that the Marshal's inmost soul was not so sensitive as the gallant English writer anticipated. He makes bitter complaints, on the contrary, of the Emperor's contemptuous indifference:—'Avec tant de motifs de justice, 'd'indulgence, et d'intérêt, je ne reçus pas un mot de consola-'tion ni de l'empereur ni en son nom.' He admits, however, the fact of the postponement of the inquiry.

Marmont was detained many months in Spain by his wounds; he had scarcely reached Paris, in December 1812, when the Emperor arrived there from Russia. He scarcely spoke to his lieutenant about Spain at all; far more engrossing recollections had banished all thoughts of the campaign of Salamanca: and at that moment (we can readily believe Marmont, notwithstanding the tone of detraction in which he states the fact) the cares of army and empire were almost lost in the mere feeling of physical relief on returning to the common enjoyments of warmth and sleep after the rack of that terrible flight from the Moskva to the Seine.*

The spring of 1813, however, found Marmont again by the side of his chieftain at the opening of the German campaign. His arm, broken at Salamanca, was still without movement, his other wounds requiring daily attention:—

'Beaucoup d'autres, à ma place, eussent réclamé du repos pour assurer leur guérison: mais le repos, au milieu du mouvement de la guerre, eût été pour moi une maladie mortelle. Je n'étais pas encore rassassié de cette vie de périls et d'émotions qui échauffent le cœur, exaltent l'esprit, décuplent l'existence.'

He was placed at the head of the sixth corps, which became

* Marmont seems to have had in the French army a reputation for ill luck, like some 'foul-weather' admirals in the English service. 'Chaque fois qu'on voyait un tel général que nous ne nommerons pas (says one of his critics), les soldats disaient, "Ah! voilà un tel; nous "ne nous battrons pas." Lorsque Marmont paraissait, on modifiait la phrase, et on disait, "Ah! voilà Marmont; nous nous battrons, mais "nous serons battus."'

so justly celebrated under his command; composed at first of various fragments of the grand army and of the marine force, hastily brought together, and without a single brigade of cavalry. He took a leading part in most of the great engagements of this campaign, although it does not seem that the Emperor repeated the experiment of entrusting him with separate command. But it was at Leipzig, on the 16th and 18th October, that he and his corps earned their bloodiest laurels, being engaged, according to his account, with the whole Prussian army of General York, whom they kept at bay in order to cover the Emperor's projected retreat: —

'Pour donner une idée exacte de la manière dont nous nous sommes battus pendant ces deux célèbres journées, je dirai seulement ce qui concerne mon état-major et moi-même. Mon chef d'état et le sous-chef furent frappés à mes côtés; quatre aides-de-camp furent tués, blessés ou pris; sept officiers d'état-major furent également tués ou blessés. Quant à moi, j'eus un coup de fusil à la main, une contusion au bras gauche, une balle dans mon chapeau, une balle dans mes habits, quatre chevaux blessés ou tués sous moi.' (Vol v. p. 295.).

Forced back with the Emperor on the Rhine, Marmont was at his side during the rapid preparations for the defensive campaign of 1814. And here the main interest of these memoirs, for us of the present generation, appears to commence. The writer had ample opportunity for daily and almost hourly observation of the demeanour of his leader, and of those who were closely engaged with him in war and negotiation during that brief and fiery struggle which ended in the abdication at Fontainebleau. He has added much, undoubtedly, to our intimate knowledge of that period: whether he has done this at the expense of still greater additions to the mass of calumny and exaggeration with which the truth has been overlaid; whether his statements savour of the impartial severity of a judge, or of the deep and rancorous hatred of one who has nourished in misfortune and exile the sense of one great injury outweighing the benefits of years;—these are questions which the reader can only solve with the help of some of the criticisms which these posthumous revelations have called forth, and to which, as well as other sources of comparison, we shall endeavour in small compass to direct him.

If we could credit Marmont, the Emperor's whole conduct and language during this campaign of 1814 were those of a worn-out gambler, broken down by his own excesses, endeavouring to cover enormous losses by one desperate throw after another, cherishing hopeless and absurd illusions, and imposing

them on others by dint of exaggeration and bluster; so utterly unfit for his situation that the most attached of his associates could only shake their heads in silence, and submit to destiny.

'Un soir, vers le 4 ou 5 Novembre, on discutait les projets probables de l'ennemi. Je dis qu'il allait remonter le Rhin avec une grande partie de ses forces, violer le territoire Suisse, et passer le Rhin à Bale. . . . . L'Empereur s'impatienta et dit: "Et "que fera-t-il ensuite?"—"Il marchera sur Paris!" répondis-je.— "C'est un projet insensé," répliqua l'Empereur. — "Non, Sire, "car où est l'obstacle qui peut l'empêcher d'y arriver?" Là-dessus, Napoléon se mit à déblatérer et à se plaindre du peu de zèle dont les chefs de ses armées étaient maintenant animés, et certes il s'adressait mal; car ce zèle de tous les instants, ce feu sacré, tel qu'il l'appelait, n'a pas cessé de m'animer jusqu'à la catastrophe accomplie. Le silence le plus complet, parmi les auditeurs, approuvait ce que je venais de dire. L'Empereur voulut mendier un suffrage au prix d'une flatterie, et, tout à coup, il se tourna vers Drouot; puis, le frappant à la poitrine, il lui dit: "Il me faudrait cent hommes "comme cela!" Drouot, homme de sens et honnête homme, repoussa ce compliment avec un tact admirable et avec cette figure austère qui donne un poids particulier à ses paroles. Il répondit: "Non, Sire, "vous vous trompez: il vous en faudrait cent mille."'

This is but one trait out of many from the portrait drawn in these memoirs of Napoleon in 1814. And other close and less unfriendly observers have no doubt painted him in similar colours,—as resolutely shutting his eyes to what all saw but himself, and believing to the last in impossible successes and incalculable changes of fortune. And yet we now know that this view of his real sentiments would be an entirely mistaken one. We have learnt that we must search yet deeper before we can thoroughly analyse that character of which the multiform variety seems to grow on us with every new investigation. We now know that Napoleon cherished no such illusions as are supposed; that from the beginning of the campaign of 1814 he saw his situation as clearly, and judged it as calmly and as unfavourably as any of the leaders opposed to him could have done; that he had taken, or commanded, the measures which he judged best for every contingency, and that, thus prepared, he coolly assumed the disguise which he thought best fitted for imposing on, or frightening, his observers,—that is to say, all Europe,—and put an 'antic disposition on' in order to conceal his own despairing convictions. We know this from the recently published correspondence with Joseph, revealing the real train of thought within, at a time when Marmont and others, aware of the utter weakness which was covered by a false

ostentation of strength, esteemed the great general as little better than demented.

After the slight success obtained at Champaubert (on the 10th of February) he says:—

'Je trouvai Napoléon à table, ayant avec lui Olsouffief, le prince de Neufchâtel, le maréchal Ney. J'y pris place. Nous étions cinq. Le général Russe ne savait pas un mot de Français: ainsi le discours que Napoléon nous tient n'était pas à son adresse. L'Empereur était ivre de joie. Cependant ce succès obtenu, glorieux pour le sixième corps si peu nombreux, ne pouvait pas être d'un grand poids dans la balance de nos destinées; et néanmoins voilà la réflexion qu'il inspira à Napoléon.

'"A quoi tient le destin des Empires!" dit-il. "Si demain nous "avons sur Sacken, un succès pareil à celui que nous avons eu "aujourd'hui sur Olsouflief, l'ennemi repassera le Rhin plus vîte qu'il "ne l'a passé, *et je suis encore sur la Vistule*."' (Vol. vi. p. 52.)

Now we are able, as it happens, to contrast this theatrical manifestation with the expression of the intimate sentiments of Napoleon's own heart, conveyed to his brother Joseph in a letter dated only two days before this conversation.

'Je vous ai répondu sur l'évènement de Paris, pour que vous ne mettiez plus en question la fin, qui touche à plus de gens qu'à moi. Quand cela arrivera, je ne serai plus; par conséquent, ce n'est pas pour moi que je parle . . . S'il arrivait bataille perdue et nouvelle de ma mort, vous en seriez instruit avant ma maison. Faites partir l'Impératrice et le Roi de Rome pour Rambouillet: ordonnez au sénat, au conseil d'Etat, et à toutes les troupes, de se réunir sur la Loire: laissez à Paris un préfet ou une commission impériale, ou des maires . . . Au reste, il est *possible* que l'ennemi s'approchant de Paris, je le battrai, et tout cela n'aura pas lieu. Il est possible aussi que je fasse la paix sous peu de jours.' (*Memoirs of Joseph*, vol. x. p. 31.)

It seems very idle to suppose that the capture of a few Russian prisoners on the 10th had sufficient effect on Napoleon's spirits to raise them from the tone of mournful resolution indicated by this letter to that of extravagant anticipation described by Marmont. Far more likely appears the conclusion, that among the resources which he summoned up to meet the overwhelming force of his enemies, was that of a dissimulation ever varying in its outward aspects,—that he perpetually used a mask, or more properly a whole series of masks, to be pulled on one over the other, disclosing one view of his mind to the diplomatists opposed to him, another to his marshals, another to his brother at Paris, and perhaps opening the very truth and bottom of his resolutions to none. Still more marvellous are the shifts

and turns by which he endeavoured continually to place the responsibility of this or that course of action, dictated by himself, on other shoulders—to maintain a complicated system of orders, suggestions, and counter-suggestions, by which he might blind the eyes both of opponents and friends to his real purposes, and yet escape the possibility of direct conviction.

One of the most striking instances of this kind of tactics has been incidentally brought to light by certain passages of the Memoirs before us, relating to the events of 1814, which have excited much attention in France, from casting a heavy imputation of treachery on one of those great names of the Empire on which detraction has, as yet, been unable to fasten itself with success. As far as the object of the attack is concerned, it has only resulted in the production of new and striking proofs of Eugène Beauharnais' unwavering loyalty to his benefactor. But it affords also fresh illustration of the strange and involved network of intrigues with which Napoleon sought at this time to envelope his enemies and delay his fall. The following are the passages in question. Accounting for the Emperor's apparent confidence at the outset of the campaign, Marmont says that he heard from Napoleon himself (at Vitry, on January 26th) that he—

'Had given orders to Prince Eugene to evacuate Italy, after concluding an armistice, or contriving to blind the Austrians, and blowing up all the fortresses except Mantua, Alexandria, and Genoa. I had, at the time,' he adds, 'some doubts about the fact of these orders having been given, but it has been since certified and guaranteed to me by the officer who carried them to Eugene, Lieutenant General d'Anthouard, first aide-de-camp to the Viceroy. He entered with me into those circumstantial details which I am about to subjoin.

'The French and Austrian armies in Italy were on the Adige. Eugène had orders to negotiate an armistice, surrendering Palma Nova and Osopo: to send off the Vice-Queen to Genoa or Marseilles at her choice, giving her two battalions of Italian guards; to form the garrisons of Mantua, Alexandria, and Genoa, of Italian troops: to blow up the other fortresses simultaneously, and to reenter France with his army by forced marches, after preparing everything for the rapid execution of this movement. He would have brought with him 35,000 infantry, 100 pieces of artillery, and 3000 cavalry.' . . . (Marmont goes on to show that by collecting detached corps on his route Eugène might have reinforced the Emperor in Champagne with 80,000 men). 'When we think of the incredible resistance which he made with our fragments of an army, never amounting in all to 40,000 men, we may imagine what would have happened if such a reinforcement had arrived, and by the execution of such a movement. Eugène eluded the Emperor's orders. He made a separate cause for

himself: he intrigued for his own personal interests. He surrendered himself to the strange idea that he, as King of Italy, might survive the Empire: he forgot that a branch cannot live when the parent tree is cut down. It is *he* who was the most efficacious cause (after the dominant cause of all, the character of Napoleon himself) of our catastrophe: and yet so singular a thing is human justice, that he has been obstinately represented as the hero of fidelity. I owe it to my conscience to establish these facts, of which the truth is perfectly well known to me, and which are not without importance for history.' (Vol. vi. p. 27.)

The order to move in retreat on the Alps was carried to Eugène (adds Marmont, in a passage which we can scarcely help reading as an after-thought)—

'By General D'Anthouard, at the end of 1813. A very pressing letter from the Empress Josephine had been sent him, in order to accelerate his movements, by the order of Napoleon, by a courier of the 10th February. On the 3rd of March, a new letter was addressed to him, with the same object, by the Minister of War. Thus it is demonstrated that no counter-order or modification of his first instructions was ever sent him. He was told to come, to come quick, to accelerate his movements; and he neither began nor even prepared the movement. . . . . The crisis arrives, the Empire falls, and Eugène hastens to declare himself sovereign . . . . his political life is ended. Such are the facts.'

Once more returning to the charge, the Marshal adds (at p. 55.):—

'General D'Anthouard related to me that, finding himself at Munich some time after the Restoration, and being engaged with the Prince in his cabinet in arranging papers, he found the written order, which he had himself carried to Eugène, to accelerate his movements. He showed it the Prince, and said, "Monseigneur, do you think this "paper had better be kept?" "No," said Eugène, and threw it into the fire.'

These statements have drawn from M. Planat de la Faye, 'ancien officier d'ordonnance de l'Empereur,' an answer consisting of a series of official documents, guaranteed as having reached him from the possession of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838. It is not easy to give, in a short compass, an analysis of the bearing of these important revelations, both on the calumnies of Marmont, and also on the real history of the time. The following, however, will serve as a succinct index for the use of the reader.

The first portion (October to November, 1813) is occupied with the details of an unsuccessful attempt made by the King of Bavaria to detach Eugène from the cause of the Emperor.

On the 20th November, 1813, the Emperor writes to inform Eugène 'that he has dictated what he has to say to General 'D'Anthouard, who will explain to Eugène his intentions.' He proceeds to give detailed instructions for the defence of the lines of the Adige and Mincio, and, if rendered necessary by defeat, those of the Adda and Ticino.

In the following month the fidelity of Murat began to be doubtful. Napoleon now writes to Eugène *in cypher* (Jan. 17. 1814):—

'Le Duc d'Otrante vous aura mandé que le Roi de Naples se met avec nos ennemis: *aussitot que vous en aurez la nouvelle officielle,* il me semble important que vous gagniez les Alpes avec toute votre armée. *Le cas échéant,* vous laisserez des Italiens pour la garnison de Mantoue et autres places.'

But Murat still delayed declaring himself. On February 9. Eugène obtained what he called a victory over the Austrians on the Mincio; and on the 11th Murat was negotiating with Eugène.

On February 9. the Duc de Feltre, as Minister of War, writes to reiterate *officially* to the Viceroy the order of the 20th November to retire on the Alps 'aussitôt que le Roi de 'Naples aura déclaré la guerre à la France.' But this instruction was accompanied by an autograph letter of Josephine to her son, which is not preserved. On this important piece the real character of the whole business would appear to turn. We can only collect it from one of Eugène's to the Emperor, of the 18th February:—

'Sire,—Une lettre que je reçois de l'Impératrice Joséphine m'apprend que votre Majesté me reproche de n'avoir pas mis assez d'empressement à executer l'ordre qu'elle m'a donné par sa lettre en chiffres, et qu'elle m'a fait réiterer le 9 de ce mois par le Duc de Feltre.'

Eugène then proceeds to argue at length, 1. that the order was only *conditional* on the King of Naples' declaration of hostility; 2. that Murat had not even then declared, and was still temporising; 3. that if he had retreated, in obedience to the order, the consequences would have been ruinous.

Meanwhile the current of events had changed in France. The first successes of the campaign had given Napoleon the hope of preserving, by possibility, both France and Italy. On the 18th of February he writes to Eugène to this effect, without any allusion whatever to former orders; and adds: 'Dans 'cette supposition, le Roi de Naples changerait probablement 'de parti.' On the same day (18th) he gives more confidential

instructions to Tascher de la Pagerie, an envoy fresh arrived from Eugène:—

'Tu diras à Eugène que je lui donne ordre de garder l'Italie le plus long tems possible; de s'y défendre; qu'il ne s'occupe pas de l'armée Napolitaine composée de mauvais soldats, et du Roi de Naples, qui est un fou, un ingrat,' &c. To fight a battle at Milan, and 'ne cèder 'le terrain qu'à la dernière extrémité.'

On the 8th of March, Murat at length declared himself, and attacked the French at Reggio. In a singular letter in cypher of the 12th, Napoleon directs Eugène to make a new attempt at a secret treaty; offering the deserter Murat half Italy as the reward for a double treason and a sudden attack on the Austrians. '*On fera ensuite ce qu'on voudra:* car après une 'pareille ingratitude, et dans de telles circonstances, *rien ne lie.*' The attempt failed. Murat insisted on the French repassing the Alps; and here ends, as far as we are concerned for the present, this strange correspondence.

The conclusion at which we can most safely arrive seems to be, that while Marmont's malevolence towards all the Imperial family has induced him to put gladly on record a calumnious charge against Eugène, he had at least some plausible foundation for this charge in the Emperor's representations to himself, and very possibly in his own conversations with D'Anthouard, who (like every one else) knew only a fraction of the Emperor's mind. Napoleon's orders to Eugène for the evacuation of Italy were precise enough, but made conditional on an event which never took place. When he imagined the game up in France (at the end of January), it became one of his contrivances to throw on Eugène the blame of having failed to understand his orders as categorical, and come at once to his support; and hence Josephine's mysterious letter of the 9th of February. The victories of February over the Prussians, and the delay of Murat to declare himself, once more changed the Emperor's designs, and he now found it convenient to forget all that had passed about evacuating Italy, and to maintain the show of a resolute defence in that quarter. This is the conclusion at which the impartial M. Planat himself arrives. It was 'con-'venient,' he says, 'for Napoleon's projects that he should be 'able to announce that the army of Italy was on the way to 'join him, in pursuance of his positive orders, although in fact 'the orders were contingent only. In this way he deceived 'Marmont at Vitry, and the populace of Paris at a later period.' 'Si l'on se reporte à cette époque désastreuse, et l'on reflèchit 'aux immenses difficultés de la position de l'Empereur dans

'cette lutte gigantesque, on comprend facilement que de tels 'expédiens, usités de tout tems par les chefs militaires, lui 'étaient indispensables.' Be it so; but if it was thus 'indis-'pensable' to deceive and blind his trustiest generals, the last supporters of his throne, by what right did he accuse them of treachery in abandoning his cause at last?

After this exposure of the serious deductions to be made from the value of Marmont's contributions to the secret history of 1814, we may the more safely subjoin the following passage, in which he endeavours to sacrifice another reputation, not perhaps so solidly established as that of the Viceroy:—

'Bernadotte passed only a few days in Paris (in April, 1814), and returned soon to his army. At that time the cause of his prompt departure was unknown. Since then it has come to my knowledge. The facts are connected with events of such great importance that no portion of them ought to be lost to history.

'During the campaign of 1814, General Maison, afterwards made Marshal by Charles X., commanded a corps in Flanders opposed to the army of the Prince Royal of Sweden. Maison had been for a long time the confidential aide-de-camp of Bernadotte. He entered, through third parties, into secret relations with him. He endeavoured to make him feel the ills to which France was a prey. Bernadotte entered into these feelings. He adopted Maison's views, and ended by declaring, *in writing*, to Maison "that he was ready to embrace "the interests of France with his army." He proposed to disarm the Prussian corps under his command, and pass over to the French with the Swedes. He demanded only one condition: a writing signed by Napoleon, in which the latter should engage himself to procure for him, Bernadotte, a sovereignty, in case this proceeding should deprive him of his rights to the throne of Sweden. Napoleon, informed of this proposal, consented, but with the restriction that the engagement should be signed by his brother Joseph and not by himself. This amounted to a pretty positive declaration that he meant to keep himself personally free from the obligation. Such a condition, of course, put an end to the negotiation. Napoleon, being in possession of Bernadotte's written declaration, contrived that it should fall into the hands of Alexander. When Bernadotte visited the latter at Paris he was received in the coldest manner. Alexander then showed him the accusing paper, adding, that as he was determined not to forget the Prince Royal's conduct in 1812, he would drive from his memory this recent wrong, and would never mention it; but that he advised the Prince Royal not to prolong his stay in Paris, and to quit France without delay. I do not hold these details (adds the Marshal modestly) from Marshal Maison himself, but from Colonel de la Rue, my own aide-de-camp for seventeen years, and whose veracious and loyal character I particularly honour,' &c. &c. (Vol. vii. p. 27–8.)

Much of this story coincides with what was known before,

but the portion which is new is, it must be confessed, very incredible. That Bernadotte had private interviews with Maison at the period alleged is certain; that these interviews caused a good deal of anxiety to the allies is evident, among other authorities, from a despatch of Lord Castlereagh's (3rd series, vol. i.). And it is said that the Prussian General Wollzogen carried the message which Marmont interprets into a personal communication from Alexander, advising the Prince Royal to quit Paris with all dispatch. But that the purport of the negotiation was such as Marmont describes — that the shrewd Gascon was ready to exchange his prospective rights in Sweden for a promise of a kingdom *in blank* from a potentate who had no kingdoms to give, who had expressed his willingness to be content with the frontier of the Rhine, and had no reasonable chance of obtaining that, seems too absurd a supposition. It is just possible that Bernadotte may have pretended to entertain such a proposal with the deeper design, which some (including Marmont himself) have attributed to him, of seating himself ultimately on Napoleon's vacant throne. 'Why did they choose a Corsican for sovereign?' he is reported to have said to French captured officers at Leipzig; 'there were 'other generals in the service of the Republic. Moi, je suis du 'pays de Henri IV.'

It is with sincere satisfaction that we turn, though for the last time, from Marmont the memoir-writer to Marmont the soldier — from the disappointed and malignant spirit of his retirement to the prodigal self-devotion of his last and most brilliant campaign. Never did warrior render more desperate service to his chieftain and old comrade in arms than Marmont to Napoleon when contending, in 1814, against the allied armies with a force of which, until the last revelations contained in Joseph's correspondence and the present Memoirs, the utter and melancholy inadequacy was hardly suspected. It was one of those rare periods when the strength and hardihood of individual men are for a short time strung far beyond the pitch of ordinary life, by emulation, by despair, by the constant habit of facing enormous odds, by incredible victories and still more wonderful escapes. A few thousand raw and ill-armed conscripts performed achievements exceeding in their extravagant daring those recorded in the brightest annals of the Empire. Such a continuous struggle of many weeks, such acts of heroism renewed day by day, have perhaps their parallel in the annals of remarkable sieges, but, as a campaign, that of 1814 stands alone in the annals of war. And Marmont's own share in its glory was of the largest. Almost a cripple from his wounds received

in Spain, he was continually at the head of his famous sixth corps, the very forlorn hope of the imperial army. Between the 1st of January and the 30th of March that corps was engaged with the enemy sixty-seven times in ninety days. Three times he had to rescue himself by charging in person at the head of a few undaunted followers, holding his sabre with the three fingers left for service on his sound arm. 'On voit,' he says, in language falling short of the truth, 'par quelle succession d'efforts constans, de marches dans la saison la plus 'rigeureuse, de fatigues inouïes et sans exemple, enfin de 'dangers toujours croissans, nous étions parvenus à prolonger, 'au delà de tous les calculs, notre lutte avec des forces si disproportionnées, lutte dont la fin même imprimait encore à 'notre nom un caractère de gloire et de grandeur.' It is a thousand pities that the just pride which he evinces in these acts of heroism had not the effect of inspiring with some remaining cordiality his memory of his comrades in danger. Scarcely one of them is mentioned, except for disparagement. We will not follow him in this ungrateful course farther than by quoting the following *morceau* on the subject of Grouchy. Marmont had (as he tells us) received the sword of the Russian Prince Ourousoff, wounded and made prisoner by him at Champaubert.

'General Grouchy begged me to give it to him, in order to replace his own sabre, which, he said, galled an old wound. I placed no great value on this "opíme spoil," and I surrendered it to him without attaching the least importance to the circumstance; but what was my astonishment, on reading in the "Moniteur" a few days later the following notice: "M. Carbonel, aide-de-camp to General Grouchy, "has arrived at Paris, and has presented to the Empress, on the "part of the General, the sword of Prince Ourousoff, whom he made "prisoner at the battle of Vauchamps!"' (Vol. vi. p. 61.)

It is rather amusing that Marmont should thus have fixed on Grouchy, no doubt with perfect unconsciousness, a story precisely similar to one which used to be told of himself. It is the Abbé de Montgaillard (we fancy), who charges him with having bought the standard of the Order of Malta for five louis of the serjeant who captured it, in order to present it as his own trophy to the First Consul. Marmont's tale, however, is a mere romance. General Carbonel is alive, and has denied that he was Grouchy's aide-de-camp at all in 1814; Grouchy's son has searched the 'Moniteur,' and declares that the supposed paragraph does not exist.

But, to resume our narrative, the convulsive energy of the campaign of 1814 was a very different thing from a determined

and durable spirit of national defence. The incessant exigencies of Napoleon wore out the chivalry even of his most gallant adherents. It must be added, that want of personal confidence in Napoleon himself—the feeling of insecurity experienced by agents, who feared that they might at any time be disavowed and ruined, if by doing so the intrigue of the hour could be furthered—had much to do with producing that ingratitude of which such bitter complaints were afterwards uttered. Simultaneously with the feeling of having had enough of Napoleon, came strongly on the marshals the new sentiment of sympathy with 'cette pauvre France,' suffering only to protract the desperate 'flurry' of a captured beast of prey. Marmont, by his marriage with Mademoiselle Perregaux, had become connected with the 'Chaussée d'Antin,' that opulent section of Parisian society which nourished a steady discontent with the Imperial Government, so soon as its fortunes began to darken, and its exigencies to increase. As far as we can judge from his memoirs, which are cautiously brief on this point, he seems to have been near enough to the head-quarters of this party to be open to their influence during the campaign of 1814, and there can be no doubt that Napoleon knew this well. On the evening of the capitulation of Paris (March 30.):—

'A great number of friends had met at my lodgings. There was unreserved conversation about the state of affairs, and the remedy to be applied. Generally speaking, all seemed agreed on one point, that the fall of Napoleon was the only way to safety. Something was said of the Bourbons. The most energetic voice in their favour—that which made most impression on me, was the voice of M. Laffitte. He openly declared himself their partisan; and when I repeated the arguments which I had addressed some time before to my brother-in-law, he answered, "But, M. le Maréchal, with written guarantees, "with a political system establishing our rights, what is there to fear?" When I saw a member of the bourgeoisie, a simple banker, express such an opinion, I fancied I heard the voice of all Paris. A few months only had elapsed, and he was already become their bitterest enemy! But I shall have more than one occasion for making known this singular character, of which vanity is the basis, and with a heart which never experienced a truly generous sentiment.' (Vol. vi. p. 249.)

As to the capitulation of Paris itself, the account contained in these Memoirs, if believed, affords no doubt a complete vindication of the writer's own share in the transaction. Nor are we enabled to dispute its substantial justice as regards himself; but we shall presently see cause for suspecting much injustice towards others. Marmont was charged, under King Joseph, with the defence of the lines from the Marne to

Romainville, inclusive. Mortier, with that of the rest of the lines, down to the right bank of the Seine. Marmont, according to his own account, fought like Guy of Warwick, from early morning to half-past three in the afternoon, with eight thousand men against fifty thousand. Mortier hardly fought at all. Joseph's authorization to treat '*if* the Marshals 'the Duc de Raguse and Duc de Trevise could hold out no 'longer,' (such was the common terror inspired by Napoleon that none of his officers ever seem to have ventured on the categorical and *undivided* responsibility of any step) had reached the two Marshals '*vers midi*.' New masses of allied troops were continually arriving. Not a single company of the National Guard, of whose zeal for the Empire such wonders had been told, had reinforced the thinned lines of the defenders; and reserves there were none. Under such circumstances capitulation was unavoidable; and the Emperor himself, on the night of the 31st, complimented Marmont in person on his gallant defence; it was the last time they ever met. His denunciation of the surrender as an act of treachery, was, we are assured, altogether an afterthought.

In thus defending himself, the Marshal thinks it necessary at once to slight his comrade Mortier, and to cast a heavy imputation on his superior, the brother of Napoleon.

It was 'about twelve o'clock,' he tells us, that he received from King Joseph—specially charged by Napoleon with the defence and government of his capital—the authority to capitulate. At that moment the prospects of the defence were a little improved; and he sent Colonel Fabvier to Joseph, telling him that there was no hurry. But His Majesty was not to be found at Montmartre. He was gone—had posted off with the Ministers of Justice, War, Finance, and other relics of the Empire,

'Cum patribus populoque, Penatibus et magnis Dìs,'

for St. Cloud and Versailles, and ultimately for Chartres, leaving his lieutenants the Marshals to continue their hopeless defence without even notice of his departure.

Whether Joseph left Paris a few hours earlier or later, his departure weighed, probably, very little in the balance of the falling empire. But it is of some importance to his memory whether he abandoned his post like a runaway, or saved at least appearances, and departed with vice-royal deliberation. Now, on turning to the narrative of Ducasse, the editor of Joseph's Correspondence, we find it stated in the most explicit manner that 'it was *four o'clock* when the King crossed the bridges'

(to the left bank of the Seine); 'an instant more and he could 'not have left Paris . . . . The enemy's columns took posses- 'sion of the bridges of the Seine *only a few instants* after the 'King and Ministers had passed.' (*Correspondance*, vol. x. p. 14.)

Although it must be observed, in fairness to Marmont, that the story in his Memoirs is no afterthought, the same thing being asserted in the written defence of his conduct which he gave forth at Ghent in 1815 ('à *onze heures*, Joseph était déjà 'bien loin de Paris,') yet, on the whole, we are disposed to receive the story told in the 'Correspondance' against that of Marmont, and to believe that the latter was misled, from the beginning, by some misrepresentation which his spiteful disposition led him too readily to accept. Independently of moral considerations, we have an additional reason, which may perhaps be thought a trivial one. Had Joseph left Paris in the forenoon, he must have arrived at Chartres by the evening. Despatching two or three couriers a day, as he did at this time, to his brother, it is scarcely conceivable that he would have failed to notify his own arrival by letter of the same evening. But his first letter to Napoleon from Chartres is dated on the morning of the 31st.

In such a contradiction of witnesses, however, we naturally look for help to official documents; and of these the most important is the note from Joseph to Marmont conveying the authority to surrender. It is thus quoted in Marmont's Memoirs: —

'Si M. le Maréchal Duc de Raguse et M. le Maréchal Duc de Trévise ne peuvent plus tenir, ils sont autorisés à entrer en pourparlers avec le Prince de Schwarzenberg et l'Empereur de Russie, qui sont devant eux. Ils se retireront sur la Loire. Paris (de Montmartre) le 30 Mars, *à dix heures du matin*.' *

In the Correspondence of Joseph, which also professes to give this important document textually, it runs,—'Si M. le 'Maréchal Duc de Raguse et M. le Maréchal Duc de Trévise 'ne peuvent plus tenir *leurs positions*,' &c. Paris (de Mont- 'martre) le 30 Mars, *à midi un quart*.'

Which is truth? and *what* is history, when the most important documents are thus variously quoted by those who wrote and those who received them? Which author, or editor, has quoted from memory? Or which has designedly falsified the date? We do not profess to solve the problem; but we find that Bourrienne, an apologist of Marmont, gave neverthe-

* Thus italicised in the Memoirs, vol. vi. p. 244.

less the hour 'midi un quart' in his Memoirs, published as long ago as 1829: and we find internal evidence in the volumes before us pointing strongly to the same conclusion. In the 'Correspondance' attached to Book 20. of these Memoirs (vol. vi. p. 351.), the editor has inserted an article on this subject which appeared in the 'National' on the 8th of August, 1844, in reply to some attacks on the Marshal, and which wears every sign of having been prompted by the Marshal himself. In this version of the story it is expressly stated that the officer to whom the written authority to capitulate was entrusted by Joseph, delivered it to Marmont at *two o'clock.* The present Memoirs say *vers midi.* Now, if the writing was really dated ten in the morning—in which both the 'National' and the Memoirs agree,—how came the officer entrusted with so important a message to have let four hours pass before delivering it? Is it possible that the consciousness of this difficulty was Marmont's reason for ultimately correcting his own evidence, by substituting twelve o'clock for two?

The capitulation of Paris was followed by another event, which has been ever fatally connected in the French mind with the name of Marmont,—the defection of the sixth corps under his command at Essonne (on the 5th April, the day after Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau). He always justified himself against this charge by declaring that this defection took place while he was away negotiating with Schwarzenberg the terms of an arrangement with the Provisional Government; and that it was effected in his absence by the generals under his command, who were seized with a panic at the idea of being sacrificed to the obstinacy of Napoleon. In these Memoirs he has inserted a letter of General Count Bordesoulle, which seems, however, to show no more than this,—that the generals took on themselves to execute, without waiting for the marshal, a decision already taken with his consent. But whatever judgment history may ultimately pass on the moral character of this transaction, it will assuredly record that its importance was strangely exaggerated by the passions of the time. The shattered fragment of an heroic army which constituted what was still called the sixth corps, was utterly out of condition to afford any effective support to the projects still entertained by the dethroned Emperor; and when we read, for example, in the Memoirs of Savary (one of Marmont's most virulent detractors) that, had it not been for its defection, a force of 150,000 men would have cut off the allies in Paris from their resources and annihilated them, we think only of the obstinate delusions under which the French persisted in not

admitting themselves beaten, and to which Napoleon's own art in getting up the drama of his life, after the reality was over, gave a longer and more substantial existence than such popular errors usually enjoy.*

Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and his early companion and liegeman parted for ever. Those who are anxious, in fairness, to read the best which Marmont has to say for his own conduct in this conjuncture, will find it in the summary at the end of the 20th Book, intitled, 'Note du Duc 'de Raguse sur ses rapports personnels avec Napoléon.' He reduces, as far as he can, the amount of the personal benefits which he had derived from his master in the way of mere munificence, and attributes as much as he can to sheer payment for services rendered. He admits a passionate attachment to Napoleon in his early career, but adopts the barefaced apology of Lord Nugent's inconstant lover:—

'I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.'

'There were two men in Napoleon, both physically and morally.

'The first lean, sober, of prodigious activity, insensible to privations, counting material comfort and enjoyment as nothing, recking of nothing but the success of his enterprises; foresighted, prudent, except in moments of overpowering passion; knowing how to trust much to chance, but securing from chance everything which prudence could forestall; resolute, and tenacious in his resolutions, understanding men, and that "morale" which plays so large a part in war; kind, just, susceptible of true affection, and generous towards his enemies.

'The second, fat and heavy, sensual, and occupied with his personal enjoyments so as to make them an object of first-rate importance; careless, and fearful of fatigue; blasé on everything, indifferent to everything, without belief in truth except where it agreed with his passions, interests, or caprices; of satanic pride, and profound contempt for men; regarding the interests of humanity as nothing; neglecting the simplest rules of prudence in the conduct of war; reckoning on his fortune, on what he called his star, that is to say, on supernatural protection. His sensibility had been blunted, yet without rendering him *méchant;* but his goodness was no longer active:

* A similar view is taken of this transaction by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, in the second volume of his 'Histoire du Gouvernement 'Parlementaire en France,'—a work of very great interest and importance, to which we shall take occasion to revert when the publication has advanced nearer to completion. Two volumes have already appeared.

it was passive only. His genius was still the same,—the most vast, profound, extensive, and productive, that ever existed, but the will was gone, the resolution was gone, and a mobility had succeeded which resembled weakness.

'The Napoleon whom I have first described flourished down to the period of Tilsit. That was the zenith of his greatness and brilliancy. The second succeeded: and that which completed the aberrations of his pride was the circumstance of his union with Maria Louisa.' (Vol. vi. p. 274.)

On the fall of Napoleon in 1814, there undoubtedly presented itself to Marmont a choice of no common difficulty,—one of those turning points in man's career, the use of which makes or mars him, whether in worldly prosperity or for future fame. It has often been said that human life presents few more difficult problems than how to demean one's self towards an unworthy benefactor. Marmont owed all he had, and all he was, to the friendship of Napoleon; and yet this Napoleon was now the enemy of Europe; was cried shame on in France itself for his pertinacious adherence to his own interests instead of those of the nation: nay, had given far too much cause for diminished confidence to those whose natural generosity of temper would have led them most readily to follow his fortunes, could they have trusted him as thoroughly as they loved him. Several courses were open to the Marshal. He might have left France and followed his chieftain into exile, as, he tells us, he was at one time tempted to do. He might have broken his honourable sword and retired into private life. Or, if these were really too great sacrifices to make to an impalpable spirit of chivalry, he might have retained and enjoyed his marshal's rank, his 'traitemens' and 'dotations,' together with his rich wife and comfortable connexions, as the unobtrusive servant of France instead of the Emperor. Unhappily, Marmont's vanity, or his 'star,' led him into a very different line of conduct from either of these. He appears to have thought or professed that the circumstances which made him personally responsible for the surrender of Paris in March, 1814, imposed on him some especial duty towards the Government of the Restoration, which that surrender had brought in. He passes over with the quietest self-complacency the rapid and brief interval between his last services to the outgoing potentate and his tender of unreserved fealty to the incoming one. Nay, he has the simplicity to describe the romantic sentiments with which he—the soldier of the Republic and marshal of the Empire—was affected by the entry of the legitimate princes into Paris. 'Enfin, à tous ces 'moyens d'action, ces princes ajoutaient, pour les deux prin-

'cipaux au moins, la séduction d'une politesse exquise, et d'une 'bienveillance pour tous les momens. Il résulta de tout cet 'ensemble une action sur moi dont je n'ai pu me défendre, et 'que je ne saurais oublier.'

Marmont, in short, became a courtier of the Bourbons almost before Napoleon had reached his prison-house at Elba; and a lifelong disgrace, in public estimation, paid for the weakness of those few days. And posterity must perforce confirm the sentence. There was much to be said, no doubt, for each step in the defection of Marmont and others in the same position, when considered singly; and, where so many were concerned in making the best of their common case, the defence was received for a time, at least in educated circles, more favourably than the accusation. But justice ultimately made its way, and reflection confirmed the verdict of the multitude, which, in cases of ingratitude and disaffection, is often prematurely violent, but seldom substantially unjust. The public, too, had no difficulty in the long run in detecting the sophistry by which Marmont, and such as he, endeavoured to protect themselves by involving in the same charge others whose position was totally different from theirs. In the present Memoirs, for instance, great stress is laid on the proceedings of Soult, who is charged, justly or unjustly, with certain extravagances of sentimental royalism in 1814. But the cases have no analogy. Soult was not Napoleon's 'man' in the feudal sense, as Marmont assuredly was. He was the soldier of France, not of her Emperor. He belonged to that school of soldiery (the army of Sambre-et-Meuse) between which and Napoleon little cordiality existed; and he won his marshal's baton simply because his abilities had rendered him indispensable. The year 1814 found him morally free to choose his own course, whether his choice were a wise one or not.*

In the very outset of Marmont's new career came the landing of Napoleon at Cannes, and with it the famous Proclamation of the Gulf of Juan, March 1. 1815, in which he declared to Europe that the allied army must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice before the walls of Paris, 'lorsque la trahison

* Soult's Mémoirs, already noticed, are now in course of publication, and the three first volumes which have appeared contain many authentic particulars from his own dictation: they are, however, strictly devoted to military details. It is curious to find at the end of the last volume (1802) that Soult had not, up to that time, ever *seen* Napoleon.

'du Duc de Raguse livra la capitale et désorganisa l'armée.' Whether this direct and crushing accusation, making one man responsible for the national disaster, was a mere 'moyen poli-'tique,' or was inspired by blind resentment at Marmont's too real ingratitude, the effect was the same. The brand of treason was imprinted, by the hand of the greatest soldier of the age, on the forehead of one who was nothing but a soldier, and to whom military honour was therefore as the breath of his existence. Against the specific charge he might defend himself, as he did; but the specific defence was idle against the general force which his undeniable abandonment of his benefactor lent to the accusation. From thenceforward, it may be truly said, his life was embittered, and his fate substantially determined, by the effects of an imputation, respecting which it is difficult to say whether its author was really in earnest; for Napoleon seems, at all events, soon to have forgotten his own irrevocable words*, or to have become softened towards his early associate. 'C'est la vanité qui a perdu Marmont,' he said to Las Cases: 'la postérité flétrira justement sa vie: pourtant 'son cœur vaudra mieux que sa mémoire.' The spirit of the 'Memoirs' renders this last judgment a questionable one.

On Napoleon's approach to Paris, Marmont, after doing his best to inspire the Royal party with resolution, left France along with them.† He would not, however, take up arms against France, and remained during the campaign of Waterloo nursing his Spanish wounds at Aix-la-Chapelle, and collecting all the ill-natured stories he could respecting the conduct of Napoleon in his last struggle. One passage of his 'Memoirs' has acquired importance, not so much on its own account, as by reason of the remarkable contradiction which it has drawn forth from the first authority. He accuses the Emperor in plain

* The editor of the Memoirs exclaims, 'Que n'accusait-il aussi son 'frère Joseph? . . . que n'accusait-il aussi le Duc de Trévise, qui a 'pris part à la capitulation?' He does not observe that the proclamation, after specifying Marmont by name, goes on, 'La conduite inat-'tendue de ces *deux* généraux,' &c. Mortier must be meant, though no second general is named. The circumstance shows the reckless haste with which this bitter proclamation was drawn up.

† Marmont excuses the treason of Ney on the ground of his weakness of character, but takes care to point out that his defection was determined by the advice of his generals, 'au nombre desquels était 'M. de Bourmont.' Remembering that M. de Bourmont was Minister of War in 1830, and prevented Marmont from obtaining the command of the Algerian expedition by taking it himself, we have the key to this spiteful passage, singling him out among many.

terms of having fled in sheer terror from the field of Waterloo. Count Flahault, Napoleon's own aide-de-camp on that occasion, has thought fit to rebut the calumny in a circumstantial letter, expressed in terms of strong but justifiable anger:—

'Marshal Marmont says (vol. vii. p. 111.), in giving an account of the battle of Waterloo:—"In the course of the day Napoleon found "himself so far off from the field of battle that he could not make the "necessary modifications in the execution of his plans. More par-"ticularly, he was unable to support the cavalry movement in proper "time. That movement being premature and isolated, was useless, "while, if the Guard had been sent forward simultaneously, the "effect might have been decisive. When the army was in disorder "Napoleon's mind was so acted upon by terror that he fled at a "gallop for several leagues, and every moment (it was dark) fancying "he saw the enemy's cavalry on his flank, he sent people to recon-"noitre." It is impossible not to perceive the malice of this whole story, which the Marshal pretends to have had from General Bernard. That cannot be true, because General Bernard was a brave and honest man, and consequently incapable of telling a tissue of falsehoods. The Emperor placed himself during the battle on a hillock in the centre of the position, from which he could survey the whole of the operations, and from which he saw the advance of the cavalry ordered by Marshal Ney, and which did, in point of fact, appear to him premature and ill-timed. He at once exclaimed, "There's Ney turning a certainty into an uncertainty, and now that "the movement is commenced, there is nothing to be done but to "support it." He ordered me accordingly to carry an order that all the cavalry should advance to support and follow those troops which had already crossed the hollow which lay between them and the enemy's position. This was done, but unfortunately, as the Emperor had feared, the moment had not come when such a movement might have been successful. However, it was impossible to recall the squadrons that were already engaged. In war there are certain faults which can only be repaired by persevering in them . . . . As to the terror which the Marshal pretends the Emperor gave way to, I cannot better refute this false assertion than by stating facts of which I was an eye-witness, and which therefore no one is in a better position to bear witness of than myself. After having taken part in the successive attacks of the cavalry and the Guard, and when the retreating movement had decidedly set in, I went to look for the Emperor. It was dark. I found him in the centre of a square of infantry, and I did not afterwards leave him. After waiting there some time longer, the battle being irrevocably lost, he left the field by the Charleroi road. We went along, not at a gallop, as it is infamously said in the Memoirs, but at a walk, and no pursuit of the enemy inspired the Emperor with any such fears as the Marshal's malice attributes to him. So far was the Emperor from being troubled with any personal fears, although the situation was not very reassuring, that being completely knocked up by the fatigue he had

undergone during the preceding days, he several times fell asleep, and would have fallen off his horse had I not held him on. We arrived the next morning at Charleroi, where we took post for Laon. There the Emperor halted to write the bulletin, giving an account of the fatal day, and he then set out for Paris. This is the truth.' . . . . .

During his sojourn in Belgium, Marmont met with a singular coincidence, which he thus recounts:—

'Avant de partir de Gand, j'eus le désir de voir une compagnie d'artillerie à cheval Anglaise, qui s'y trouvait. Cette visite donne lieu à une circonstance singulière. On me présenta le maréchal des logis qui, le 22 Juillet, 1812, avait pointé la pièce dont la décharge m'avait fracassé le bras, une heure avant la bataille de Salamanque. On ne pouvait s'y tromper, cette blessure fatale avait été causée par un coup de canon unique, tiré à une heure connue, sur un point déterminé. Je fis bon accueil à ce sous-officier. Depuis j'ai revu ce même homme a Woolwich, où il est garde-magasin, quand j'ai été, en 1830, visiter ce magnifique arsenal: mais alors il n'avait qu'un bras, ayant perdu l'autre à Waterloo; et, lui faisant mon compliment de condoléance, je lui dis, "Mon cher, à chacun son tour."' (Vol. vii. p. 417.)

The second fall of Napoleon restored Marmont to France and to the enjoyment of his position in the Court circle of the Restoration. But there could scarcely be a stronger example of the vanity of human success. His fiery activity of spirit had little employment now, except to fret under the incurable sore of his unpopularity, and the 'calumnies' to which he was daily exposed. At forty, the zest of life was gone. He had spent his early manhood in the strongest excitement which the game of war and ambition could afford; had closely followed the fortunes of his mighty leader for a while, and then commanded armies and administered kingdoms on his own account. He had repined at the tardy march of destiny, which would not confer on him the Marshal's staff until he had reached the advanced age of thirty-four. He had begun very early, and lived very fast, like most of his contemporaries in that busy day. In ten consecutive years, he tells us, he had spent six weeks only at Paris—almost all the rest was working time. There are some rare minds which the training of constant, engrossing, and exciting business, from earliest youth upwards, seems to suit: minds which appear to feed and grow upon the work they do: minds in which the process, analogous to what we call digestion in the body, seems unnecessary, or is intuitively performed: who 'read as they run,' and learn as they read, without the slightest derangement of their activity in practical employment. We need not go to history for the examples of

Gustavus Adolphus, Napoleon, William Pitt, and the like, except to make our meaning clear; for every one of us may have observed the same phenomenon occasionally, though rarely, among men very early trained in professional or business activity. But with much the greater part of the world occasional 're-'treat' seems as desirable for the intellectual, as religious directors tell us it is for the spiritual part of man. Those who have been exclusively and wholly occupied in practical work of moment from youth, although they may have achieved great things, and shown great power of intellect, have most commonly a large lacuna, or deficiency, in their mental organs; they want that which the exercise of reflection and self-investigation, had there been time for it, would have supplied. When the novelist seeks to depict a mere grown-up child in the ways of the world, he commonly selects his example from the class of men who have only known the constant occupation of money-making, or war, or politics. Marmont's mind seems to have been of this order. He entered on society, after his years of campaigning, as a novice, full of hasty purposes, and destitute of fixed resolutions. He had no resource in domestic life. Of Mademoiselle Perregaux, whom he married at four-and-twenty, he informs the public that she had—

'Avec une grande inégalité de caractére, tous les défauts d'un enfant gâté: elle n'était pas incapable de bons mouvemens, mais un amourpropre excessif et beaucoup de violence en détruisaient les effets. Plus tard, les flatteurs l'ont perdue, et ses torts envers moi ont été sans mesure et de toute nature.'

In fact, they separated in 1814, and Marmont, as he tells us, renounced all share of the large fortune which she had recently inherited from her father the banker. To cover her own misbehaviour towards him, she made friends, he says, of his political enemies and calumniators:—

'Des amis, hélas! le seul moyen, pour elle, d'avoir des gens qui en tinssent le langage était de servir leur passions et de leur donner de bons diners. Aujourd'hui, moins riche, elle est fort délaissée, son caractére étant tout à fait incompatible avec l'amitié. . . . . Elle a tenté de flétrir ma vie; mais, s'y elle n'y a pas réussi, elle est parvenue au moins à la déchirer.'

Such is the monument erected by the Marshal to his wife, *de son vivant*, for the Duchess has died only since the publication of these Memoirs: *her* Memoirs, perhaps, might tell a different story. In the absence of other employment, Marmont tried to find occupation in scientific pursuits, for which he had much taste; but he found he was too old a scholar, and had too much to learn, to hope to take rank as a discoverer. At

last, in an evil hour for himself, he sought the excitement of speculation. He does not appear ever to have been rich, though more than once on the point of becoming so. He inherited a moderate fortune and country-seat at Châtillon sur Seine from his father; his wife's expectations, as we have seen, were not realised by him. He declares that he never received from Napoleon any pecuniary largess, such as were lavished on many of his comrades. His gains, besides his pay and the other advantages of his rank, consisted in 'dotations;' that is to say, estates, or revenues secured on estates, granted to favourite generals in the provinces conquered by France. In 1814 the provident marshals who conducted the negotiations of Fontainebleau had stipulated for the maintenance of these dotations by the allies. But in 1815, this compact rested on very doubtful security. Marmont had no hopes of preserving those of Hanover, Westphalia, and Pomerania. But his most important revenues came from the Illyrian Provinces, which he had administered so long. He applied for their continuance to the Emperor Francis at Paris, as a personal favour, and it was graciously accorded, arrears and all,—converted, we believe, into an annuity of 50,000 francs, payable by the Treasury. Marmont placed himself, indeed, by this step in the position of an Austrian pensioner; but he had so completely broken with Liberals and Bonapartists, that this was of little importance. And he preserved the means of maintaining himself when his French property became involved in inextricable bankruptcy. Enormous iron works established at his paternal residence of Châtillon, under the superintendence of an 'ingénieur Anglais 'nommé Holkroff, homme de beaucoup de talent, mais léger 'dans ses assertions,' commenced the ruin which an embassy to Russia seems to have completed; he became plunged in endless litigation, and, 'depuis quelque temps,' says a sarcastic biographer of that day, 'le nom du Duc de Raguse est cité 'dans la Gazette des Tribunaux presqu'aussi souvent qu'il 'l'était déjà dans les bulletins de la grande armée.' He tells us that he ultimately abandoned everything to his creditors, retaining only a bare subsistence, 12,000 francs a year. This was in 1827.

An old soldier of Napoleon could never achieve a cordial reception into the camarilla of the Restoration, whatever appearances policy might dictate. Marmont seems to have found no real friends in that quarter, and he vents his feelings in language of no measured contempt towards the courtiers who surrounded the throne of Louis XVIII., from Talleyrand down to Blacas. But for Louis himself he appears to have enter-

tained more regard than for any other of the exalted personages with whom he is brought in contact in the course of these Memoirs; and his portrait of that sovereign exhibits tact and discrimination, instead of being, like so many of his performances in this way, an ill-natured but effective caricature. The likeness between the characters of Charles II. and Louis XVIII. is certainly a very singular one; more than could be accounted for by mere similarity of position, and seeming to complete the singular freak of destiny in repeating, in France, so long a chapter of the history of England. There was the same contrast between a graceful consciousness of dignity occasionally displaying itself, and a very undignified demeanour in ordinary life; the same natural sagacity, rendered useless by unfitness for sustained attention; the same insight into the weaknesses of those by whom each monarch, nevertheless, negligently suffered himself to be governed; the same conviction of the hollowness of the existing fabric, and determination to encounter no personal risk in support of it; the same epicureanism, the same indolent sensuality, the same affability, the same adroitness in conversation, and a not dissimilar wit. Not, however, that Louis could boast of an equality in this respect with the monarch who 'never said a foolish thing.' On the contrary, though enjoying an established reputation for good sayings, the French king never lost a certain touch of pedantry, and was often guilty of platitudes and 'sentiments' *mal-à-propos*. He was angry one day (in Marmont's presence) with M. de Luxembourg, who had committed the offence of cutting slices from a chicken's breast instead of taking off the wing. 'Mais, Sire, 'c'est à l'Anglaise,' said the accused. 'Le roi lui répondit 'd'une voix de tonnerre, "A l'Anglaise! A l'Anglaise! Soy- '"ons Français avant tout." Il crut avoir dit un mot à la 'Louis XIV.'

Almost all the Bourbons — whatever their lives — have died well, though for the most part, like Augustus, somewhat theatrically. Louis, the Epicurean, met his end with singular firmness.

'Il voulut être mis dans le secret de sa fin, et questionna Portal, son premier médecin. Il lui demanda si ses derniers momens seraient accompagnés de beaucoup de souffrances, et d'un long séjour dans son lit. Portal refusa de répondre, et rejeta bien loin l'idée de sa fin. Le roi insista et lui commanda de répondre, en ajoutant qui'il savait bien sa mort prochaine. Portal lui obéit, et lui dit, "Sire, vous souffrirez peu, et "vous mourrez dans votre fauteuil si vous le voulez; et dans tous les "cas, vous resterez peu de tems dans votre lit." "Tant mieux," répondit le roi; "je serai préservé des surplis de mon frère." Réponse remarquable, et qui indique les limites de sa croyance.'

He would not take to his bed, and continued for days to act the monarch, while doubled up in his chair, so that his chin almost met his knees.

'"Je ne sais ce qu'il fit de désagréable à Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême." Il revint à lui, et, s'en étant aperçu, il lui dit, "Ma nièce, quand on meurt, on ne sait pas bien ce qu'on fait."'

Just in the same spirit, Charles begged pardon of his attendants for being so long dying: nor was another trait of resemblance wanting. The same day Madame du Cayla saw King Louis for the last time, and she contrived to carry off with her an order, under a shapeless ink-mark which the proper authorities chose to take as the royal signature, conveying to her the property in a magnificent hotel on one of the Quais.

Under the new reign a heavy disappointment awaited the Marshal. He had, as he informs us, been consulted by the Ministers of Charles X. in the most confidential manner respecting the projected expedition to Algiers. He had without scruple advanced the most pressing claims to command it, on the score of his rank, of his achievements, of his early service in the artillery, on which arm the greatest stress would have to be laid; and of his experience acquired in campaigns among Mussulmen in Egypt and Turkey. He fancied that his object was attained. But his impetuosity failed against the cold and obstinate dislike of the Dauphin, and the cunning of M. de Bourmont, the Minister of War. 'Après six semaines d'angoisses,' he learnt that the latter had succeeded in obtaining the nomination for himself. In one of his interviews with the Dauphin, Marmont had declared, in a fit of bitter facetiousness, that if he did not obtain this command he had nothing for it but to turn Capucin. On the evening of Bourmont's nomination, the Marshal being accidentally absent from the Court circle, the Duchess de Berri asked where he was. 'The Marshal?' said the Dauphin, in a loud voice, 'he 'has retired into a convent and turned monk.' This agreeable pleasantry seems to have been the only salve which he obtained at the time for his irritated feelings. It was, however, he says, afterwards agreed, that when Bourmont should have taken Algiers, he, Marmont, should be sent to complete the conquest of the Regency. Whatever schemes may have been entertained, they were deranged by the fatal course which events took at home. A second embassy to Russia, for which Marmont next applied, was equally refused him; and he hints that the resolution was already taken, in secret, to employ his arm in that final collision with the discontented people which the Court were about to provoke. But he gives no reason whatever to

support a conjecture which has obviously its source in his own embittered spirit.

We have no intention of following the Marshal at present in his narration of the occurrences of the Three Days. As a soldier, and a loyal subject, he stands free from blame. He was invested with a command by no means sought by himself, and entered on its execution with deep unwillingness; but he performed its duties faithfully. Whether he is in any way responsible for conducting them with a force so lamentably inadequate and ill-provided, as proved to be the case—whether he used that force to the best purpose, and whether a little more resolution in striking directly at the body of the insurrection, instead of embracing too wide a field of defence, might not, possibly, have given a different turn to the events of those three days, it matters little now to inquire. All who are old enough must well remember the enthusiasm with which the popular victory was then hailed throughout the liberal world, and the contemptuous pity with which the name of Marmont was pronounced from one end of Europe to the other. Bloodier street fights, and more formidable barricades, have since nearly effaced the memory of the contest of July: popular fury and military determination have met over and over again in far fiercer earnest, and with more fatal result, in Parisian civil warfare. And these scenes, repeated until public feeling loathed what at first bore a character of exciting romance, have had at least the effect of dispelling some illusions, diminishing sympathy with the heroes of barricades, and reconciling us a little to those unfortunate satellites of despotism whose duty it is on such occasions to expose themselves at once to the shots of the ambushed enemy, and the execration of an excited people. But Marmont had not the consolation of being hearty in the cause for which he fought so unluckily. He was called to serve a court which did not trust him, against a people who had right on their side: 'réduit,' as he expresses it himself, 'à combattre 'pour des opinions opposées aux miennes, et à mourir pour 'des Princes qui ne peuvent parler d'une manière puissante ni 'à mon esprit ni à mes affections.' His narrative of these untoward events was plainly composed, from internal evidence, very shortly after their occurrence, and savours strongly of the passions of the hour. He speaks of the Dauphin, to whom he owed his disappointment in the matter of Algiers, in terms of fierce personal enmity. Charles X., he maintains, might, and probably would, have averted the catastrophe by following the better impulses of his nature.

'Toutes ces qualités là, mises en œuvre à-propos, pouvaient le sauver et tout sauver: mais elles étaient anéanties par la rudesse et par l'orgueil sauvage de son fils .... On connaît la fierté d'esprit de M. le Dauphin. Elle ne va pas jusqu'à combiner deux idées: mais, en revanche, il y a, dans son absurdité, une résolution, une volonté inimaginable.' (Vol. viii. p. 233.)

It is well known how, in the wretched days past by the Royal Family at St. Cloud, after the expulsion of their troops from Paris, this mutual hostility led to a violent personal collision, in which the Dauphin seized Marmont by the collar, cut his fingers in attempting to capture the Marshal's sword, and placed him under an arrest, from which he was only released by the personal interposition of the King himself to reconcile the parties. The story of the Dauphin's violence is here told in very nearly the same language with that used by Louis Blanc, in his 'Histoire de 'Dix Ans;' but Marmont has thought proper to omit a good deal of introductory matter. From these Memoirs the reader would infer that the Dauphin was moved to commit this gross outrage by a mere offence to his pride, in that Marmont, his inferior officer, had taken on himself to rectify an omission of the Dauphin's own, by issuing a complimentary order of the day to the faithful though worsted soldiery. But from Louis Blanc we learn that this order of the day superseded a proclamation which the Dauphin was on the point of issuing—that it contained a premature announcement of the withdrawal of the ordinances—and that it was brought to the Dauphin's notice by the brave General Talon, on whom the weight of the defence of the Hôtel de Ville had chiefly fallen, not as a mere breach of discipline, but as an insult to those loyal servants who had executed the royal orders. (*Histoire de Dix Ans*, vol. i. p. 556.) Now, as Louis Blanc is neither a partisan of the Dauphin nor hostile to Marmont, and as he is corroborated as to the subsequent facts by Marmont himself, we take his version to be authentic; and ungenerous as it was on the part of the Marshal to preserve, in memoirs intended for posthumous publication, an anecdote such as this against the Prince whom he had served, it was far worse to omit all the circumstances which might have palliated the Prince's error.

Marmont followed his masters into exile. His public life was now ended; but he was still vigorous in constitution, and as full of energy as in the brilliant period of his reputation. His ties, political and domestic, with his own country, were altogether severed. The wreck of his French property was in the hands of creditors, and his Illyrian 'dotation' alone remained to him. Vienna became his principal head-quarters;

and some of the most interesting of his later reminiscences are connected with the unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt. But the passion for travel seized him, and served, in advanced age, to supply the place of warlike and political excitement. The result of his wanderings in the East was published in volumes which attracted at the time a good deal of notice; but on the discussions which they raised, and the subsequent Eastern political controversies of 1840, we cannot now dwell. His later years were spent in constant locomotion in the German and Italian provinces of Austria; and judging from the tone of his Memoirs, showing that the spirit of observation and enjoyment was alive in him to the last, we should deem that this later period of his chequered life was by no means the least happy. He died in March, 1852, at Venice, still in the full exercise of his powerful faculties, and in the actual management of certain pending negotiations for that 'fusion between the two branches 'of the Bourbons' which seems to mock loyal eyes with its perpetual *mirage*. Such was the unprofitable end of his long and strangely varied career. Let us part with him on the best terms of which the case will allow, as one greatly sinned against as well as sinning. His whole life is fully laid bare before the reader in these pages; much is varnished, but there can apparently be but little of moment suppressed. It is not true that his judgments of others are all of them tinged with the same spirit of malignity. To Massena, Berthier, Desaix, Lannes, and even Ney, he does ample justice: his portrait of the first of these warriors we should be glad to cite if our space allowed, as drawn with much ability and discrimination. Though strangely negligent in point of style, he has his full share of the national virtues of clearness, simplicity, and picturesqueness of narrative, highly refreshing after the exaggerated tone of modern English military writing. Such are his merits; but by way of summary, we can but repeat our former opinion. By showing that he could deliberately employ a whole series of years in meditating, composing, retouching, and preparing for publication such commentaries as these on his own times, and on the associates of his career, Marmont has but posthumously confirmed the judgment which the most violent partisans of the Bonaparte dynasty were wont to pass, in his lifetime, on his qualities of heart and temper.

ART. IV.—1. *A History of the Irish Poor Law.* BY SIR GEORGE NICHOLLS, K.C.B. 8vo. 1856.

2. *Twenty-fourth Report from the Board of Public Works (Ireland) for* 1855. 1856.

3. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Incumbered Estates Court.* 1855.

SOME years ago, when Mr. Joseph Napier introduced his Land Bills to the House of Commons, he expressed a hope that they would 'relieve Ireland from the cerements of the grave.' The wish was laudable and patriotic; but the schemes to which it gave birth would only have consigned Ireland to perpetual desolation. His plan of making *contract* instead of *tenure* the basis of the relation between Irish landlords and tenants, would gradually have chained the soil in feudal bonds, by multiplying those derivative interests which hitherto have done her so much harm. His famous retrospective Compensation Clauses—perhaps the worst agrarian law ever submitted to Parliament—would have harassed her landed classes with endless litigation. Mr. Napier, however, if he has recanted his errors, must rejoice that his wishes have been to a considerable extent fulfilled, although by the hands of his political opponents. For it is not too much to say, that recent legislation has regenerated the *status* of the landed interest in Ireland; and, by turning social changes to national benefits, has prepared her organic structure for a new and healthier life. To those who, with us, distrust the allwise omnipotence of *laissez faire*, and believe that the State may sometimes accomplish much positive social good, it may not be uninteresting to trace the history of this revolution.

Previous to the year 1846, the state of Ireland as respects the ownership and occupation of the soil, not only was inconsistent with the welfare of the people and the progress of the empire, but this evil seemed to baffle all attempts to remove it. The outward aspect of the country at this date showed that, if the earth yielded its increase, it was often without a blessing to the inhabitants. 'Ireland,' says Mr. Froude, 'is a basin, 'the centre of which is one great level, enclosed within a 'fringe of mountains, that form an almost unbroken coast 'line.' This area, except where it is divided from east to west by a chain of turf mosses, is generally fertile, and, as it rests on a limestone subsoil, and is copiously watered, it stretches out in breadths of luxuriant verdure. Such an island, therefore, especially when we consider its proximity to the largest meat

market in the world, was evidently intended by nature for a pasture field, and its agriculture should have adapted itself to this primary purpose. But, about the year 1844, the most cursory glance might perceive that the modes in which it was occupied, and the prevailing system of cultivation, had brought it to a condition altogether abnormal. Large tracts lay waste, saturated with water, and abandoned to the snipe and wild-duck, though, unlike the heathy or sandy commons of England, they were not incapable of profitable enclosure. Rather more than six millions of acres were in this state, of which a third part only was considered unimprovable; and the residue, comprising upwards of fourteen millions of acres, was, speaking generally, parcelled out between cottier holdings and gentlemen's demesnes, leaving a very narrow margin for the capitalist farmer. It had been proved by the census returns of 1841, that, of the 691,200 farms* into which Ireland was then divided, 48,600 only exceeded thirty acres in size, — and this single fact went far to explain why the landed interest of Ireland was unprosperous. The cottier tenants, spreading in swarms over the country, and everywhere parting off the soil into patches of bad tillage, curiously intersected by labyrinths of huge fences, and dotted here and there with squalid hovels, exhausted the land they never should have occupied. With some honourable exceptions, the demesnes of the gentry, which were generally much more extensive than those of the same class in England, thoroughly exemplified the remark of Adam Smith, that great proprietors are seldom great improvers. On the small area reserved for real farming, there was an evident want of energy or capital; for, contrasted with those of the English yeomanry, the homesteads were comfortless, the farm buildings scanty and out of order, and the fields ill-drained, badly cultivated, and often neglected.

The report of the Devon Commission, which was printed about this period, laid bare this state of things, already tolerably plain. From first to last it is a comment upon its opening sentence, that 'the general tenor of the evidence given before 'the Commissioners, proves that, with the exception of some 'districts in the north, and some particular localities and estates, 'or individual farms, in other parts of the country, the usual 'agricultural practice throughout Ireland, was defective in the 'highest degree.' But the appearance of the country, though it might have suggested, could not, at this time, entirely explain,

* Even this enumeration does not include the lowest class of holdings under one acre.

the actual condition of the Irish landed interest. Careful inquiry was necessary to trace out its peculiar phenomena, and to unfold the causes which had made it so full of misery, hopelessness, and danger to the State. On these particulars, with some other aids, the evidence collected by the Devon Commission gives ample information; and the facts have been more than once submitted to our readers. Our present task is of a more novel and agreeable character. We need scarcely point out how the conditions under which Ireland was then possessed and occupied were destructive to its welfare;—how by letting the cottier system of farming to prevail they forced up rent to an extravagant rate;—how they allowed a multiplicity of derivative tenures to bind large tracts in feudal dependence, and effectually to banish capitalists from them;—how they vested the ownership of the soil in a comparatively small number of embarrassed proprietors, and almost prohibited the free transfer of land;—and finally, how they discouraged wealth and industry from farming investment, by making a secure tenure very difficult to obtain, and by confiscating to the landlord many of those improvements, which, in England, custom appropriates to the tenant, either in specie or by an equivalent in money.

The most noticeable fact, as regards Ireland at this time, was the enormous prevalence of the cottier system of farming. The dense masses who had spread over the soil, and who clung to it with strange tenacity, withdrew a large area from proper cultivation, and discouraged it everywhere, by raising unnaturally the rate of rent. It may safely be affirmed that the rental of Ireland, at this period, was regulated, not, as in England, partly by custom, and partly by the competition of capitalist farmers, whose stock of course commanded the ordinary rate of profit, but by the competition of a pauper population in overwhelming numbers. In this state of things rent was ever being forced up to the highest point, while the profits of the farmer were always kept down to the bare means of subsistence. And, as the rate of farming profit throughout the country of course approximated to a common standard, this ruinous minimum naturally repelled the better class of agriculturists from the soil. Thus pauperism held Ireland in mortmain; and as the intense competition for land always raised the rent of it upon every improvement, the Irish tenant was without a motive to industry. When, therefore, we read in the evidence of the Devon Commission, that the cottier system was almost universal in Ireland; and that the cottier tenantry 'gave up, in the shape of rent, 'the whole produce of the land, with the exception of a sufficiency of potatoes for subsistence,' we see at once a state of

manifold evils. Mr. Mill wrote justly upon it, that, as regards this species of tenantry, 'Almost alone amongst mankind the 'Irish cottier is in this condition, that he can scarcely be either 'better or worse off by any act of his own. If he were indus-'trious or prudent, nobody but his landlord would gain; if he 'is lazy or intemperate, it is at his landlord's expense. A 'situation more devoid of motives to either self-command or 'labour, imagination itself cannot conceive. The inducements 'of free human beings are taken away, and those of a slave not 'substituted.' Except to the small number protected by the tenant right of Ulster, these remarks applied, with more or less truth, to all the occupying tenantry of Ireland.

To the evils of the cottier system were added those arising from the middleman or derivative tenures which then overlay a large portion of Ireland. During the century which elapsed between the Restoration and the American war, it was the habit of many fee-simple proprietors in Ireland, to let their lands on leases of lives renewable for ever, at rents, even there, comparatively low. Subordinate interests of all kinds, from long terms to mere tenancies at will, were continually being created out of these grants, and multiplied greatly during the first thirty years of this century; and, as each of the tenures in this line of modern subinfeudation perished upon the forfeiture of any above it, and as the rights of distress and ejectment were reserved upon every letting, the effects of the system were very injurious. The landlord in fee was practically converted into a rent charger, dissevered from lands which he only nominally owned; and thus his sole interest in them was that of watching for a forfeiture, which, with the power of evicting his immediate tenant, armed him also with the right of destroying all sub-lettings, and of repossessing the soil, however it may have been improved by its occupants. The middleman, holding a precarious perpetuity in a lease of lives renewable for ever,—a tenure, the mischiefs of which were well pointed out by the late Sir Michael O'Loghlen,—was seldom an improver, as he had not the certainty of ownership, though he effectually interposed between the landlord in chief and the soil; and, as in dealing with his undertenants, he was often embarrassed by legal incidents to his estate, as he did not feel the responsibilities of ownership, and as he rarely belonged to the educated classes, he was often an injurious and oppressive landlord. Here is a picture of the class by Arthur Young, a remarkably cool observer, and prone to judge human nature by Thucydides' maxim, 'that man does not differ in many respects from his 'fellow.' 'Living upon the spot, surrounded by their little

'undertenants, they prove the most oppressive species of tyrant 'that ever lent assistance to the destruction of a country. 'They relet the land at short terms to the occupiers of small 'farms, and often give no leases at all. Not satisfied with 'screwing up the rent to the uttermost farthing, they are rapa-'cious and relentless in the collection of it.' Thus, under a curious hierarchy of domination, the occupiers of the soil were left to fare as they might, exposed to distress and ejectment for every rent reserved above them besides their own, sureties for many principals whom perhaps they never heard of, and with very precarious means to reimburse themselves if compelled to discharge the liabilities of others. It was obviously impossible that agricultural prosperity could coexist with this state of things.

Nor yet was this all. A variety of causes had made the landed aristocracy of Ireland few in number and greatly embarrassed, and had impeded that free transfer of their estates, which was obviously the first step to a change for the better. The iniquitous Penal Code of Queen Anne, denounced by Edmund Burke, as 'a horrible and impious system of servi-'tude,' and marring the whole fabric of society in Ireland, fully realised one of its objects in the last century, by keeping the ownership of the soil in the hands of a few Protestant proprietors. The large estates which repeated confiscations had given to the Anglo-Protestant colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, descended to their successors with this restriction, that they never could pass into Roman Catholic hands. The result of course was to confine freehold property to a small number of owners, and to prevent altogether natural commerce in land. Down to our own times it evidenced itself in the fact, that, about twelve years ago, the fee-simple proprietors of Ireland, upon an area of upwards of twenty millions of acres, were calculated to be about eight thousand, in number, while those of England and Wales, upon an area of about thirty-seven millions of acres, were supposed to exceed two hundred thousand. Mr. M'Culloch's 'Geographical Dictionary,' in a comparative view of the tenures in fee in both countries, points also to a similar conclusion. But while the Penal Code barred the landlords of Ireland from selling their estates in a free market, it permitted them to become as embarrassed as they pleased. Indebtedness of course followed a restraint on alienation and a licence to incumber, and was encouraged by the habits of reckless waste, which, as might have been expected, characterised an aristocracy, prone to absenteeism, organised into an insolent caste, cut off from their proper duties, and by law and temper

made hostile to their dependants. Hence commenced that landed embarrassment of Ireland of which we have just witnessed the sad catastrophe. By the mysterious economy of Providence, the laws which the Irish Parliament of 1703 conceived to be the mainstay of the Protestant interest, have caused the ruin of hundreds of the great-grandchildren of their authors, by tending deeply to incumber the land of Ireland. The Penal Code bred the Incumbered Estates Act: bankruptcy has been the Nemesis of persecution.

The Penal Code passed away; but down to our own times, the landed aristocracy of Ireland continued few in number and embarrassed in fortune. No doubt the long duration of this state of things was attributable partly to the feudal pride of the Irish proprietary, which preferred penury with Castle Rackrents to freedom from debt with estates of a smaller size; partly to the great and corrupt political influence, which, down to the year 1828, the forty shilling freehold franchise gave to extensive landowners, and which therefore operated as a check upon alienation; partly to the slow growth of a monied class in Ireland, more able to cause an eager demand for landed property; and partly to the sense of insecurity, which deterred English capitalists from purchasing Irish estates. But, to a considerable extent, it was also owing to the effect of some peculiar laws upon real property in Ireland, and to the working of the Irish Courts of Equity in respect to them. These two causes continued to discourage the sale of landed estates, and yet to facilitate incumbrances on them, and thus prolonged the evil which the Penal Code began. We may briefly point out how they had this result, the rather that it has not yet altogether ceased.

Whatever other objections may be made against it, conveyancing in England allows the quick transfer of land if embarrassed. The rule of law which enables a first incumbrancer, without notice, to add any amount of advances to his original demand, and to secure for them a priority over intermediate claimants, necessarily preserves real property in England from being entangled in a multitude of charges. For prudent men will not commonly make loans, when aware that they are exposed to the effects of a law which may displace or postpone their stipulated securities. When, therefore, English landowners want to borrow more money upon indebted estates, they usually obtain it from the original lenders, or else upon an assignment of their incumbrances; and thus the land remains in a single set of mortgages. The result is, that it is sold and transferred without great delay, expense, or difficulties as to title, either under a

power of sale, which is commonly inserted in English deeds of mortgage, or else by foreclosure in the English Court of Chancery, which now is not a complicated process. In short, the English method of land incumbrance, though far from perfect in its original principles, is not in practice destructive to real property. In Ireland, as regards embarrassed landed property, the case was entirely and lamentably different, and still remains so, to a certain extent. The system of registering deeds in that country gives priority to charges affecting real estate, according to their date upon the register; and it completely prevents the English practice of 'tacking and squeezing' as it is termed, which, as we have stated, has certainly the effect of consolidating incumbrances. Its tendency accordingly has been to permit the multiplication of burdens upon land in Ireland, and to vest them in a great variety of claimants; and to this we may add, that its expense has been enormous, and that it has not proved any valid security to titles. For, first, it works by what we may term the method of *triplicate entry*; that is, it compels parties to complete the original documents of title, and to retain them in their own possession, and it registers these on memorials or abstracts, which again are copied into books of indexes; so that on every transaction with regard to real property in Ireland, a tedious referential search is necessary, the expense of which is always considerable, and, on one estate, exceeded eight thousand pounds!

Secondly, the fancied benefits of this system have altogether been frustrated by the doctrine, now imbedded in practice, that a registered owner or incumbrancer, if affected with any possible notice, must yield his priority to any unregistered instrument which may be outstanding against his title, the effect of which has practically deprived the Registry of any value. And thus, by multiplying charges and costs on real estate, it has checked alienation, but has encouraged embarrassment; and this result in Ireland has been further promoted by the habit of charging estates with judgment debts, which, as they were made as transferable as railway shares or stock, and as they bound every acre which the debtor might ever possess, at once made money easy to be borrowed and land extremely difficult to sell. The consequences of this peculiar state of the law were greatly to increase the number of incumbered estates in Ireland, and greatly to impede their sale and transfer; and practically to confine this operation to the Irish Courts of Equity exclusively. These Courts, however, had no proper machinery for the task; and, accordingly, their proceedings in the attempt to fulfil it were ruinous, tedious, and very unsatisfactory. Under the system, Lord St. Leonards

candidly admitted that '*estates might be half eaten up with costs.*'*
The consequences of course were that estates were kept out of it as much as possible; and thus they continued unsold and loaded with debt, or else they were slowly and imperfectly transferred at an expense which was a disgrace to the jurisprudence of the country.

Thus the social condition of Ireland was injuriously affected by a landed proprietary comparatively few in number and sunk in debt. The extent of land absorbed by their demesnes narrowed the area of tillage, and raised the rate of rent. The great size of their estates contributed to the same result, by making the land market more nearly a monopoly against the tenant. But the paramount evil of this state of landed property was, that, under it, improvement had become impossible, and that it refused to the farmer any security of tenure. However willing they may have been, the majority of Irish embarrassed proprietors had not money to lay out on their estates, nor, generally speaking, the means of procuring it; and, thus, they could seldom avail themselves of the vast population around them, great as would have been the profit from its labour. Nor could the better class of tenants, whose capital might have set this mass of industry in motion, ever obtain a firm footing on these lands, since any interests in them which they possibly could acquire, were necessarily subject to the rights of incumbrancers who could evict them at a moment's notice; and thus these estates were literally a *caput mortuum* to improvement. How vast a tract they thus withdrew from real cultivation, and how grievously, therefore, they impeded the development of Ireland's resources, the statistics of the Incumbered Estates Court amply testify.

There yet remained another source of agricultural ill to Ireland. The Common Law of England, assuming generally that persons contract on free terms, wisely, upon this assumption, refuses to compensate outgoing tenants for any improvements they may have buried in the soil, and compels them to fix their value, and get its equivalent, by express stipulation with their landlords. Thus the endless and hopeless litigation is prevented which would follow any attempt, by a general rule and on uncertain evidence, to adjust a compensation for benefits no longer clearly and fairly ascertainable. And, being suited to a country where contracts are free, it has upon the whole worked well in England; for whereas, on the one hand, it has stopped a

* See First Report on Receivers, Court of Chancery, and Exchequer (Ireland), 1849, p. 45.

mass of litigation, on the other, it has not impeded the outlay of capital in farming, inasmuch as the English tenant invariably takes care, either that his landlord shall supply him with the improvements he has need of, or else shall repay him for the expenditure in respect of them. But, as in Ireland, the unnatural rate of rent, and the generally depressed condition of the tenantry, precluded them from being really free agents, and therefore from compelling their landlords to reimburse them for improvements, the result of course was, either that they were despoiled of any money spent in this particular, or, as usually happened, that they never thought of adding any value to the soil. Under these circumstances Mr. Mill had surely good reason to observe that 'it was a bitter satire on the mode in 'which opinions were formed on the most important problems of 'human nature and life, to find public instructors of the greatest 'pretension imputing the backwardness of Irish industry and 'the want of energy of the Irish people,' to anything but 'the 'arrangements in the midst of which they lived and worked.' It was rather too much to hope that a state of things could prosper, when 'sic vos non vobis' was a permanent law.

When, therefore, so many evils affected the soil, can we be surprised at the condition of the landed classes in Ireland, so short a time ago as 1845? Was it strange that the Devon Commission should have recorded, that 'the testimony given to it was 'fortunately too uniform in representing the unimproved state 'of extensive districts, the want of employment, and the con'sequent poverty and hardships, under which a large proportion 'of the agricultural population of Ireland continually laboured?' Was it strange that the same authority should have stated, 'that the pecuniary circumstances of the landed proprietors 'generally, arising in some cases out of family charges, and 'resulting in others from improvidence or carelessness, possibly 'of former proprietors, disabled many, even of the best disposed 'proprietors, from improving the property, or encouraging im'provement amongst their tenantry, in the manner which would 'conduce at once to their own interest and the public advan'tage?' Could the extravagant rate of rent in Ireland, produced by the competition of the cottier system, which absorbed the fruits of farming industry as they grew, and checked their natural increase and development, have any other effect than that of levelling the agricultural classes to penury, and, as Lord Clarendon tersely observed, 'of basing Irish 'society upon the potato?' Must not the middleman tenures, which exposed the farmer to perpetual insecurity; must not the embarrassments of the Irish landed proprietary, which made

occupancy dangerous to the solvent tenant; must not the custom of confiscating to the landlord the benefits arising from the industry of others,—of literally enabling him to reap where he did not sow, and to gather where he had not strewn,—necessarily have led to the same result? And when the sources of the national wealth were thus fatally sapped, can we wonder that the landed aristocracy were feeble, and sunk in hopeless indebtedness? Was it strange that a vast unemployed population, bound to the soil by no ties of self-interest, and only conscious of government in a system which made them wretched, should have been at the beck of scheming demagogues, or have given recruits to ribbon societies and to agrarian outrage? Was it strange that so many of the Irish gentry should have been idle absentees, hopeless spendthrifts, or needy place hunters? Was it strange, to use Mr. Macaulay's phrase, that Ireland, under these circumstances, should have remained 'a 'member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, 'adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully 'pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of 'England?'

'Night,' says the poet, 'gives birth to Day.' The failure of that perishable root which sustained the agricultural system of Ireland, brought on the collapse of this vicious state of things. It is somewhat remarkable, that the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Social Revolution in Ireland — the two economic changes of our times which have been the best securities against national scarcity—should have been hastened to maturity by a famine. We ourselves described in minute detail at the close of that frightful year the history of this dread visitation on Ireland*; and it is needless to pursue the lamentable results which attended on its course; how, suddenly stricken by a wasting blight, her soil denied food to the swarms which clung to it, and scattered them abroad in famishing myriads; how for months these hopeless and bewildered crowds, cast loose from their dwellings and floating about in chaotic masses, were kept alive by imperial and world-wide alms; how, at length brought face to face with a salutary Poor Law, they hurried off in a multitudinous emigration, abandoning large tracts to wasted solitude; how the relations of property went to wreck in the shock, and the pressure of embarrassment, suddenly intensified, accelerated the ruin of hundreds of the aristocracy; how the thorough uprooting of the cottier tenantry

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxxvii. (Jan. 1848), 'The Irish 'Crisis.'

reduced great numbers of middlemen to penury, and loosed the feudal fetters which shackled Ireland; how pestilence and rebellion came in aid of famine to darken this page of our social history; and how, in a word, during these mournful years, the elements of Irish life were utterly confounded, and society itself seemed struggling in the jaws of death. But even amidst those terrible scenes of gloom and agony, we had ventured to predict that 'posterity would trace up to that famine 'the commencement of a salutary revolution in the habits of a 'nation long singularly unfortunate, and will acknowledge that 'in this, as on many other occasions, Supreme Wisdom has 'educed permanent good out of transient evil.' These pleasing hopes—say rather this steadfast faith in the wise purposes of Providence—have been amply justified. The ten years which have elapsed from the spring of 1847 to the spring of 1857 are the most auspicious in the history of Ireland. They have witnessed her deliverance from the bondage which had fastened a legal sterility on her fertile soil, and the apathy of pauperism on her intelligent people. To others we leave it to narrate, how a healthful change gradually effaced the marks of desolation; how a series of good harvests restored the energies of the Irish landed classes, and renewed Irish agriculture under happier auspices than hitherto had ever existed; how capital began to be largely applied to the soil, and to display results in every form of farming improvement; how Irish industry, at last, took firm root in the land, with a wide and secure area for its profitable exercise; and how the many material evils which preyed on Ireland have been happily reduced or almost extinguished. We shall content ourselves with showing to what extent legislation has contributed to this result, by availing itself of the great occasion afforded in 1846.

The immediate effect of the potato blight of 1845 46 was to sever the cottier tenantry in masses from the soil, and to cast them on public charity for support. In March, 1847, the House of Commons heard with terror, as though a horde of barbarians were menacing the empire, that 734,000 men, representing upwards of 3,000,000 of souls, were employed in Ireland upon the road-works, which had hurriedly been improvised as a measure of relief. This fearful array of pauperism, which threatened to consume the whole resources of the country, and, by interrupting the wonted cultivation of the land, to protract a state of dearth and famine, was under the command of seventy-four chief inspectors, upwards of four hundred engineers, about three thousand check clerks, and nearly seven thousand overseers! Had a proper system of Poor Laws been established in

Ireland for any length of time, this terrible phenomenon could never have occurred; for the pressure of the Poor Rate, and the dread of its increase, would have caused landed proprietors to avoid the cottier system; the population would not have sunk to abject destitution; and had a scarcity arisen, there would have been a proper organisation to encounter it, ready to give aid, but provided with fitting tests to secure that it should be confined to its legitimate objects. But in 1846-47 the Poor Law system of Ireland was only six years old: it had not had time to make property feel the burden of pauperism, and thus to create a check upon it; nor was it enough developed to meet a momentous crisis. The poor rates had hitherto been light, and inadequate to stimulate the clearance of estates. But, trivial as they had been, several Boards of Guardians had refused to strike them; and the ratepayers in some unions had resisted payment. The union workhouses were not completed, and could not afford relief to more than 140,000 persons. Above all, the existing Poor Law did not permit any out-door relief, and was only framed to encounter an average amount of Irish distress. Hence the machinery which had just begun to work could not absorb the masses flung upon it; and thus the sudden expedients of the Labour Rate and the Temporary Relief Acts were rendered necessary and justifiable. But when 3,000,000 of the Irish nation had been thrown on the public purse for the means of life; when thousands of miles of road along the desolated land were blackened with the swarms of a despairing population; when, in every parish in Ireland, myriads of haggard forms crowded to the government soup kitchens as their only hope; when the area for the coming harvest was visibly diminished, and large tracts of the country were abandoned to waste; it became necessary at once to grapple with the calamity, and, as far as human wisdom could reach, to prevent its recurrence. The obvious problems were, to relieve the enormous masses of pauperism, with the greatest economy and under the most rigid conditions; and, if possible, to free the land of them finally, so as to fit it for a proper system of cultivation, which might gradually reabsorb them, as paid labourers to capitalist farmers, but, in any event, to extinguish the cottier system. How wisely and fully, under the blessing of Providence, these problems have been solved for the Irish nation, we proceed briefly to explain.

The first measure adopted was to adjust the existing Poor Law to the actual state of things, and to make the surrender of land a condition of relief. For these purposes the starving crowds were permitted to receive relief out of the union work-

houses, but in food only, at the charge of the local rates, and subject to the rule that every Report of the Poor Law Commissioners 'should contain a distinct statement of every order 'and direction issued by them in respect of out-door relief.' But, at the same time, great exertions were used to extend the application of the workhouse test, by increasing the amount of indoor room for pauperism; and to individualise the liability of the ratepayers in each district, by narrowing the size of the Unions and the area for taxation. The result was, that in 1848, 1849, and 1850, an average of a million and a half of persons was annually saved from starvation; but that this was chiefly accomplished by the local rates; that the out-door relief of 1850 was less than a third part of that of 1848; and that the ratepayers, as far as possible, have been forced to guard against pauperism. So far the problem of relief was solved; but the Poor Law of 1847 provided for that of emancipating the soil from the cottier system. The Acts of 1838 and 1844 had probably had this object in view; for they had charged the Irish landlords with the entire poor-rate in respect of the smaller class of holdings; and this naturally tended to the consolidation of farms. But the Act of 1847 went much further; it refused relief altogether to occupiers of more than a quarter of a statute acre; and thus, by basing the right of public charity upon giving up the larger portion of their land, it forced off the Irish cottiers in masses from the soil, and left it free for a new race of agriculturists. The poorest of the cottiers abandoned their buildings for the workhouses, from which, however, the large majority of them have since emerged, while those among them who had still any residue of property, commenced that strange and unparalleled emigration, which has sent Irish energies to a hopeful field, and has opened the land of Ireland for a better system. The law which did this was stern, but it was not unjust, and no one can deny the good it has accomplished. For an able and full detail of its operation and effects, we refer our readers to the work of Sir George Nicholls, which we have prefixed to this article. The framer of one of the principal expedients for the social emancipation of Ireland, has become its historian; and although its results have been written plainly on the country they have affected, we are glad to have so lucid a record of them for the instruction of the British public.

While the Poor Law was thus dissolving the cottier system, two sets of statutes for the 'Arterial Drainage' and the 'Land 'Improvement' of Ireland, were preparing its soil for a better husbandry. To deepen the beds of the streams which form its main

drainage, so as to make them proper outfalls for thorough draining it afterwards, was obviously most important to a country, the area of which is liable to much injury from water, yet is everywhere seamed with natural channels to absorb it. And as such a work was only a means to an end, which no organisation of private capital could reach,—since it depended on the choice and the circumstances of thousands of proprietors, and could only be attained after a long lapse of time,—namely, the gradual thorough drainage of the Irish soil, and it was never likely to be a subject for commercial speculation, it was a perfectly justifiable public undertaking. Some progress had been made in the arterial drainage of Ireland before the year 1846, but its great development has taken place since that period. The execution of this important enterprise is the duty of the Commissioners of Public Works, and the following figures show the results obtained. In the twenty-seven 'drain-'age districts' of Ireland, it was calculated that an area of upwards of two hundred and six thousand acres would be immediately improved by deepening its natural watercourses, and by opening main drains ancillary to them. Up to the first of January, 1856, about one hundred and twenty thousand acres have been reclaimed to this extent, their value having been increased about forty thousand pounds per annum. The yearly charge for these improvements, allotted upon the lands, is not quite sixteen thousand pounds. The undertaking when completed will have cost upwards of two millions sterling; it will have opened eight hundred and fifty-six miles of main drains; and, while directly it will have enhanced the value of the districts it affects, at least by seventy thousand pounds a year, it will indirectly prove of incalculable advantage in promoting thorough drainage and forming a general basis for it. Its real effects will be fully developed when a far-spreading network of tributary feeding drains, attesting the industry of Irish agriculturists, and relieving their lands from unwholesome moisture, shall fill the main channels it has cut through the country.

The objects contemplated by the 'Land Improvement' Acts, which have become law during the last ten years, are somewhat different, and have been pursued by a different method. These measures sought to stimulate the employment of the able-bodied poor, and thus to relieve the strain upon the rates, and also to force cultivation upon the wasted area abandoned by the cottiers, by granting Government loans, in moderate instalments, to such of the Irish proprietors as wished to improve their estates. The purposes for which these loans have been

made, are the draining, subsoiling, and enclosing of land, and the making farm-roads and farm-buildings. The statutes in question authorised the loan of two millions sterling from the Treasury to Irish estates; and secured repayment in the form of a rent-charge, which liquidates principal and interest at six and a half per cent., and forms the first incumbrance on the property. Up to the first of January, 1856, nearly a million and a half sterling has been issued under them; and this sum has been expended in the modes prescribed, under strict surveillance for its due application. The consequences have been extremely satisfactory. During the years which immediately preceded the famine, the wages circulated by the loans must have perceptibly lessened the poor-rates; and the improvements effected have been great and lasting. We have no exact statistics on this particular; but we quote the last Report of the Board of Public Works on the subject. 'It may be stated that the great extent of wet land 'heretofore nearly valueless, which has been drained, sub-'soiled, and brought into cultivation, has led to a consider-'able improvement in the agricultural system; and the ro-'tative system of husbandry is now almost universally adopted 'by all extensive farmers, and is gradually creeping in amongst 'the holders of small tenements, even those under twenty sta-'tute acres area. A superior class of farm buildings is also 'being gradually introduced, some by loans under the Land 'Improvement Act, *but the greater number are from private 'funds.* Where loans have been made, every exertion has been 'used by us to render the buildings as substantial and convenient 'as possible; and we have the pleasure to state that the cost 'of preliminary expenses, charged to proprietors for loans for 'farm buildings which have been completed, has barely amounted 'to one per cent. on the expenditure.' It would, therefore, appear, that the methods of improvement established by these laws not only have done much positive social good; but that, indirectly, they have been of the greatest use, as models and incitements to private enterprise in fitting Ireland for better husbandry.

It would have been idle, however, by merely striking at the cottier system, or by artificially stimulating better methods of husbandry, to hope for a healthy condition of Ireland, without seeking to remove, or to palliate, the evils caused by the middleman tenures, and by a deeply incumbered proprietary. While a chain of derivative interests overlay the soil, and made its occupancy perilous and insecure, and while large tracts remained vested in nominal owners, incapable to

improve them, or even to let them for any certain term, and whose interest lay in rackrenting them, regardless of the future, it was useless to expect that industry or capital would be largely applied to regenerate Ireland. Accordingly, the Legislature resolved to meet the difficulty by means, perhaps in one respect over scrupulous, yet assuredly judicious and beneficial. Many of the middleman tenures had lapsed during the famine, the ruin of the undertenants having involved that of their immediate landlords, and the owners of the fee having eagerly evicted them. Many, however, still remained; and the problem was how to reduce as much as possible the evils of the tenure without infringing the rights of property. Its solution has been attempted by the 'Renewable Leasehold Conversion 'Act' of 1849—a measure somewhat akin to the famous Edicts of Hardenberg—but we have some doubts, considering the injurious consequences of middlemen, whether it is sufficiently comprehensive. It seeks, *first*, to abolish altogether derivative tenures in land, and to place the owners and occupiers in immediate connexion, thereby getting rid of the middleman system; or, where this shall be found impracticable, *secondly*, it reduces the rights of the landlords in chief more nearly to quitrents, and increases the security of the middleman's interest, so as to better the position of the undertenant. For these purposes, it enables the middleman, provided he can obtain his landlord's consent, and if there be no sublease for ever against him, to commute his rent by surrendering a portion of his holding; thus changing the graduated scale of interests in the entire of the lands, into absolute interests in several parts of them, and raising the undertenants into immediate occupiers. With the same object it empowers the head landlord in fee to restrict his claim for rent, or other demands, to a part only of the lands in middleman tenure, without otherwise lessening his legal rights and remedies; in the hope, apparently, as the chief rents in Irish estates are often charged on property a hundred times their value, that good sense, in some cases, would relax feudal fetters. But if such arrangements cannot be agreed upon, it enables the middleman to convert his interest into the fee, discharged altogether from the chances of lapse, and subject only to the ancient renders; and thus, to a certain extent, it liberates the under-tenant from some of the dangers of a multitude of owners. The Act prevents the creation of middleman tenure for the future, and certainly is very beneficial on the whole; but as it leaves the freeing of the undertenant, and therefore of the soil, to the choice of persons other than himself, and as it allows the conversion of middleman tenures into fees, without

necessarily emancipating the tenant, we doubt whether it will do all the good expected. Considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, we see no real objection, except in the instance of town property, to making the substitution of the land for the rent compulsory on all the parties concerned, and thus to ridding the soil of derivative tenures. The advantage to Ireland would be very great, and the terms of the commutation could easily and fairly be adjusted by the parties, subject to revision in a Court of Law.

But if the hand of the Legislature has been shortened in one respect, it has thoroughly reached the incumbered proprietary of Ireland. That ruined feudalism which kept districts out of culture and commerce, which evidenced itself in enormous estates, overlooked by Castle Rackrents, and crowded with wretched hovels,—a fruitful source of poverty and outrage,—was utterly broken up by the Incumbered Estates Act, and has made way for a more hopeful system of ownership. This Act was a bold attempt to substitute a new method of selling embarrassed estates for the feeble and costly Equity mode of dealing with them, which practically made whole districts inalienable, or only transferred land after great delay, at ruinous expense, and without security with regard to title. It has proved eminently successful; for, in the space of a very few years, it has freed the soil from the evils of bankrupt landlordism, which formed a permanent barrier to improvement, and has given to Ireland a class of very different proprietors. It has done this by establishing a tribunal and a procedure in respect to the sale of embarrassed estates, which are precisely the opposites of the former Equity system, and by granting to purchasers within its jurisdiction a title which can never be impeached. Under the former Equity system, an embarrassed owner could not apply for the sale of his estate, or of any portion of it, and thus could not seek any legal remedy to relieve himself from indebtedness. Secondary incumbrancers on such an estate were not permitted to realise their claims unless they paid off all paramount charges, a practice which kept land in mortgage for years, led to collusion between owners and primary creditors, and called into being the Receiver System, which became a frightful evil. Again, under the Equity method, when a bill had been filed for the sale of an estate, all parties who had any interest in it, from the first mortgagee to the last judgment creditor, were necessarily brought before the Court, at immense costs and after long delays, because they were required to concur in the conveyance, and because, in their absence, a decree could not bind them. The effects of

this rule, which realised in practice the fictitious scenes of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, are thus stated by Lord St. Leonards, who certainly did a great deal to remove them: 'When I went to 'Ireland the second time, the briefs were larger—I should say 'three or four times larger—than the ordinary briefs in Eng- 'land; *the parties were without limit,* and, from all the judgment 'creditors being made parties, *almost every gentleman at the Bar 'had a brief in the suit.*'* And yet this was not nearly all. Of course, when subject to these curious limitations and restrictions, and at the mercy of such monstrous preliminaries, comparatively few creditors attempted the sale of their debtors' estates; they were satisfied to place receivers over them, and thus to secure their yearly interest; but whenever the attempt was successfully made, and a decree for sale was at last obtained, the subsequent process was rather worse than the previous one. The estate, with all its attendant suitors, was transferred from Chancery to the office of a Master, whose duty it was to ascertain the rights of the various parties, to make an elaborate report upon them, and then to put up the land to auction, without, however, offering a warranty as to title. Years were generally spent in these proceedings, to the ruin of the litigants and the interested diversion of lawyers and attorneys; and when at last the hapless property was brought to the hammer, a succession of re-sales was often the result, for the biddings were constantly cancelled and reopened, and a bidder very frequently rejected the title. In short, the whole of this system of Equity,—whether we look at the checks it placed upon owners and creditors, in respect of their natural right to a sale, or to the fearful expenses it wasted in proceedings, or to its cruel and ruinous delays, or finally to its halting and tardy method of transfer, — was a reproach to a civilised country.

The Incumbered Estates Act deals with embarrassed estates upon principles exactly opposite. It empowers an indebted proprietor to seek a sale of his lands, or of any part of them, and thus to liberate himself from a ruinous heritage. It abolishes the rule that a primary creditor must be redeemed before a secondary one can sell, gives all claimants an equal right to enforce their demands, and thus removes a powerful check on alienation. As it enables the Court, which is its instrument, to gather into itself the mass of rights annexed to an estate, and to grant away the land by a judicial act, it gets rid of the necessity of making all persons interested parties to a suit for sale, and, without doing any wrong whatsoever, inasmuch as such persons

* Report of Chancery and Equity (Ireland), 1849, p. 48.

receive due notice, it closes a fertile source of litigation. Again, instead of putting off the sale of an incumbered estate until the rights of all parties should finally have been determined, and a costly report elaborated upon them, the Commissioners, acting under the statute, transfer the land at once upon a *fiat* for sale, and attach those rights to the money representing it, to be adjudicated on in course of business. Finally — and here in thorough contrast to the Equity system — the Incumbered Estates Act assures to all purchasers under it a full and perfect warranty of title, by enacting 'that every such conveyance, 'executed, as aforesaid, by the Commissioners upon the sale of 'land, shall be effectual to pass the fee simple and inheritance 'of the land thereby expressed to be conveyed, subject to such 'tenancies, leases, and under-leases as shall be expressed or re-'ferred to therein as aforesaid, but, save as aforesaid and as 'hereinafter provided, discharged from all former and other 'estates, rights, titles, charges, and incumbrances whatsoever of 'Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and of all other persons 'whomsoever;' and so *mutatis mutandis* with respect to lease-hold interests; and this Parliamentary guarantee is further confirmed by the following clause: 'Every conveyance and 'assignment respectively executed as required by this Act, and 'every order for partition or exchange, or for division and allot-'ment made by the Commissioners under their seal, shall for 'all purposes be conclusive evidence that every application, pro-'ceeding, consent, and act whatsoever, which ought to have been 'made, given, and done previously to the execution of such 'conveyance or assignment, or the making of such order re-'spectively, has been made, given, and done by the person 'authorised to make, give, and do the same; and no such con-'veyance, assignment, or order shall be impeached by reason of 'any informality therein.' We may observe that these words have exposed the statute to the charge, that it permits the land of A. to be sold in payment of the debts of B., and sedulously excludes all legal remedy; but we think this view of it is incorrect. We think that the force of the Act is limited by the terms of the jurisdiction which it creates; and that it confines its warranty of title to estates which have been properly brought within its sphere, and which form its legitimate subject matter. Any other doctrine seems to us monstrous and absurd, and, we believe, was never contemplated by Parliament.

A law which thus freed the land of Ireland from all checks on alienation, which broke down the Equity mode of transfer, with its jealous impediments to puisne creditors, its fearful delays, its ruinous expense, and its cumbrous and unsatisfactory

procedure, and which, besides, offered every security to purchasers, would, necessarily, under any circumstances whatever, have brought a great many estates to the market. But, passing at a time when the Equity Courts were crowded with embarrassed estates, when the ruin occasioned by the famine and the poor-rates, and the panic resulting from the repeal of the Corn Laws and the lowness of prices, had made all creditors on real property in Ireland extremely anxious to realise their securities, it operated to an extent well nigh inconceivable. In a period of less than eight years, the Irish Incumbered Estates Commission has dealt with landed property representing a net rental of upwards of one million four hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and covering an area of more than four million one hundred thousand acres. A court of justice, sitting in a remote corner of Dublin, has peaceably changed the ownership of a larger mass of land than probably passed under Cromwell's confiscations. Of the vast district brought within its grasp, about six-sevenths, containing three million five hundred thousand acres, with a rental of one million two hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling, has been sold and transferred, leaving a residue of six hundred thousand acres, of the yearly value of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, still undisposed of. The incumbrances upon the estates already sold, and which hitherto had been pent up in the Courts of Equity, or left in the hands of ruined inheritors, reach the extraordinary sum of thirty-six millions sterling, or upwards of twenty-four years' purchase upon the net rental. This single fact shows the state of landed bankruptcy that existed in Ireland, and is an ample justification of the law. It is interesting to note accurately the statistics and progress of this great revolution. From the twenty-fifth of October, 1849, to the twenty-fifth of May, 1857, four thousand one hundred and nine petitions for the sale, partition, or exchange of land have been presented to the Commissioners. Of these, one thousand one hundred and ninety-five had originated with embarrassed owners, and two thousand nine hundred and fourteen with their creditors. On these petitions three thousand one hundred and ninety-seven absolute orders for sale have been made; and the property comprised in them has been sold in eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-three lots, to seven thousand two hundred and sixteen purchasers, of whom six thousand nine hundred and two have been Irish, and the remainder Englishmen, Scotchmen, or foreigners. The number of cases which had hitherto been pending in the Equity Courts before they were brought within the scope of the new tribunal

amounts to one thousand two hundred and fifty-four, the balance consisting of applications to the Commissioners in the first instance. The muniments of title to the estates under the process of transfer are two hundred and thirty thousand, contained in two thousand four hundred and thirty-six boxes; and the conveyances already executed reach the number of six thousand eight hundred and eighty-two. Finally, the estates already sold have realised the sum of twenty millions one hundred and ninety-four thousand two hundred and one pounds sterling; of which eighteen millions of pounds have been distributed to the different parties interested, according to their respective rights.* So enormous a change in the real property of a country, effected peaceably and without a revolution, with a strict regard to all legal rights, and entirely caused by a reform in a judicial method of transfer, is certainly without a parallel in history.

Undoubtedly much individual misery and loss was produced by the suddenness of this experiment, which threw upon the market, at a period of depression, a vast breadth of the land of Ireland. We could narrate instances in which the hardships borne by the proscribed of the Triumvirs,—so touchingly drawn by the hand of Virgil,—or by the French aristocracy, when denuded of their estates by the first Revolution, could find a counterpart among the Irish proprietary. But the alternative lay between withholding large districts from industry and capital, and accelerating the ruin of some members of a class; and thoughtful statesmanship could never have hesitated in its choice. Besides, the depreciation of land under the Incumbered Estates Act sales did not continue beyond two years, and it has been followed by extremely high prices; for the improvement of the country, and the great security of a Parliamentary title, have filled the land-market with eager purchasers. Again, the substitution of a novel for an established Land-tribunal, the immense amount of rights and claims subjected to scrutiny and final adjudication, the speedy transfer of large masses of land, and the facility of borrowing money on the titles by which they are held, may have somewhat encouraged fraud, chicanery, and vicious speculation. But here again the answer is sufficient, that the sum of these evils, whatever it may be, is as nothing when compared with the positive good accomplished; and in this, as in the other case, reflection will show that the evil is merely accidental, while the good is essential and inhe-

* We are indebted for these figures to C. M. Ormsly, Esq. of the Statistical Department of the Incumbered Estates Court.

rent in the system. Nor would it be just not to add, that the Commissioners entrusted with this great work have, in our judgment, reduced these evils to the minimum. Considering the immense extent of land they have had upon their hands, and the multiplicity, intricacy, and complication of the rights and interests which they have had before them, it is remarkable that so few appeals or complaints have been recorded against their judgments. To have fulfilled their duty under the very trying circumstances in which they have been placed, was extremely difficult, and that it has been done deserves high commendation.

The good done to Ireland by this important statute, and its vast results, are beyond all question. Large tracts of land, which hitherto had no real proprietors, which were either in the hands of Chancery receivers, or of inheritors sunk in debt, on which a lease could not be made, nor a secure tenure be obtained, and which, accordingly, were invariably the receptacles of the worst specimens of the cottier tenantry, have now fallen into the hands of owners who can use them for all the purposes of property. On a great portion of the surface of Ireland there is no longer an impenetrable barrier to natural farming tenures, and to the legitimate conditions of a real agriculture. Even the breaking up of the large properties into small estates has been of advantage; for it has tended to extend the area of the farmer by reducing the size of private demesnes; it has stimulated provident and industrious habits, by opening the land-market to small capitalists; and probably it has considerably encouraged the investment of money in the improvement of the soil. In a word, a great breadth of Ireland has now been set free, and is subjected to more civilising influences. The evidences of this most salutary change are perfectly clear in every part of the country. Moderate mansions, neat farmhouses, and good farm buildings, rising from among trim corn fields and pastures,—the true proofs of a substantial agricultural middle class,—are now to be met with, and that not unfrequently on estates which had long been mouldering in Chancery ruin. As regards this point, however, we prefer to cite a single example to making any general statements.

In the years 1852, 1853, Mr. Allan Pollok, of Glasgow, purchased estates in the county of Galway, under the Incumbered Estates Act, for which he gave 230,000*l.* He has since expended 150,000*l.* on them in fitting them with proper appliances for agriculture. In the year 1852 there were 100 acres of green crops on his lands, and in the year 1856 there were 2000 acres of green crops, and 3000 of corn. If the

improvements effected by other purchasers under the Incumbered Estates Act, even remotely approach the changes accomplished by Mr. Pollok, there can be no doubt that the wealth of Ireland will be increased in an extraordinary degree. We are glad, in this place, to record our testimony in favour of a gentleman who was subjected to much ignorant or interested abuse from the 'Tenant Right' Irish members in the House of Commons.*

It is not without interest to compare this prodigious but peaceful revolution in the landed property of Ireland, with the views entertained by an acute foreign observer, M. Gustave de Beaumont, and published in his survey of the state of Ireland in 1839. The manifold evils which weighed upon the landed interest and the rural population of Ireland at that time, and down to the crisis of 1847, were sufficiently apparent to him; and he described them in language not very dissimilar from that we ourselves have used in the earlier portion of this article. But when he came to the discussion of the remedy for these evils, M. de Beaumont allowed himself to be carried away by all the extravagant notions to which the ravages of the first French Revolution had given birth — abolish the aristocracy, abolish entails, abolish primogeniture, confiscate the property of the Church, and abandon to their fate all the institutions which the British Parliament have imposed on the Irish people. Such were the remedies prescribed by the political agitators of that period: such were the remedies partially applied without the smallest alleviation of the sufferings of the patient. Does any one now imagine that if Ireland had been allowed to assert her legislative independence — if she had been left to struggle through this Slough of Despond without the advice or encouragement of Great Britain — if English capital, English administrators, and English institutions had been banished from the soil of Ireland, as St. Patrick once banished the reptiles that infested the island, this regeneration could have been accomplished? We confidently reply that it could not. And whilst we regard, with heartfelt satisfaction, the social results of these legislative reforms, at once so temperate and so bold, the pride we feel in these results is heightened by the reflection that they have been accomplished *by* law and not *against* law; that they were carried in defiance of the opposition and the vituperation of that false and ignorant faction which threatened to revolu-

* Mr. Pollok was accused of having depopulated his estates. The fact is, that, at present, there are four hundred more persons inhabiting them than there were at the date of his purchase!

tionise Ireland; and that instead of overthrowing the social institutions and political authorities of that country, they have tended to consolidate them and to place them on a safer basis. The benefits which these social changes and improvements have conferred are infinitely beyond the fairest promises of any political revolution; and whilst we rejoice in those great measures of toleration which restored the people of Ireland to the just exercise of their political rights, we are satisfied that the measures we have described in these pages have contributed, in at least an equal degree, to their real welfare and their future progress.

These effects are visible in the comparative scarcity of those ill-tilled patches of exhausted land, which formerly scarred the face of the country, and marked the features of the cottier system; in the gradual development of extensive farms, supplied with the requisites of scientific cultivation; in a vast breadth of land recently opened to tillage; and in a general appearance of rural opulence in Ireland. They have wrought a complete revolution in Irish agriculture; have transferred the soil from pauper cottiers to real farmers; have caused an evident improvement in every species of husbandry; have brought capital in large quantities to a hopeful field for investment; have planted in the land a numerous small proprietary; and have settled the true conditions of Irish prosperity. A few figures will demonstrate these results. In the year 1841, the farms in Ireland, exceeding thirty acres in area, were in the proportion of seven to the hundred; at the close of 1855 they had increased to more than 26 per cent., and occupied upwards of three-fourths of the country. In the year 1841 there were about six and a quarter millions of acres out of cultivation; in the year 1855, only 4,890,000. In 1847, 727,000 acres of Ireland were under a green crop; in 1855 the number had nearly doubled. In 1841 the live stock of Ireland was valued at 19,400,000*l*; in 1855, at the same rates, it had reached thirty-three millions and a half. The average circulation of all the banks of Ireland was, in 1850, four millions and a half; at the close of 1855 it had almost increased a third. Lastly, while the Irish excise duties of 1850 amounted to 1,400,000*l*., those of 1856 were 2,600,000. It may, we think, be stated that so rapid and happy an economical revolution, so quick a transition from a sinking and perilous to a hopeful and flourishing landed system, is without a parallel in history. The foundations of Irish prosperity have at length been laid in reformed modes of owning and occupying the soil; and there can be no doubt but that they will support a superstructure of general welfare.

We trust that the amiable and accomplished nobleman who now fills the office of Lord Lieutenant, and who, even before her social revolution began, did much for Ireland by the impartiality and kindness of his administration as Chief Secretary, will see that superstructure completed and durable. Grattan exclaimed of the liberty of Ireland, 'that he sat by its cradle, 'and followed its hearse;' we hope that Lord Carlisle, who assisted at the birth of her prosperity, may witness its full and mature development. This can now, only in a slight degree, be promoted by legislative or administrative means; but Lord Carlisle will contribute amply to it, for it mainly depends upon perfect justice and equal kindness to all classes of the Irish nation.

A little consideration will show how much of these results is fairly attributable to legislative expedients. Had it not been for the operation of the Poor Law, the famine would probably have caused the most tremendous social misery of modern times, —would have fearfully confiscated property in Ireland, in crude and unmethodical attempts at relief, and finally would have left the cottier system on the land, shattered no doubt, but still retaining a miserable vitality and all the elements of a noxious reconstitution. In a few years this pernicious system would again have covered the soil with swarms of pauper tenants; would have again forced up the rate of rent to a ruinous height; and once more would have involved Ireland in a hopeless condition. Had it not been for the Incumbered Estates Act, a large portion of Ireland would have been kept out of commerce, and locked up in Chancery, without a prospect of improvement; the residue would never have attracted capital to it, to the extent we have recently witnessed; and the beneficial change, from a large and embarrassed to a moderate and comparatively solvent proprietary, could never have been accomplished. The result of course would have been that the evils of bankrupt landlordism would have continued in Ireland, that a barrier would have remained against secure tenures and proper modes of farming; and that the energy and wealth which lately have vivified the Irish soil, would, as heretofore, have avoided it. Finally, had it not been for the supplementary measures we have been noticing, such as the Renewable Leasehold Conversion, and the Drainage and Land Improvement Acts, it will be evident, that several aids to the development of Ireland would have been wanting, which happily have been supplied to her. While, therefore, we admit, that her strange regeneration is, in some respects, owing to a power above that of man, we should not forget how greatly human wisdom has contributed to it.

In one particular,—and, under the circumstances, we think with wisdom,—the Legislature has refrained from attempting a change. It has not interfered with that rule of the Common Law, which denies to the farmer an equivalent for the improvements he may have incorporated with the soil, in order that he may be compelled to compound for their value by a bargain with his landlord. At present, we think that no such measure is required, and that it would be injurious to Irish interests to attempt to pass it. The great revolution we have been reviewing has at last placed the landlords and tenantry of Ireland in their natural relation of free contractors; for it has reduced the destructive competition for land; it has raised the farming class in the social scale; and, in proportion to the great improvement of the country, it has not augmented the rate of rent. When, therefore, the status of landlord and tenant in Ireland is approximating to that in England or Scotland; when it is now open to the parties to a contract for land in Ireland to adjust the terms of the tenant's expenditure on the soil, and of all compensation in respect of it; and when the spirit of fair dealing is showing itself plainly throughout the landed classes in Ireland, we think it would be madness to interfere with the law.

We here close our sketch of the happy social and economic changes which Ireland has undergone in the last few years, and we have tried to show to what extent they may fairly be ascribed to legislation. It is worth noticing, as a lesson to former Irish revolutionists, that the laws and measures which have mainly produced these changes could never have been expected from any save the Imperial Parliament. The aristocratic senate, to whose 'barbarous accomplishments' Grattan appealed in vain, 'to mould, to multiply, and to consolidate' the resources of Ireland, and whose corrupt existence has happily long been at an end, would never have passed the Incumbered Estates Act. The three hundred regenerators of their country, whom Mr. O'Connell would have convened in 1843, would assuredly never have sanctioned the Irish Poor Law. In a word, no possible Irish parliament, at any period, would have accomplished the results which have recently been effected by British statesmanship. We commend this undeniable truth to the careful consideration of Anti-Unionists, if indeed any specimens of that forgotten race are in existence.

ART. V.—1. *Little Dorrit.* By CHARLES DICKENS. London: 1857.

2. *It is never too late to mend.* A matter-of-fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. Fifth edition. London: 1857.

3. *The Life of Charlotte Brontë, Author of 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' and 'Villette.'* By E. C. GASKELL, Author of 'Mary Barton,' and 'Ruth.' 2 vols. London: 1857.

To give the young any direct instruction in morals or politics, unhappily forms no part of the customary and established system of modern English education. A youth may pass through our public schools and universities hearing little of his duties to society and to his country. Of classical and theological culture he will, indeed, experience no want, but he can receive no positive moral instruction except what comes to him through theological channels, or from the domestic influences of the society in which he lives. This defect in our higher education is in a great measure peculiar to the present generation. In the last century, a certain set of opinions upon subjects of a political and moral character formed part of the creed of every person of education. That the British Constitution combined the advantages and the defects of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; that the alliance between Church and State secured the liberties of both; that English law was the perfection of reason, and the birthright of every Briton; that every man had by his representatives a share in the government of his country, and that it was his duty and his right to take a corresponding interest in its politics: these, and many other beliefs of a similar kind, were as much part of the training of a gentleman as the doctrine that *verbum personale concordat cum nominativo.* It certainly is as far from our intention, as it would be out of our power, to attempt to restore the currency of the old coin of political dogmatism, so effectually decried in Bentham's Book of Fallacies. But we think that negative and critical conclusions are not the only results at which we ought to arrive upon these subjects, and that they are worse suited than any others to be made the staple of popular education. It ought not to be our object to instil into the minds of the young a blind admiration, or a blind contempt, of the institutions under which they live. In this, as in all other branches of education, the rule of truth is the only safe rule; and truth is outraged if contempt and ridicule are the only feelings excited in the mind of an educated man by the contemplation of the political and social arrangements of his country.

This doctrine, however, is much in favour amongst one class of writers who are, perhaps, the most influential of all indirect moral teachers—we mean contemporary novelists. The popularity of a form of literature which is at once a stimulant and an anodyne, and which engrosses the imagination, whilst it does not absolutely exclude the exercise of the understanding, needs no explanation; but there is another source of the educational influence of novels which most of us have felt, though it has not, we think, been usually recognised so explicitly as their other attractions. Through novels young people are generally addressed for the first time as equals upon the most interesting affairs of life. There they see grown-up men and women described, and the occupations of mature life discussed, without any *arrière pensée* as to the moral effects which the discussion may have upon their own minds. To an inquisitive youth, novels are a series of lectures upon life, in which the professor addresses his pupils as his equals and as men of the world. There, for the first time, the springs of human actions are laid bare, and the laws of human society discussed in language intelligible and attractive to young imaginations and young hearts. Such teachers can never be otherwise than influential, but in the present day their influence is enormously increased by the facilities which cheap publication affords to them. Upwards of a million of the cheap shilling volumes which ornament railway book-stalls are disposed of annually, and the effect of these publications on the whole mind of the community can hardly be exaggerated. Even Mr. Reade's novel, 'It is never too late to mend,' is advertised to have reached the twelfth thousand of its circulation, and we believe Mr. Dickens's tales sell about 40,000 copies on publication.

These facts furnish an apology, which we feel to be necessary, for devoting some attention to two books which justify the opinion we have formed on the influence exercised by such novels over the moral and political opinions of the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced. That opinion is, that they tend to beget hasty generalisations and false conclusions. They address themselves almost entirely to the imagination upon subjects which properly belong to the intellect. Their suggestions go so far beyond their assertions that the author's sense of responsibility is greatly weakened, and by suppressing all that is dull, all that does not contribute to dramatic effect, and all that falls beyond a certain conventional circle of feelings, they caricature instead of representing the world. This applies even to those ordinary domestic relations, which are the legiti-

mate province of novels. Love, marriage, friendship, grief, and joy are very different things in a novel from what they are in real life, and the representations of novelists are not only false, but often in the highest degree mischievous when they apply, not to the feelings, but to the facts and business transactions of the world. We propose to notice the two works before us, as an illustration of these observations, and we shall show before we conclude that Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Miss Brontë' is in some respects obnoxious to the same criticism, though it claims a place in another branch of literature.

We do not of course undervalue the part which fiction has often played in the inculcation of truth, and a thousand imaginary characters crowd upon the mind which reflect with signal brilliancy the noblest graces and the purest virtues of our race. Where are we to find greater refinement than in Sir Charles Grandison—greater ingenuity and perseverance than in Robinson Crusoe—more pathetic simplicity and devotedness than in Jeanie Deans? But there is a very wide distinction between creations wrought up to the true ideal, and attempts to copy life by throwing a false and distorted light on real incidents. The incidents may in themselves be things which have actually taken place, yet they sometimes give most erroneous and exaggerated impressions when they are pressed into the service of romance.

'Little Dorrit' is not one of the most pleasing or interesting of Mr. Dickens's novels. The plot is singularly cumbrous and confused—the characters rather uninteresting—and the style often strained to excess. We are not however tempted, by the comparative inferiority of this production of a great novelist, to forget the indisputable merits of Mr. Dickens. Even those who dislike a good deal of the society to which he introduces his readers, and who are not accustomed to the language of his personages, must readily acknowledge that he has described modern English low life with infinite humour and fidelity, but without coarseness. He has caught and reproduced that native wit which is heard to perfection in the repartees of an English crowd: and though his path has often lain through scenes of gloom, and poverty, and wretchedness, and guilt, he leaves behind him a spirit of tenderness and humanity which does honour to his heart. We wish he had dealt as fairly and kindly with the upper classes of society as he has with the lower; and that he had more liberally portrayed those manly, disinterested, and energetic qualities which make up the character of an English gentleman. Acute observer as he is, it is to be regretted that he should have mistaken a Lord Decimus

for the type of an English statesman, or Mr. Tite Barnacle for a fair specimen of a public servant. But in truth we cannot recall any single character in his novels, intended to belong to the higher ranks of English life, who is drawn with the slightest approach to truth or probability. His injustice to the institutions of English society is, however, even more flagrant than his animosity to particular classes in that society. The rich and the great are commonly held up to ridicule for their folly, or to hatred for their selfishness. But the institutions of the country, the laws, the administration, in a word the government under which we live, are regarded and described by Mr. Dickens as all that is most odious and absurd in despotism or in oligarchy. In every new novel he selects one or two of the popular cries of the day, to serve as seasoning to the dish which he sets before his readers. It may be the Poor Laws, or Imprisonment for Debt, or the Court of Chancery, or the harshness of Mill-owners, or the stupidity of Parliament, or the inefficiency of the Government, or the insolence of District Visitors, or the observance of Sunday, or Mammon-worship, or whatever else you please. He is equally familiar with all these subjects. If there was a popular cry against the management of a hospital, he would no doubt write a novel on a month's warning about the ignorance and temerity with which surgical operations are performed; and if his lot had been cast in the days when it was fashionable to call the English law the perfection of reason, he would probably have published monthly denunciations of Lord Mansfield's Judgment in *Perrin* v. *Blake*, in blue covers adorned with curious hieroglyphics, intended to represent springing uses, executory devises, and contingent remainders. We recommend him to draw the materials of his next work from Dr. Hassall on the Adulteration of Food, or the Report on Scotch Lunatics. Even the catastrophe in 'Little Dorrit' is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient moment.

Mr. Reade is less well known as a writer, but after publishing two popular, though not very edifying stories, he has at last composed a novel of much greater length, which affords a convincing proof of the temptation to falsify and misrepresent the facts upon which such stories are founded. This book has propagated through the length and breadth of the country imputations against the Government, the judges, and private individuals, so grave, so unjust, so cruel, that we think it is the duty of criticism to expose them.

By examining the justice of Mr. Dickens's general charges,

and the accuracy of Mr. Reade's specific accusations, we shall endeavour to show how much injustice may be done, and how much unfounded discontent may be engendered, by these one-sided and superficial pictures of popular abuses.

It is not a little curious to consider what qualifications a man ought to possess before he could, with any kind of propriety, hold the language Mr. Dickens sometimes holds about the various departments of social life. Scott, we all know, was a lawyer and an antiquarian. Sir Edward Lytton has distinguished himself in political life, and his books contain unquestionable evidence of a considerable amount of classical and historical reading. Mr. Thackeray hardly ever steps beyond those regions of society and literature which he has carefully explored. But in Mr. Dickens's voluminous works, we do not remember to have found many traces of these solid acquirements; and we must be permitted to say, for it is no reflection on any man out of the legal profession, that his notions of law, which occupy so large a space in his books, are precisely those of an attorney's clerk. He knows what arrest for debt is, he knows how affidavits are sworn. He knows the physiognomy of courts of justice, and he has heard that Chancery suits sometimes last forty years; though he seems not to have the remotest notion that there is any difference between suits for the administration of estates and suits for the settlement of disputed rights, and that the delay which is an abuse in the one case, is inevitable in the other. The greatest of our statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers would shrink from delivering any trenchant and unqualified opinion upon so complicated and obscure a subject as the merits of the whole administrative Government of the empire. To Mr. Dickens the question presents no such difficulty. He stumbles upon the happy phrase of 'the Circum-'locution Office' as an impersonation of the Government; strikes out the brilliant thought, repeated just ten times in twenty-three lines, that whereas ordinary people want to know how to do their business, the whole art of Government lies in discovering 'how not to do it;' and with these somewhat unmeaning phrases he proceeds to describe, in a light and playful tone, the government of his country.

Everybody has read the following chapter of 'Little Dorrit;' but we are not equally sure that everybody has asked himself what it really means. It means, if it means anything, that the result of the British constitution, of our boasted freedom, of parliamentary representation, and of all we possess, is to give us the worst government on the face of the earth — the clatter of a mill grinding no corn, the stroke of an engine drawing no water.

'CHAPTER X.

'CONTAINING THE WHOLE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

'The Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important Department under Government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office.

'This glorious establishment had been early in the field, when the one sublime principle involving the difficult art of governing a country, was first distinctly revealed to statesmen. It had been foremost to study that bright revelation, and to carry its shining influence through the whole of the official proceedings. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT.

'Through this delicate perception, through the tact with which it invariably seized it, and through the genius with which it always acted on it, the Circumlocution Office had risen to overtop all the public departments; and the public condition had risen to be—what it was.

'It is true that How not to do it was the great study and object of all public departments and professional politicians all round the Circumlocution Office. It is true that every new premier and every new government, coming in because they had upheld a certain thing as necessary to be done, were no sooner come in than they applied their utmost faculties to discovering, How not to do it. It is true that from the moment when a general election was over, every returned man who had been raving on hustings because it hadn't been done, and who had been asking the friends of the honourable gentleman in the opposite interest on pain of impeachment to tell him why it hadn't been done, and who had been asserting that it must be done, and who had been pledging himself that it should be done, began to devise, How it was not to be done. It is true that the debates of both Houses of Parliament the whole session through, uniformly tended to the protracted deliberation, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech at the opening of such session virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have a considerable stroke of work to do, and you will please to retire to your respective chambers, and discuss, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech, at the close of such session, virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have through several laborious months been considering with great loyalty and patriotism, How not to do it, and you have found out; and with the blessing of Providence upon the harvest (natural, not political), I now dismiss you. All this is true, but the Circumlocution Office went beyond it.

'Because the Circumlocution Office went on mechanically, every day, keeping this wonderful, all-sufficient wheel of statesmanship, How not to do it, in motion. Because the Circumlocution Office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to be by any surprising accident in remote danger of

doing it, with a minute, and a memorandum, and a letter of instructions, that extinguished him.

'Numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office. Unfortunates with wrongs, or with projects for the general welfare (and they had better have had wrongs at first, than have taken that bitter English recipe for certainly getting them), who in slow lapse of time and agony had passed safely through other public departments; who, according to rule, had been bullied in this, over-reached by that, and evaded by the other; got referred at last to the Circumlocution Office, and never reappeared in the light of day. Boards sat upon them, secretaries minuted upon them, commissioners gabbled about them, clerks registered, entered, checked, and ticked them off, and they melted away. In short, all the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office, except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion.'

This is no isolated ebullition. The Circumlocution Office forms one of the standing decorations of the work in which it is depicted. The cover of the book is adorned by a picture, representing, amongst other things, Britannia in a Bath-chair, drawn by a set of effete idiots, an old woman, a worn-out cripple in a military uniform, and a supercilious young dandy, who buries the head of his cane in his moustaches. The chair is pushed on behind by six men in foolscaps, who are followed by a crowd of all ages and both sexes, intended, we presume, to represent that universal system of jobbing and favouritism, which was introduced into the public service by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, shortly before the time when Mr. Dickens began his novel. The spirit of the whole book is the same. The Circumlocution Office is constantly introduced as a splendid example of all that is base and stupid. Messrs. Tite Barnacle and Stiltstalking are uniformly put forward as the representatives of the twenty or thirty permanent under-secretaries and heads of departments, by whom so large a portion of the public affairs is conducted, and every species of meanness, folly, and vulgarity is laid to their charge.

It is difficult to extract the specific accusations which Mr. Dickens means to bring against the Government; but we take the principal counts in his indictment to be, that the business of the country is done very slowly and very ill; that inventors and projectors of improvements are treated with insolent neglect; and that the Government is conducted by, and for the interest of, a few aristocratic families, whose whole public life is a constant career of personal jobs. Most men will consider these rather serious charges.

But the burlesque manner and extravagant language in which they are made are at once Mr. Dickens's shield and his

sword. 'How can you suppose,' he might say, 'that I mean any 'harm by such representations as these? I am neither a lawyer 'nor a politician; but I take a fling at the subjects of the day, 'just in order to give my writings a little local colour, and a 'little temporary piquancy.' Probably enough this is the true account of the matter, and it forms the very gravamen of our complaint. Men of the world may laugh at books which represent all who govern as fools, knaves, hypocrites, and dawdling tyrants. They know very well that such language is meant to be understood subject to modifications; but the poor and uneducated take such words in their natural and undiluted strength, and draw from them practical conclusions of corresponding importance; whilst the young and inexperienced are led to think far too meanly of the various careers which the organisation of society places before them, and to waste in premature cynicism and self-satisfied indolence some of the most precious opportunities which life affords.

It is not necessary to discuss the justice of Mr. Dickens's charges, but it is so much the fashion of the day to speak with unmeasured contempt both of the honesty and ability of the executive government, that we will lay before our readers a few considerations upon the general character of the public service, and upon the principles which ought to govern discussions as to its merits.

The first question which presents itself is, What is the standard of comparison? It would require a knowledge of the details of the administrative system of other countries, which we do not pretend to possess, to institute a detailed comparison between their governments and our own. But without entering on so vast a subject, we think that any person of ordinary fairness and information may easily satisfy himself that the British Government need not shrink from a comparison, either with the transactions of mercantile men, or with those of great public companies. Mr. Dickens, and many other denouncers of the incapacity of the Government, have long indulged in the pleasant habit of looking only at one side of the subject. They read in the newspapers of the failures, the prejudices, and the stupidity of the executive; and it never occurs to them that they do not hear of the cases in which the official mechanism works well. We must have some notion of the magnitude of the operations which the Government has to conduct, before we can duly estimate the immense weight of the testimony in its favour, which is conveyed by the absence of complaint on so many subjects. But the testimony so conveyed is positive as well as negative. Here, as in the other affairs of life, we must look at broad

general results; and from them we may readily gather abundant confirmation of our position, that whatever defects may exist in the administration of public affairs, their general condition proves that much capacity and honesty is employed upon them.

If we turn, for example, to the management of the Revenue, is Mr. Dickens aware of the complexity and extent of the operations which are involved in collecting, disbursing, and accounting for, something like 60,000,000*l.*, and of making such arrangements with respect to it, that there shall always be enough in hand to make every payment at its appointed period, whatever irregularities may occur in the receipt of the income? Has he any notion of the variety and intricacy of the system of accounts which such transactions render necessary? If any mercantile firm had establishments at every seaport and in every considerable inland town; if they employed several thousand servants of different grades, in order to collect an income of the amount which we have mentioned; if they had to adjust their receipts and expenditure with such scrupulous exactness as to be able to pay away about half of their gross income to an immense body of mortgagees by quarterly instalments; and if all the business which these operations implied were conducted with the regularity of clockwork, without gross fraud, with little, if any, peculation, and with such method that the shareholders were annually furnished with accounts embracing the very minutest details of so enormous an outlay, how Mr. Dickens would triumph in contrasting the business-like habits of the middle classes with the blundering stupidity of the Circumlocution Office. Yet this is a literal and most scanty account of the occupations of one single department of that Circumlocution Office which is the subject of Mr. Dickens's extreme contempt.

The administration of the British Empire has no doubt many shortcomings and imperfections, but are we seeking to perpetuate them or to remove them? If a man's house is not to his mind, he either builds a new one or repairs the old one; and whichever of the two operations may be the wisest, there can be no doubt that the English nation have in all constitutional reforms adopted the latter. There has never been at any period of our history a *tabula rasa*, like that which at the end of the last century existed for a time in France, on which homogeneous and consistent structures, either of law or government, could be raised. The consequence is, that our law is full of fictions, and our public offices full of intricacy. This is, no doubt, an evil to be remedied, but it is one which the present generation inherited,

and which earlier generations considered a cheap price for the acquisition of political liberty.

Inefficiency, however, is only one of Mr. Dickens's charges against the Government. Neglect of useful inventions and gross corruption are thrown in by way of makeweight. Thus in the following oracular conversation in 'Little Dorrit':—

'"What I mean to say is, that however this comes to be the re-"gular way of our government, it is its regular way. Have you "ever heard of any proprietor or inventor who failed to find it all "but inaccessible, and whom it did not discourage and ill-treat?"

'"I cannot say I ever have."'

'"Have you ever known it to be beforehand in the adoption of "any useful thing? Ever known it to set an example of any useful "kind?"

'"I am a good deal older than my friend here," said Mr. Meagles, "and I'll answer that. *Never*."' (P. 88.)

With respect to the first of these charges, we may mention one or two specific instances of the application of inventive power to the regular objects of administration. What does Mr. Dickens think of the whole organisation of the Post Office, and of the system of cheap postage, which was invented in this country, and has been adopted by almost every State on the Continent? Every branch of this establishment shows the greatest power of arrangement and contrivance—even mechanical contrivance. Mr. Dickens can never tear a penny stamp from its fellows without having before his eyes an illustration of the watchful ingenuity of this branch of the Circumlocution Office. To take another special illustration: what does Mr. Dickens say to the London Police?. What he has said on the subject, anyone may see, by referring to 'Household Words,' in which he will find the organisation of the force praised in almost hyperbolical language. It is not a little characteristic that Mr. Dickens should praise one branch of the Circumlocution Office in one of his organs, and shortly afterwards denounce the whole institution as a mass of clumsy stupidity in another. There can hardly be a more delicate administrative problem than that of protecting the persons and property without endangering the liberties of the public; and we should feel some curiosity to see a statement by Mr. Dickens of the comparative value of the solutions arrived at by the French, the Russian, and the English Governments.

As to the personal corruption, and the neglect of talent, which Mr. Dickens charges against the Government of the country, we can only say that any careful observer of his method might have predicted with confidence that he would

begin a novel on that subject within a very few months after the establishment of a system of competitive examinations for admission into the Civil Service. He seems, as a general rule, to get his first notions of an abuse from the discussions which accompany its removal, and begins to open his trenches and mount his batteries as soon as the place to be attacked has surrendered. This was his course with respect both to imprisonment for debt and to Chancery reform; but in the present instance, he has attacked an abuse which never existed to anything like the extent which he describes. A large proportion of the higher permanent offices of state have always been filled by men of great talent, whose promotion was owing to their talent. Did Mr. Dickens ever hear that Mr. Hallam, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Phillips, Sir George Barrow, Sir A. Spearman, Sir James Stephen, Sir C. Trevelyan, Mr. Merivale, Mr. Henry Taylor, or Mr. Greg are, or have been, members of the permanent Civil Service? Will he assert that these gentlemen were promoted simply from family motives, or that they are fairly represented by such a lump of folly and conceit as the Mr. Stiltstalking of his story? Or, to take a single and well-known example, how does he account for the career of Mr. Rowland Hill? A gentleman in a private and not very conspicuous position, writes a pamphlet recommending what amounted to a revolution in a most important department of the Government. Did the Circumlocution Office neglect him, traduce him, break his heart, and ruin his fortune? They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out, and yet this is the Government which Mr. Dickens declares to be a sworn foe to talent, and a systematic enemy to ingenuity.

We cannot, however, entirely confine ourselves to looking at the positive side of the question. We must for a moment direct Mr. Dickens's attention to its negative aspects; and we think that it would be a just, though an inadequate, punishment for the language which he has used, if he were obliged to learn from painful experience what other governments are like. If he had to do, for a very little time, with a system in which a set of ill-paid and needy underlings had it in their power to levy black mail upon him, by a hundred petty interferences with the privacy of his house and the freedom of his movements, he might find that King Stork has his faults as well as King Log. It is not agreeable to feel doubts as to the prudence of making a handsome new year's gift to the judge who is to try your cause; nor can it be a pleasant thought for a patriotic mind, that there is not a despatch in any department of

the Government of which copies may not be bought from highly efficient clerks at a very moderate premium. We individually should feel uneasy at the reflection, that several hundred thousand persons, in all classes of society, were absolutely dependent on the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the Central Government for their daily bread; nor would it conciliate our confidence in public men, if rumours were extensively circulated that Ministers were in the habit of making fortunes on the Stock Exchange; and if all these, and many similar features, were extremely common in a great part of the world, and were utterly and absolutely unknown in our own country, we should doubt whether we were much worse governed than our neighbours.

It is one of Mr. Dickens's favourite themes, to compare the modesty, the patience, and the solid business-like sense of his intelligent mechanic, Mr. Doyce, with the blundering inefficiency of the Circumlocution Office. We do not deny the justice of the praise which Mr. Dickens lavishes on Mr. Doyce and his class. It is no doubt well deserved, but we wish to call attention to the fact, that our faith in their good qualities is based entirely upon broad general results, precisely similar to those which, as we say, prove the general ability and honesty of the Government, although the mercantile and mechanical classes have also to account for a vast number of failures of an infinitely more serious kind than those which called into existence Mr. Dickens's extravagant fictions. Look, for example, at any of our great railways. No one who observes the traffic, the organisation, the discipline, and all the various members of those immense establishments, can doubt that a vast deal of skill and energy has been employed in their construction; but if we were disposed to denounce them as utterly corrupt and effete, how superabundant the materials of denunciation would be. Imagine Mr. Dickens idealising Redpath, and filling in the intervals of his story with racy descriptions of the opposition between the North-Western, the Great Northern, and the Great Western; sketches of trucks laid across the line for engines to run into; speculations as to the reasons which induce directors always to send on a coal train ten minutes before they despatch an express; tyrannical invasions of private property, and authentic comparisons of the sums spent in law expenses, with the returns from the branches for which those expenses obtained Acts of Parliament! Let the background of the picture be filled in with broken-hearted lovers mourning over a fall in the price of shares, by which their union is prevented for ever, and angelic widows reading with agonized hearts accounts of the 'smash' which had deprived them for

ever of the society of that virtuous bagman, whose faithful purity and earnestness had for hundreds of pages moved our contempt for the heartless aristocrats with whom he was contrasted. Such a description of English railways would be, neither in kind nor in degree, one whit more unjust, and would not be in its results one-hundredth part as injurious, as the description given in 'Little Dorrit' of the Executive Government of this country.

It is as hard to refute a generality as to answer a sneer, and we therefore feel that in combating such statements as those of Mr. Dickens, we expose ourselves to the retort that we are fighting with shadows of our own raising. With respect to Mr. Charles Reade, our task is far simpler. We have in his case an example of the inevitable necessity which this style of composition imposes upon novelists of distorting facts, which may be brought to a very simple issue indeed. Our objection to such novels is, that, inasmuch as facts are seldom or never so romantic as the exigencies of fiction require, the novelist is tempted to exaggerate, and thereby misrepresent, them, for the purposes of his book. This abuse is very strongly exemplified in the production entitled 'It is never too late to mend.'

Some of our readers are probably aware that about four years ago great complaints were made of the manner in which prisoners were treated in Birmingham Gaol. From disclosures which took place on an inquest held on a boy named Andrews, who hanged himself in that prison, the attention of Government was directed to its management. A commission of inquiry sat upon it in the autumn of the same year, and published a Report, speaking in very strong terms of the conduct of the governor, together with a mass of evidence showing that illegal and cruel punishments had been inflicted on the prisoners during his tenure of office. From the offences thus brought to light, Lieutenant Austin, the governor, was tried and convicted on two indictments at the Warwick assizes in July, 1855, and in the following Michaelmas term was called up for judgment, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Queen's Prison. Some seven or eight months ago Mr. Reade published a novel based on these facts; in which he has not only charged the governor with cruelties far exceeding any that were proved against him, but made them the ground of accusations against the government and the judges, expressed in language as intemperate as the charges themselves are false.

In order to show that there can be no doubt that ——— Gaol, in 'It is never too late to mend,' is identical with Birmingham Prison, we need only say that every single incident in

the novel is founded upon corresponding incidents related in the evidence taken before the Royal Commissioners; the main features of the story are identical with those which we have stated, and the names of the characters introduced are concealed under transparent disguises. Thus, the governor of the prison, Lieut. *Aus*-tin, is represented by Mr. Hawes. Freer, one of the warders, is called Fry; Captain Maconochie, the governor who preceded Lieutenant Austin, is O'Connor; Mr. Luckcock, a magistrate, is described as Mr. Woodcock; Taylor, a prisoner, as Naylor; and the boy, Andrews, who hung himself, is (probably with a reminiscence of Fielding) named Josephs.

We do not propose to undertake the defence either of Lieutenant Austin or of the magistrates of Birmingham. Both, we have no doubt, were very greatly to blame. Lieutenant Austin for a severity of discipline, which, in the words of the Report, showed 'lamentable indifference to human suffering;' and the magistrates for reposing in him such undue confidence, that they allowed the supervision of the prison to pass almost entirely out of their own hands, and the duty of inspection to degenerate into little more than a formal routine.

Whatever practical defects the law of libel may contain, and they are no doubt many, one main feature of its theory has, by very recent legislation, been brought into complete harmony with common sense. To publish any statement tending to injure another is *primâ facie* criminal, and in order to justify any such publication it is necessary to prove not only the truth of the matters charged, but that for some specific reason it was for the public benefit that they should be published. If it be true that the Government and a variety of public officers of various kinds, conspired to defeat the course of justice, and to protect the criminal, there can be no doubt that it is for the public benefit that the fact should be known; and Mr. Reade might say fairly enough that he was justified in bringing Lieutenant Austin again before the public, if by so doing he could prove that the Government had been guilty of great offences hitherto undetected. But Mr. Austin has already suffered severely, though deservedly, for his offences, both in person, in reputation, and in money; and surely, unless some public purpose is to be subserved by holding him up to execration, an author has neither the moral nor legal right to make him, or any man, the villain of a widely-circulated novel.

Blameable, however, as Mr. Austin's conduct undoubtedly was, it was far from being as bad as Mr. Reade represents it to have been. We have taken the trouble of comparing this

novel minutely with the Report and Evidence of the Royal Commission and with the evidence on the trial. The result is highly unfavourable to this romantic mode of following in the track of criminal justice. Most of the cruelties ascribed by Mr. Reade to Lieutenant Austin have some foundation in fact. We have even been able to discover some which have been stated pretty fairly; but he has almost always added just as many incidents as were required in order to make the difference between unjustifiable severity and the required melodramatic devilishness of character. One or two specimens of this style of popular composition will suffice. We select a general description of what Mr. Reade leads his readers to consider the characteristics of prison discipline in English Penitentiaries, for which (if true) the Government, the Parliament, the Magistrates, and the Courts of Law are responsible.

'A thick dark pall of silence and woe hung over its huge walls. If a voice was heard above a whisper it was sure to be either a cry of anguish or a fierce command to inflict anguish. Two or three were crucified every day; the rest expected crucifixion from morning till night. No man felt safe an hour; no man had the means of averting punishment; all were at the mercy of a tyrant. Threats, frightful, fierce, and mysterious, hung like weights over every soul and body. Whenever a prisoner met an officer, he cowered and hurried crouching by like a dog passing a man with a whip in his hand; and as he passed he trembled at the thunder of his own footsteps, and wished to heaven they would not draw so much attention to him by ringing so clear through that huge silent tomb. When an officer met the governor he tried to slip by with a hurried salute lest he should be stopped, abused, and sworn at.

'The earnest man fell hardest upon the young; boys and children were favourite victims; but his favourites of all were poor Robinson and little Josephs. These were at the head of the long list he crucified, he parched, he famished, he robbed of prayer, of light, of rest, and hope. He disciplined the sick; he closed the infirmary again. That large room, furnished with comforts, nurses, and air, was an inconsistency.

'"A new prison is a collection of cells," said Hawes. The infirmary was a spot in the sun. The exercise-yard in this prison was a twelve-box stable for creatures concluded to be wild beasts. The labour-yard was a fifteen-stall stable for ditto. The house of God an eighty-stall stable, into which the wild beasts were dispersed for public worship made private. Here in early days, before Hawes was ripe, they assembled apart and repeated prayers; and sang hymns on Sunday. But Hawes found out that though the men were stabled apart their voices were refractory and mingled in the air, and with their voices their hearts might, who knows? He pointed this out to the justices, who shook their skulls and stopped the men's responses and hymns. The animals cut the choruses out of the English liturgy

with as little ceremony and as good effect as they would have cut the choruses out of Handel's "Messiah," if the theory they were working had been a musical instead of a moral one.

'So far so good; but the infirmary had escaped Justice Shallow and Justice Woodcock. Hawes abolished that.

'Discipline before all. Not because a fellow is sick is he to break discipline.

'So the sick lay in their narrow cells gasping in vain for fresh air, gasping in vain for some cooling drink, or some little simple delicacy to incite their enfeebled appetite.

'The dying were locked up at the fixed hour for locking up, and found dead at the fixed hour for opening. How they had died — no one knew. At what hour they had died — no one knew. Whether in some choking struggle a human hand might have saved them by changing a suffocating position or the like — no one knew.

'But this all knew — that these our sinful brethren had died, not like men, but like vultures in the great desert. They were separated from their kith and kin, who, however brutal, would have said a kind word and done a tender thing or two for them at that awful hour; and nothing allowed them in exchange, not even the routine attentions of a prison nurse; they were in darkness and alone when the king of terrors came to them and wrestled with them: all men had turned their backs on them, no creature near to wipe the dews of death, to put a cool hand to the brow, or soften the intensity of the last sad sigh that carried their souls from earth. Thus they passed away, punished lawlessly by the law till they succumbed, and then since they were no longer food for torture, ignored by the law and abandoned by the human race.

'They locked up one dying man at eight o'clock. At midnight the thirst of death came on him. He prayed for a drop of water, but there was none to hear him. Parched and gasping the miserable man got out of bed and groped and groped for his tin mug, but before he could drink the death agony seized him. When they unlocked him in the morning they found him a corpse on the floor with the mug in his hand and the water spilled on the floor. They wrenched the prison property out of its dead hand, and flung the carcase itself upon the bed as if it had been the clay cast of a dog, not the remains of a man.

'All was of a piece. The living tortured; the dying abandoned; the dead kicked out of the way.' (Pp. 169, 170.)

We might draw out illustrations of this kind to any length; but as our object is not to discuss the character of Lieutenant Austin, but to illustrate the character of novels founded on fact, we will content ourselves with the most specific misstatements.

The first, refers to the case of the boy Andrews, who hung himself. The punishments inflicted upon him consisted, partly in reducing his diet to bread and water, partly in depriving him of his bed and gas, and partly and principally in the application

of an instrument called the punishment-jacket, by which the person punished was attached to the wall by a strap round his arms, which were also confined in a strait waistcoat, whilst a stiff leather collar was fastened round his neck. Mr. Reade's case is, that by excessive application of these punishments, the boy was driven to suicide, and that an excuse for punishing him was found, by setting him tasks of hard labour greater than he could perform, and which in fact he did not perform.

In this story we have detected the following exaggerations:—

1. At p. 173., Mr. Reade calls the leather collar surrounding the boy's neck 'a high circular-saw;' and in another passage he describes it as left unbound at the edges, so as to be jagged. Of this there is no evidence whatever in the Report. The collar was unbound, but not jagged.

2. At p. 84., Mr. Reade says, 'that the governor gave the 'lad 8000 turns (of the crank) to do in four and a half hours.' At p. 170., he says, 'Between breakfast and dinner' (which would be four and a half hours) 'he was set 5000 turns of a 'heavy crank.' Both these numbers are exaggerations. The real number was 4000.

3. At the same pages, Mr. Reade says, that 'Josephs never 'succeeded in performing these preposterous tasks;' and that 'he (Hawes) knew the boy *could not do it.* It was only a 'formula he had for punishing the lad.' At p. xi. of the Report, we find these words: 'We examined the amount of crank-'labour which Edward Andrews had performed, and found a 'record of his labour at the crank on every weekday, from 'March 30. to April 23. He was deficient on the 30th 'and 31st of March, and on the 16th and 19th of April. On 'all the other days he completed his assigned amount of labour, 'and on several (seven) days *exceeded it.*'

4. At p. 171., Mr. Reade describes Josephs as presenting the appearance of 'a small but aged man, shambling stiffly, 'with joints stiffened by perpetual crucifixion and by rheuma-'tism, that had been caused by being perpetually wetted 'through.' This is incorrect. Andrews gained two pounds in weight during his confinement, and there were no marks of violence on the body.* As to the perpetual wetting, he was wetted once.

5. At pp. 172-3., Mr. Reade describes Josephs as having been confined in the punishment-jacket on the afternoon before his suicide. He was not so confined for three days before his

* Evidence of Mr. Blount, p. 154., supported by affidavit of Mr. Lakin.

suicide. This is important, because the proximate cause of his hanging himself was not any punishment inflicted by Lieutenant Austin, but a threat to report him to the magistrates.

6. The governor is represented at p. 172. as abusing him. No such abuse took place, and the habitual use of profane language on the part of the governor was disproved on oath.

7. At p. 176., it is said that Josephs was deprived of his bed for the whole night. He was deprived of it only from eight to ten P.M., which left him eight hours' sleep. This is a most material exaggeration, as will appear immediately.

8. It is asserted in the same page, and at p. 174., that water was thrown over him when in the punishment-jacket, and that he was left all night in his wet clothes. It is true that the water was thrown over him, but not that he was kept in wet clothes.

9. It is asserted that when the boy was put into the jacket, the governor ordered the straps to be drawn tighter. This is quite imaginary.

10. It is asserted (p. 177.) that Josephs hung himself at one A.M., watching till the prison officers were out of the way. He hung himself at ten P.M., when the warder would come round to bring in his bed. He was not quite dead when he was cut down*; and—though it was no part of the prison discipline—he had cleaned the can in which he would have received his breakfast next morning. We gather these facts from the subsequent proceedings at the trial, and in London, and not from the Report; so that Mr. Reade is perhaps not to blame for having omitted them, though he is greatly to blame for altering the time of the suicide so as to put beyond all doubt an intention which, on the evidence before the Commissioners, was only matter of conjecture.

After this illustration—and it is only an illustration of Mr. Reade's method—we may notice a few other points in a more concise manner. Mr. Reade, for example, makes a great deal of Mr. Austin's conduct towards a man named Hunt (called in the novel Carter), into whose mouth some salt was put by the surgeon. The exaggerations in this case resemble those which we have already noticed in the case of Andrews so much, that we will only say that Mr. Reade not only exaggerates the story, but omits all mention of the fact that it formed the subject of one of the indictments on which Lieutenant Austin was tried at Warwick, and that he was *acquitted* on the very same evi-

* Report of proceedings in London in R. v. Austin. Birmingham Journal, 28th Nov. 1855.

dence, with an unimportant exception, which was laid before the Commissioners, and acquitted by the same jury which had convicted him of the assaults upon Andrews.

Such is a specimen of the misrepresentations into which a writer of fictions founded upon fact may be led.

The extent of Mr. Austin's criminality, which we have no wish to deny or to palliate, is only to be ascertained by a conscientious and dispassionate inquiry into facts; and it will be apparent from two extracts,—the one from Mr. Reade's novel, the other from Mr. Justice Coleridge's address in passing sentence,—that the way in which that investigation is conducted must make a most serious difference to the person principally concerned.

'This unhappy dolt,' says Mr. Reade of the Governor, 'must still, like his prisoners and the rest of us, have some excitement to keep him from going dead. What more natural than that such a nature should find its excitement in tormenting; and that by degrees this excitement should become, first a habit, then a need? Torture had grown upon stupid, earnest Hawes; it seasoned that white of egg, a mindless existence.'

Considering that this is mere matter of inference, it is rather strong language, even for a novelist. Mr. Reade may not attach much importance to the opinion of the judge who passed sentence on Lieutenant Austin, inasmuch as he considers him a 'dolt,' a 'fool,' an 'idiot,' 'vermin,' and 'not a lawyer.' The rest of the world, however, have not yet learnt to apply this language to Mr. Justice Coleridge, and will therefore perhaps be glad to hear that, after a careful judicial inquiry into these astounding and revolting charges, that Judge said to Lieutenant Austin, 'The Court are satisfied, from the character 'you have borne for a number of years, and from statements 'in your affidavits, that *deliberate cruelty and inhumanity were* '*never conceived by you.*'

In quitting this part of the subject, we feel bound to warn our readers that the general conclusion which we have drawn from a careful examination of Mr. Reade's book, with the authorities on which it professes to be founded, is, that it hardly contains a single statement of a matter of fact which can be entirely depended upon, though every statement respecting —— Gaol, which it contains, is founded upon something mentioned in the Report of the Commissioners who inquired into Birmingham Prison. We will now proceed to show that it has a most important bearing on a subject of far greater public interest.

Besides his attacks upon the governor of the prison, Mr. Reade

speaks with the most extreme violence of the conduct of the visiting magistrates, of the supineness of the 'unconscientious 'flunkeys, humbugs, hirelings, whom God confound on earth,' usually known as the Home Office; of the inspector of prisons for the district; and of a corrupt conspiracy between a great variety of persons in order to pervert the course of justice: and inasmuch as the description of Lieutenant Austin's misdeeds affords the principal foundation for these attacks, it is obvious that by exaggerating the facts, additional weight is given to these inferences. The attack upon the magistrates, though exaggerated in one or two very material points, has nevertheless so strong a basis of truth that we shall only refer to it incidentally. There can be no doubt that they grievously neglected their duty in the careless manner in which the gaol was superintended, though several facts which make in their favour are omitted by Mr. Reade, whilst others which make against them are exaggerated, from his usual habit of looking upon the production of melodramatic effect as superior to every other human consideration. We will compare the facts attending the discovery of the mismanagement of the prison, as given by Mr. Reade, with the same facts as they appear in the Report.

Andrews hung himself on the 27th of April, 1853. The inquest on his body followed immediately. On the 3rd of May Mr. Wills, the Chairman of the Board of Visiting Justices, applied to the coroner for his notes of the evidence. He did not get them till the 4th, but from verbal information which the coroner gave him on the 3rd, he immediately went to the prison in company with another magistrate, conversed upon the matter with Lieutenant Austin, gave orders for the discontinuance of the illegal punishments then ascertained to exist, took possession of the leather collars which formed the worst part of the punishment-jacket, and ordered that the strait waistcoat and straps should only be used for purposes of restraint in cases of great personal violence, and not for purposes of punishment; and he made a report to the Committee of Visiting Justices on the very next day (Ev. p. 475—6.). Mr. Wills at this time had only been a visiting justice for ten days, though he had previously held that office for some months in the time of Captain Maconochie.

Now how does Mr. Reade represent these facts? The most prominent member (though he is not explicitly called the Chairman) of the visiting justices in the novel is called Mr. Williams, and he is represented as the unscrupulous partisan and advocate of Lieutenant Austin, whose credit he upholds notwithstanding the discoveries of the inspector; so that Mr. Wills is made in

the novel to defend the very acts to which he in reality put a stop.* But Mr. Reade withheld from Mr. Wills the credit of the exposure because he is an unpaid magistrate, a class for which Mr. Reade cannot express his contempt in sufficiently forcible language. As, however, it was necessary for the purposes of the novel, that the cruelties of the governor should be brought to light somehow, a totally imaginary chaplain is introduced, who unites all sorts of virtues, physical and moral, and who drags the culprits to punishment.

Mr. Reade always delights to contrast 'holy Church' and 'unholy State' to the disadvantage of the latter; and we shall point out immediately the manner in which the 'man of God' is said to have done what Mr. Wills actually did. In the meantime we will only remark that Mr. Reade's virtuous zeal would go a long way to leave us without any government at all, for he is quite as hard as Mr. Dickens upon the Circumlocution Office, as he is upon the unpaid magistracy. He is extremely indignant about the clerks in public offices, 'the 'eighty pounders, who execute England;' and there could not be a more curious illustration of his views on that point than his abuse of Mr. Perry, the inspector of prisons. Not only does he make no complaint against that gentleman, but his representative in the novel, Mr. Lacy, is the *Deus ex machinâ* who turns Mr. Hawes out of the gaol, and sets up Mr. Eden in his stead. Still Mr. Lacy is guilty of the crime of being a public servant, a 'hireling,' and Mr. Reade feels bound to express his sense of the offence in the following manner: —

'Then in that gloomy abode of blood and tears Heaven wrought a miracle. One who for twenty years past had been an official, became a man for full five minutes. Light burst on him. Nature rushed back upon her truant son, and seized her long-forgotten empire. The frost and reserve of office melted like snow in summer before the sun of religion and humanity. How unreal and idle appeared now the twenty years gone in tape and circumlocution! Away went his life

* It is fair to Mr. Reade to add, that he may have been misled by a mistake in the Report as to the length of time during which Mr. Wills had held office. The Report, p. xxxvii., states that he had been a visiting justice for several months. It appears from the evidence that this was not the case. We should also remark, that Mr. Wills joined in a report from the visiting magistrates to the Home Office, which would certainly seem to have taken too lenient a view of Lieutenant Austin's conduct. But, in making that report, the whole of the evidence (partly, no doubt, in consequence of what would seem to have been a mistake in judgment on their part) was not before them; and the Commissioners say, 'We are satisfied that they (the 'magistrates) heard the details of the occurrences in the gaol, as they 'were disclosed before us, with much pain and regret.' (P. xxxvii.)

of shadows—his career of watery polysyllables meandering through the great desert into the Dead Sea. He awoke from his desk, and saw the corpse of an Englishman murdered by routine, and the tears of a man of God dripping upon it.

'Then his soul burst its desk, and his heart broke its polysyllables and its tapen bonds, and the man of office came quickly to the man of God, and seized his hand with both his, which shook very much, and pressed it again and again and again, and his eyes glistened, and his voice faltered.' (P. 221.)

The best reward that Mr. Reade can bestow upon an efficient public servant is the hope that he may have grace to repent of being one. Mr. Reade brings no charge whatever against Mr. Perry except that of being a public servant who performed his duty. But his antipathies grow like circles in water. After libelling Mr. Wills and abusing Mr. Perry, he goes a step further, and attacks the Home Office. Mr. Eden (the imaginary chaplain) is represented as writing a letter to that department, in which he denounces the abuses of the prison. He is told, after some delay, that the inspector is on his circuit, and that in about six weeks time he will arrive in —— Gaol. Hereupon Mr. Eden goes up into the seventh heaven of fury, and 'flesh 'and blood addresses gutta-percha' in a series of dithyrambs conceived in a sort of madhouse style, in which, amongst other things, he states his intention of applying to the Queen in person, if he is not attended to. Hereupon he receives what he acknowledges to be a gentlemanlike letter, to the effect that 'a person 'connected with the Home Department would soon arrive;' and the much reviled Mr. Lacy comes accordingly. This is the novel. Now for the fact.

The first intimation which the Government, or Mr. Perry, received to the effect that there was anything wrong in the management of the prison, appears to have been derived from the newspaper reports of the inquest on Andrews. As soon as Mr. Perry read this report he wrote to the chaplain, to know whether his evidence was correctly reported, and on hearing that it was, he went down to investigate the subject. The inquest was concluded on May 3rd. Mr. Perry's inquiry began on May 16th, and ended on the 23rd (Ev. p. 492.). These proceedings appear to have been known to, and were probably concerted with, the Home Office. (Rep. p. v.) So far therefore from its being true that the Home Office was warned of the misconduct of Lieutenant Austin many weeks before the suicide of Andrews, and that they neglected the warning till it was repeatedly urged upon them, it would seem that without

any official intimation of the fact whatever, they directed an inquiry within a few days after it came to light.

Even this is not all. The climax of Mr. Reade's frenzy, as we have already observed, is reserved for the Courts of Law. No language except that of simple quotation can do justice to the indescribable mixture of folly, ignorance, and presumption which is contained in the following passages:—

'A Royal Commission sat on —— Gaol, and elicited all the butchery I have related, and a good deal more. The journals gave an able sketch of the horrors of that hell, and a name or two out of the long list of the victims done to death by solitude, starvation, violence, and accumulated tortures of soul and body.

'The nation cried "shame!" and then all good citizens waited in honest confidence, that next month the sword of justice would fall on the manslayer.

'Well, months and months rolled away, and still, somehow, no justice came to poor little murdered Josephs and his fellow-martyrs. Their sufferings, and the manner of their destruction, had made all the flesh and blood in the nation thrill with pity and anger; but one little clique remained gutta-percha — the clerks that executed England.

'Then "The Times" raised its lash, and threatened that band of heartless hirelings. "You shall not leave us stained with all this "blood shed lawlessly," said "The Times." Then these hirelings began to do, for fear of the New Bailey in Printing-House Yard, what they had not done for fear of God, or pity of the deceased, or love of justice, or respect for law and public morals, or for the honour of the nation and the credit of the human race.

'They brought an indictment against Messrs. Hawes and Sawyer. But the mannikin who marches towards his duty, because a man's toe is applied to his sense of honour, may show fight, but he seldom fights. Our hirelings of Xerxes illustrated this trait of nature at every step. They indicted Messrs. Hawes and Sawyer for what, do you suppose? He had starved men to death, which the law has, ere this, pronounced to be murder. A gaoler was hanged in Paris for a single murder thus effected. Did they indict this man for murder? No! He had driven men to suicide by illegal bodily tortures, and illegal mental tortures and felonious practices, without number, which is manslaughter. Did they indict him for manslaughter? No! They only indicted him for prisoner-slaughter; and they estimated this act at what? At a misdemeanour!

'The misdemeanour of manslaughter in a prison was tried at last in open court at the county assize. The friendly prosecutor brought as few witnesses to Mr. Hawes's misdemeanours — or shall we say breaches of etiquette — as possible. I cannot find that any of the sufferers by his little misconduct were brought into court; yet they might have been; they were not all dead. Like soldiers in battle, there were nine wounded for every one killed. The prosecution seems to have been rested on the evidence of the prisoner's servants

and confederates. Whether this arrangement was taken at the express request of the prisoner, or originated with his friendly antagonists, I don't know.

'Then came another phenomenon of this strange business. The judge, instead of completing the case, and taking his share in the day's business (as the counsel and the jury had theirs), by passing sentence on the evidence and on the spot, deferred his judgment.

'Now this was an act opposed to the custom of English Courts in criminal cases. A judge is a slave of precedents.

'Why, then, did the slave of precedent defy precedent?

'We shall see.

'Three mortal months after the trial, the promised judgment was pronounced. Where? In London, a hundred miles from the jury and the public that had heard the evidence. The judgment was not only deferred, it was transferred. Thus two objects were gained; the honest heart of the public had time to cool; fresh events, in an eventful age, had displaced the memory of murdered Josephs and his fellow-martyrs; and so the prisoner-slayer was to be shuffled away safe, unnoticed, and the absence secured of the English public from a judgment which the judge knew would insult their hearts and consciences.

'The judgment thus smuggled into law, delivered on the sly before a handful of people who could not judge the judgment, because they were not the people that had heard the evidence. This judgment—what was it when it came?

'It was the sort of thing this trickery had led discerning men to expect.

'It was three months' imprisonment!' (P. 462-4.)

Every single imputation contained in this passage is utterly baseless. Its style would, no doubt, protect it from criticism, if it did not deal with facts; but the relation between the facts and the novel is so instructive, that we will answer it at length. There was, says Mr. Reade, a plot to stifle justice, and this is proved by the delay in the prosecution. The report of the Commissioners is dated Jan. 25. 1854, and it was shortly afterwards laid before the two houses of Parliament. Lieutenant Austin was not indicted till the spring assizes of 1855, when the indictment was removed by *certiorari* in order to obtain a special jury. It was held at the following summer assizes. Thus two opportunities of proceeding against him, afforded by the Lent and Summer Circuits of 1854, were lost. If it be said that owing to the pressure of legal and parliamentary business, the prosecution of Lieutenant Austin was for some months postponed, we should be inclined to found upon this fact the obvious but prosaic conclusion, that we stand greatly in need of a more efficient system of public prosecutors, and of a redistribution of the legal year, arrangements by which the

transaction of the criminal business of the country would be much facilitated. This is our conjecture. It is far too tame a solution to suggest itself to Mr. Reade. Nothing will satisfy him but the view that the delay was the result of a wicked conspiracy. Let us compare the probabilities of the two suggestions. The objection to that which we propose is simply that it is not amusing; but in order to arrive at Mr. Reade's, we must suppose that one of the most honourable judges on the bench, the attorney-general, three barristers quite unconnected with party, and occupying a distinguished position in their profession, the solicitor to the Treasury, and one of the largest firms at Birmingham, conspired to pervert the course of justice and to screen from punishment a delinquent in whom they had no conceivable interest; all which appears to Mr. Reade so perfectly natural, as to excite no surprise, and call for no other proof than the fact that the proceedings were tardy. If he were cool enough to reason at all, it ought surely to occur to him to ask, what possible motive could incline so many persons to do an act so disgraceful. Who are the mysterious 'clerks' who could dictate to an English judge, and to members of the English bar, if they had ever so strong a desire to do so? And what clerks were there in any public office in the country who could have the smallest possible motive for shielding Lieutenant Austin? He was not the servant of the Government in any sense whatever. He held his appointment not from the Queen, but from the borough of Birmingham; and it is childish to suppose that the fate of a person, of whom the most that could be said was that he was a half-pay lieutenant, and that two years before he had been governor of a gaol, could be a matter of sufficient importance to induce five persons, one of them a judge, and the other four members of the 'Godlike public,' which, according to Mr. Reade, delights to be governed by the greatest fools in the country, to join in a conspiracy against common humanity and the law of the land.

But Mr. Reade favours us with a little more law. He tells us that the proper witnesses were not called. Lieutenant Austin was indicted on seven indictments, charging him respectively with acts of cruelty to Andrews, to Hunt, to Brown, to Wilks, to Maiden, and to Plant, and with making false entries in the prison books. That in the choice of the cases to be prosecuted, Government showed no lenity to Mr. Austin is conclusively proved, as against Mr. Reade, by the fact that they are identical with those which he has selected for the basis of his exaggerations. Mr. Austin was tried upon two of these indictments, one relating to Andrews, on which he was convicted;

and the other to Hunt, on which he was acquitted; and he pleaded guilty to the one which charged him with omitting to make entries in the prison books, stating, at the same time, that those omissions were not made from an intention to deceive the magistrates. The counsel for the Crown thereupon (we quote Mr. Whateley's affidavit in aggravation of punishment) 'con-'sented and agreed to enter a *nolle prosequi* upon the five re-'maining indictments . . . . the same being, as was then 'stated by the said counsel, assaults and punishments of a like 'nature and character with those which had been proved upon 'the trial of the indictment relating to the case of the said 'Edward Andrews; and it was then also expressly stated, by 'said learned counsel, as a condition of not proceeding with 'the remaining indictments, that the case of said Edward 'Andrews should not be afterwards presented to this Honour-'able Court as a single and isolated case.' Who, then, were the witnesses called for the Crown in Andrews's case? They were Mr. Hillyard, William Browne, Thomas Freer, the Rev. Ambrose Sherwin, Thomas Brooks, John Wood, and William Taylor, who were officers of the prison, and Mr. Underhay, an engineer. In Hunt's case the witnesses were Daniel Hartwell and Alfred Wood. A third man, Pearce, also a warder, was present at the assault, and was before the Commissioners: but at the time of the trial he was in the Crimea. The witnesses in both cases, with the exception of Pearce and Mr. Hillyard (whose evidence was of little importance), and that of Messrs. Austin and Blunt, who by law could not be called against themselves, were identical with those who were examined before the Commissioners. Andrews could not be examined, because he was dead. Hunt was mad, and was not examined before the Commissioners. Who else could have been called? This, however conclusive, is not all. The case was surrounded with difficulty. All the principal witnesses against Mr. Austin were technically, though not morally, involved in his guilt, and might have completely defeated the prosecution by refusing to answer questions criminating themselves. Here was a loophole for a friendly prosecutor. If the counsel for the prosecution had entered into the vile compact charged against them, how easy it would have been to have hinted to the counsel for the prisoner the propriety of taking this objection. Did they do so? We call Mr. Reade's particular attention to the following fact, now made public for the first time, which we hope will teach him the value of such random accusations. In order to meet this possible objection a pardon under the Great Seal was procured for all the witnesses

in the case, and was in court during the trial, to be used if the occasion should arise.

'But why was not sentence passed at the trial?' says Mr. Reade. 'An English judge is the slave of precedent; why 'did he break through it on this occasion?' Mr. Justice Coleridge not only did not break through precedent, but acted in the strictest conformity with it. When indictments are removed (in order to be tried by a Special Jury), to the Nisi Prius side of the Court, the judges could not, in former times, pass sentence at once; they were only enabled to do so by the 11 Geo. 4., and 1 W. 4. c. 70. § 9.; and they only exercise that discretion when the offence is of a sufficiently simple and common nature to enable the judge to decide at once upon the punishment which it requires. The reason why judgment was deferred in Lieutenant Austin's case was, that it was a case of an important and complicated nature, in which punishment could not be fairly apportioned, without reference to the whole of the prisoner's character and conduct; and for this purpose, time was given to the prisoner to produce affidavits in mitigation, and to the Crown to produce affidavits in aggravation, of punishment. This was accordingly done; and we can only say, that if Lieutenant Austin had not felt that his case was one in which further investigation was likely to be beneficial to him, he would hardly have given an opportunity to Sir A. Cockburn of addressing to the Court of Queen's Bench a speech in aggravation of punishment, strongly marked by his extraordinary ability and healthy indignation against wrong doing. It is mere folly and childishness to say, that a judgment given in full term, in the Court of Queen's Bench, after addresses from Sir F. Thesiger and Sir A. Cockburn, was more private than a judgment given at the very fag end of the Warwick Assizes.

Having thus shown that Mr. Reade is wrong in his facts, wrong in his law, and wrong in his logic; we need not insist very much on the probability that he would be wrong in his conclusion upon the justice of the sentence of the Court. We shall therefore conclude our remarks by contrasting the view which Lord Campbell, Mr. Justice Coleridge, and Mr. Justice Erle took of Lieutenant Austin's case, with the grand concluding burst of the petulant *littérateur*, who has arraigned *them* at his bar. Mr. Justice Coleridge in passing sentence told the prisoner, that the Court were of opinion, that the omissions in the prison books arose from inadvertency; that if they had been of a contrary opinion, they should have punished him very severely. That they thought his system of

punishment was 'capable of inflicting great pain,' and that it might be feared that it had led to fatal results. That the position of the governor of a gaol was one of great difficulty; that it appeared to the Court that he was not guilty of deliberate cruelty; and that they felt that he ought to be punished for the assaults which he had committed, and not for the consequences which they might have produced. In consideration of these circumstances, they sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in the Queen's Prison. The sentence was no doubt lenient, but we think that our readers will agree with us in feeling that it was anything but illusory, and that it was one which the Court had a perfect right to pronounce.

Now for Mr. Reade's view of the case (p. 465.): —

'The vermin thought they were in the dark, and could do anything now with impunity. Nobody will track our steps any further than the want-of-judgment-seat, thought they, and I confess that I for one was weak enough to track them no further. Fools! they had heard of God's eye to which the darkness is no darkness, but did not believe it; but he saw and revealed it to me by one of those things that men call strange accidents.

'It now remains for me, who am a public functionary though not a hireling, to do the rest of my duty.

'I revoke that sentence with all the blunders on which it was founded. Instead of becoming, as other judicial decisions do, a precedent for future judges, it shall be a beacon they shall avoid. It shall lie among the decisions of lawyers, but it shall never mix with them. It shall stand alone in all its oblique pity, its straightforward cruelty and absurdity; and no judge shall dare copy it while I am alive; for if he does, I swear to him by the God that made me, that all I have yet said is to what I will print of *him* as a lady's whip to a thresher's flail. I promise him on my honour as a writer and no hireling, I will buy a sheet of paper as big as a barn door, and nail him to it by his name as we nail a pole-cat by the throat. I will take him by one ear to Calcutta, and from Calcutta to Sydney; and by the other from London viâ Liverpool to New York and Boston. The sun shall never set upon his gibbet, and when his bones are rotten his shame shall live—Ay! though he was thirty years upon the bench posterity shall know little about his name, and *feel* nothing about it but this—that it is the name of a muddlehead, who gained and merited my loathing, my horror, my scorn!

'The civilised races, and I their temporary representative, revoke that sentence from the rising to the setting sun in every land where the English tongue is spoken.'

In quieter language, if any judge presumes to differ from Mr. Reade he will swear at him so frightfully that he shall never be remembered for anything else. We feel that no language of ours can add to the effect of this hysterical effusion.

That a man should write such nonsense in a momentary fit of excitement is credible, though strange; but that he should print it, correct the proofs, and send out five editions of it to the world, and that the book in which it appears should achieve very considerable, and even remarkable success, are curious social phenomena.

We have quoted these passages, as we might quote fifty more, not in order to show the quality of the individual intellect of Mr. Reade, but as a sample of the structure of a mind which has so hearty a contempt for the constituted framework of society. Mr. Reade caricatures the views of the world, so often professed by men of his class; he goes, for example, a long way beyond Mr. Dickens, but whether the contempt expressed for society as it stands, is greater or less, it constantly appears in the class of books to which we are referring, and wherever it exists, it is an infallible indication of an irritable fibre and feeble understanding. We need not go far to see what consequences follow from the propagation of this fretful temperament. The French 'literature of desperation,' which was so popular under Louis-Philippe, is a rather more violent form of the same disease; and we all know what were its consequences. A *muliebris impotentia* of thought and speech paves the way to profligate morals, religious scepticism, and political tyranny, just as surely as drinking produces *delirium tremens.* We have not gone far in this miserable path; English life is too active, English spheres of action too wide, English freedom too deeply rooted to be endangered by a set of bacchanals, drunk with green tea, and not protected by petticoats. Still, in the midst of boundless luxury and insatiable thirst for amusement, we have raised a class of writers who show strong sympathies for all that is most opposite to the very foundations of English life. Mr. Reade is so illogical that it is impossible to prove that he would dislike any one form of government less than any other; but his sympathies, like Mr. Dickens's express doctrines, set toward despotism. In 'Little Dorrit' Russia is set up as the pattern for England. Our motto is, 'how 'not to do it;' theirs 'how to do it.' Mr. Reade always invokes some kind of moral 'big brother' to come and settle his difficulties. An heroic clergyman, armed with all gifts, physical, moral, and intellectual; who can repeat by heart 'thousands of pages' of Greek and Latin; who is 'a pupil 'of Bendigo'; sets Birmingham Gaol to rights by a sort of *tour de force.* Unpaid magistrates are an abomination; judges who act by precedent are 'hirelings.' A good theatrical government, interfering in domestic affairs, like the virtuous

British farmers, at the Adelphi, to give the repentant lovers their blessing and a fortune, and destroy the villain of the piece, without judge or jury, would fulfil the ideal of the authors of 'Little Dorrit,' and 'It is never too late to mend.' That the ignorant and the young should amuse themselves with such things, is to be expected, but it is utterly unpardonable in grown-up men, to draw such wretched conclusions as these, from the spectacle afforded to them by England as it is, and England as it has been. That they are ignorant of politics and of history is their only excuse. To a mind which has any sympathy with all that is most noble in real, not ideal, human nature, there is something so grand and so touching in that great drama of which the present generation forms a part, that it is hard to speak with patience of those who fail to recognise its existence. The infinite labour which has been expended upon various parts of the social edifice of this country; the vehement discussion which has attended every change in it; the conflicting influences, which lines of thought and feeling the most radically opposed have exercised over its various members; the calm forbearance which is daily shown in maintaining our innumerable social compromises; the freedom secured to all just criticism; the good temper and good sense which refuse to push principles partially adopted to inconvenient conclusions—unite to invest English society with an historical dignity; and we regret that there are men living in it for no better purpose than to exaggerate and deride its defects.

These observations are more particularly addressed to the misrepresentations and exaggerations resorted to by modern novelists in their descriptions of public institutions and public abuses; but we are compelled to add that they have not always respected the domain of private charity and the recesses of private life. It is impossible to speak without the deepest interest and sympathy of the genius, the trials, and the fate of Charlotte Brontë. Her novels hold, and deserve to hold, a place in English literature from their intrinsic power, from their nervous style, from their daring vigour and subtle analysis, which few books of the same class have ever obtained. But when we learn, from the records of her life, within how dark and narrow a boundary that fiery spirit dwelt and toiled,—when we see how that frail body, that suffering constitution, that half-distracted family, that cheerless home, that scanty household, that still more scanty experience of the pleasures and sympathies of life, crushed the vehement aspirations of a child of genius for love, and happiness, and freedom,—we recur to her works with amazement, and we grudge no portion of the fame which rests

upon her melancholy story and her early grave. Yet it must be said that in drawing from her own experiences the materials of her novels — for Miss Brontë's writings partake more of reality than of imagination — she greatly abused the license of her art. The description of the Lowood school in 'Jane Eyre,' is evidently the result of a morbid impression on the mind of a highly sensitive child of nine years old, wrought by painful associations and great imaginative fervour into a scene of torment; but it is due to the estimable persons who have been connected with that institution, to state that the frightful charges brought against it by Miss Brontë are denied, and that the charitable designs of its founders have not been perverted in the manner she has led her readers to suppose. On this point we are content to take Mrs. Gaskell's own account of her heroine's mode of proceeding.

'Miss Brontë more than once said to me that she should not have written what she did of Lowood in "Jane Eyre," if she thought the place would have been so immediately identified with Cowan's Bridge, although there was not a word in her account of the institution but what was true at the time when she knew it; she also said that *she had not considered it necessary, in a work of fiction, to state every particular with the impartiality* that might be required in a court of justice, nor to seek out motives and make allowance for human feelings, as she might have done, if dispassionately analyzing the conduct of those who had the superintendence of the institution. I believe she herself would have been glad of an opportunity to correct the overstrong impression which was made upon the public mind by her vivid picture; though even she, suffering her whole life long, both in heart and body, from the consequences of what happened there, might have been apt to the last to take her deep belief in facts for the facts themselves—her conception of truth for the absolute truth.' (*Life of C. Brontë*, vol. i. p. 64.)

Again, we are assured by persons who received their education (and a very good education Miss Brontë herself proves it to have been) at the school to which she was attached in Brussels, that nothing can be more unjust than the aspersions she has thrown in 'Villette' on that establishment, and on the excellent persons who managed it. The three curates, who figure in 'Shirley,' conspicuous for different degrees of folly, vulgarity, and impertinence, are, we are told by Miss Brontë's biographer, three gentlemen well known at the time in the neighbourhood of Howarth, who have had the good taste to accept this caricature as a joke. But if the habits of social intercourse, if personal peculiarities, and even the arrangements of charitable institutions, are to be exhibited to the world in the colours of an *auto-de-fê* — bedaubed with gamboge and emblazoned with

devils — the novelists will become a pest to literature, and they will degrade, as some of them have already degraded, their talents to the service of malignant passions, calumny, and falsehood.

Nor can we, with a due regard to literary justice, pass over in silence the grave offence of a similar character of which Mrs. Gaskell, the biographer of Miss Brontë, has herself been guilty. The life of this remarkable woman has been read with an avidity which does not surprise us, for both the subject and the manner of the book are well calculated to excite the deepest interest. But Mrs. Gaskell appears to have learnt the art of the novel-writer so well that she cannot discharge from her palette the colours she has used in the pages of 'Mary Barton' and 'Ruth.' This biography opens precisely like a novel, and the skilful arrangement of lights and shades and colours — the prominence of some objects and the evident suppression of others — leave on the mind the excitement of a highly-wrought drama, rather than the simplicity of daylight and of nature. To heighten the interest of this strange representation, and also to assert her own imperious sense of moral obligations, the biographer has thought it proper and necessary to introduce the episode of Branwell Brontë, a worthless brother of the three mysterious *Bells*, whose misconduct added a pang to their dreary existence; and in giving the history of this scapegrace Mrs. Gaskell has allowed herself to enter into details affecting the character and conduct of living persons, on whom she proceeds to pass sentence in a tone for which she now feels, or ought to feel, great shame and regret. It turns out that these details were borrowed from imperfect or incorrect evidence; no effort seems to have been made to verify the facts on which Mrs. Gaskell proceeded to consign another woman to infamy and to brand her with maledictions. The name and station of the lady thus assailed were easily identified, and it became known that she is a member of a highly honourable family; legal proceedings were threatened, and we believe commenced, to vindicate her reputation; and on the 30th May a letter appeared in the 'Times' newspaper from Mrs. Gaskell's solicitor, stating that he was instructed '*to retract every statement* contained in 'that work which imputes to a widowed lady, referred to, but 'not named therein, any breach of her conjugal, of her maternal, 'and of her social duties, &c. All those statements were made 'upon information which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to 'be well founded, but which, upon investigation, with the additional evidence furnished to me by you, *I have ascertained not* '*to be trustworthy.* I am, therefore, authorised not only to retract

'the statements in question, but to express the deep regret of 'Mrs. Gaskell that she should have been led to make them.' This apology has been accepted; though the disavowal of the false statements would have been more becoming to both parties, if it had not been conveyed in the studied phraseology of an attorney.

We record these painful details in justice to the injured party, rather than to increase the punishment of this exposure of the biographer. Mrs. Gaskell erred, no doubt, from mistaken information and from mistaken motives; for she appears to have entirely misconceived the duties and the rights of her position as an authoress. She acted on the assumption that she was justified in dragging hidden offences to the bar of public opinion — in arraigning and condemning without trial or notice persons of whose real sentiments and conduct she was ignorant — and in applying the language of an avenging Deity to a being who is perhaps not more frail or liable to error than herself. Nay, she seems even to have thought, as Mr. Reade does, that it is a part of the high commission of literature to try offences which elude the repression of the law, and to denounce with hyperbolical violence actions which may not have been committed at all, or which have been committed from very different motives. Whether such allegations be true or false, it is perfectly certain that the laws of civilised nations and the usages of society prohibit and punish the publication of them. A man's honour, a woman's virtue, are not to be blown to the winds merely because it suits the humour of a romancer to rake up some imaginary or forgotten transgression — to dress it in the colours of fiction, heightened by the mischievous attraction of personal slander — and to set up a pillory in Paternoster Row. The dignified administration of justice, the assiduous activity of those who are called by the nation to the management of its affairs, and the institutions which give method and order to free government, are not to be traduced, vilified, and outraged merely because they do not obey the hasty impulses of novelists or pamphleteers. The law, which might punish such attacks, is seldom put in force against them, and we entirely concur in the wisdom of this forbearance; but, as they are made in the name of literature, it becomes the duty of literary criticism to expose and to disown them; and for this reason we have commented on them more fully than the works before us can themselves be said to deserve.

ART. VI.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By the Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE. Vols. IV., V., VI. London: 1856.

WE greet with no ordinary pleasure each instalment of Mr. Merivale's work. That the Rome of the Cæsars, with all its prospective and retrospective associations, should be delineated by a competent hand is so desirable, that we are impatient to approach the conclusion of a narrative which bids fair to hold a permanent place in historical literature. From that period, indeed, we are still far removed. Three centuries, if Mr. Merivale's original design be completed, must be traversed before the capital of the empire is removed from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, and a revolution be described more comprehensive and more permanent in its effects than that which Augustus consummated. Meanwhile the historian, in each successive chapter, depicts or illustrates more fully than any of his predecessors the character of the imperial government at home and abroad. He assails, perhaps he overthrows, some long-standing prejudices; brings within the bounds of probability the public or private conduct of the Cæsars; introduces into his picture the provinces as well as the capital; and traces the origin and growth of that administrative system which attained its maturity under Trajan and the Antonines, and still merits, for its general vigour or wisdom, the attention of statesmen and philosophers.

In the volumes now before us we see no reason to modify the opinion which nearly seven years ago we ventured to give of their predecessors. The historian displays the same unwearied diligence, the same impartial judgment of men and events, and supports his opinions and his statements with the same exact and comprehensive learning. His style also, as he proceeds, improves with practice. It is generally easier and more uniform in its flow. We demur, indeed, now and then to his metaphors, and to his occasional preference of Latin to Saxon words. Most men know, we hope, the meaning of *worship;* but even a pious man might be puzzled by that of *cult.* Sir Thomas Brown would have written *cremation,* we confess to a preference for *burning.* The *censorship* of Camillus is plain to any tyro in Roman history; but he may be excused for pondering over the *censure* of that worthy, and may conceive it to apply to his fine and banishment, or to his uncharitable opinion of the Roman *plebs.* *Clientela* has not yet attained its patent of naturalisation in the English tongue; and though we

like Marcus Antonius in most cases better than Mark Antony, and Pompeius better than Pompey, yet the grim King of Jewry should be either Herod or Herodes, and not waver between even and odd syllables. Such blemishes, however, rarely occur, and in general Mr. Merivale's language is worthy of his high argument, nor do we object to some stateliness upon such a theme as imperial Rome. That his fourth and fifth volumes are, on the whole, less attractive than the first three, is not the historian's fault; for not only are his materials less complete and authentic,—comprising no contemporary narratives like those of Sallust and Cæsar, nor such checks and comments upon them as Cicero's letters and speeches—but the period itself, from the accession of Augustus to the death of Claudius, is less fruitful in great deeds and great men.

After the surrender of Alexandria, the course of Roman story runs with almost unbroken smoothness over a level of routine. Such wars as lingered on are without interest. Peace is severed from freedom. The subjugation of the Cantabrians and Pannonians, however essential to the security or dignity of the empire, cannot be compared, either for its military or civil importance, to Cæsar's conquest of Gaul. The laws and the executive of Rome are still marked by vigour and sagacity, but they no longer wear the impress of free debate and election. No rival orators arouse the passions or command the voices of the senate; it is transformed into a legislative assembly or a high court of judicature. Even the annual elections rarely disturb the slumbers of the forum; Hortensius and Cicero have vanished with Milo and Clodius. The Cæsar recommends and the docile or indifferent electors accept the candidates. It may have been more agreeable to live under a well-regulated police, and within trumpet-call of the Prætorian guards, than to run the almost daily risk of being knocked on the head by day, or burnt out at night by a mob of paid or volunteer ruffians; yet it is difficult to invest a staid and decorous city with the interest that pertains to the election of the Gracchi. The Rhenish and Danubian frontiers, indeed, bristle with garrisons, and now and then a panting courier gallops along the Flaminian road with a budget of disastrous news. But although Varus and his legions are exterminated, the Cimbri have not passed the Alps. All the great beacons of war are burnt down; Gaul is quiet; Parthia is engrossed by its own factions; the Mediterranean is as clear of pirates as the Lucrine Lake; and the ceaseless tramp of the legions is succeeded by the routine of stationary garrisons.

The actors who remain on the stage are not comparable for

the interest they awaken to Cæsar and Pompeius, to Cato and Cicero. In the room of the Great Dictator, with his laurel-crown and his scarlet robe, we find a sober and often sickly senator, affecting, beyond all other marks of distinction, the garb and litter of a private citizen, dispensing on ordinary occasions with a body guard, and threading his way through the forum attended by a single lictor. For the keen unappeasable Cato we have the grumbling Pollio, dreaming in his library of a republic, or venting his discontent in a circle of Greek pedants. The rhetorical schools resound with *claqueurs*, but the *rostra* are silent. For the prodigal Antonius, repressing popular license at one moment like a Fabius or a Camillus, and at another reeling along the *Via Sacra* like a Bacchanal, we have the precise Agrippa, theoretically extolling the good old times, but practically the most efficient prop of the infant monarchy. 'Plots and inductions dangerous' now and then peer above the political surface. The Cæsar displays a cuirass beneath his gown; the tread of the Prætorians is heard in the lobbies of the senate-house, and a score or two of Cæsar's friends handle ostentatiously the hilts of their poignards. But the conspirators are already in the toils of Mæcenas. The government disapproves of needless alarm or severity, and instead of being strangled in the Mamertine prison, the disaffected are quietly dispatched to some penal island.

But if the men of this epoch be comparatively uninteresting, and stirring events rare, Rome herself and her zone of provinces in some measure supply the void. As regards the former, she was no longer merely the chief-town of Latium or Italy, but had become, and was growing conscious that she was, the capital of the civilised world. As regards the latter, the proportion in which they had for more than half a century recruited the senate, the legions and the population of Rome, rendered them integral members of the State, and turned their gaze to the metropolis as to a centre of probable gain and possible eminence. In the senate, indeed, there still lingered the prejudice that the provinces were merely farms to be held on rack-rent. But this delusion was on the wane. The prudence or jealousy of the government rendered provincial misrule less usual; the senatorian proconsuls were restrained by the example or the authority of the Cæsarian procurators; and whatever Rome herself may have lost in freedom, her dependencies were in all ways gainers by the imperial rule. Under that rule the havoc caused by invasion or civil war was gradually effaced; many an ancient realm and city again lifted up their heads; while a few, like Carthage and

Corinth, were restored to their former opulence and splendour. To antiquaries and political formalists, the *pomoerium* still represented the boundary of the sacred city, environed by its various gradations of subjects and allies, and distinguished as the august and authentic abode of Vesta and Jupiter. But statesmen and philosophers smiled at such obsolete restrictions as proper only to the days when dictators were taken from the plough, and a horseman could cross between sunrise and sunset the entire *ager Romanus.* Mr. Merivale avails himself of the expansion of the scene, and from the marble capital of Augustus conducts his readers through the wide panorama of its provinces. In this respect, as in many others, he judiciously treads in the footsteps of Gibbon and Tacitus, and while writing the annals of the Cæsars he is really the historian of the world.

Although his third volume is not recently published, we shall include it in our survey of its successors, in order that we may examine from the first to the last stage of his career the policy and character of Augustus. The form which the empire finally assumed was impressed upon it principally by the second and third of its Cæsars: and though neither of them inherited the abilities of the 'mighty Julius,' yet they, far more than he, were the architects of the system, that for twelve centuries, whether as substance or shadow, held Europe in awe. It will not be necessary, while tracing the fortunes of Octavius, to follow the maze of wars and intrigues that led to his elevation, for the intrigues were selfish, and the wars devoid of any ennobling plea or principle on either side. Even a peace cemented with the best blood of the Commonwealth was a costly and mournful boon. It was well for mankind that the civilised West triumphed over the barbaric East; for the East had never enjoyed, while the West had simply abused, constitutional freedom. On a partially exhausted soil liberty might one day revive; in an utterly barren one she could never take root. The great Actian triumph was, indeed, no more comparable with the victories at Salamis and Platæa than Augustus himself with Cimon or Themistocles. Yet as regards the entire cycle of human interests it was the triumph of the better cause. From Antonius and Egypt the world could have reaped no fruits but those of despotism and anarchy; such as for two centuries had oppressed or convulsed the fairest of the Macedonian kingdoms. From Augustus it received a form of government which, however unfavourable to personal or national freedom, at least enforced order and maintained peace.

The empire of the Cæsars has recently attracted the attention of political writers, who, in their speculations upon its cha-

racter, have arrived at opposite conclusions; nor would it have been possible for Mr. Merivale to have published his narrative at a time when, from various causes, it could have excited a livelier interest. Since the fourteenth century, when Italian statesmen and scholars, beholding in the German Cæsars the shadow, believed they saw also the substance, of the *imperium* of Augustus and Trajan, no similar interest, until the present moment, has invested the pages of Tacitus and Suetonius. On the one hand, it is asserted that with the Commonwealth expired the liberty and the hopes of mankind, and that for eight centuries after the accession of Augustus, history exhibits a uniform and melancholy spectacle of oppression and subservience. On the other, it is alleged that the throne of the Cæsars was the only refuge left for a world, exhausted by war, rapine, and misrule; that a century more of senatorial government would have rendered the fairest regions of the earth a desert; and that the capital of the empire itself must have perished in the whirlpool of its own factions, long before that period had passed. With neither of these views are we disposed to agree; and we shall now endeavour to show, with Mr. Merivale's aid, and by occasional appeals to his authorities, that, in the first place, the Cæsars were by no means unrestrained despots; and, in the next, that constitutional freedom was not a characteristic of the declining republic. We shall also attempt to prove briefly, that even if either of these alternatives were true, the parallel implied between certain modern forms of government and the Rome of the Cæsars is untenable.

At the moment when the second Cæsar commenced his reign freedom was but remotely concerned in the issue of the strife. The surviving Triumvir stood in the place of the great party-leaders who for a century had set their armed heels upon the corpse of the constitution. That the result was, in the main, favourable to mankind was owing to the position, the fears, and the sagacity of Augustus. The head of forty legions might have been, had he willed it, as absolute as Diocletian himself. Rome had cut away every prop of independence; had levelled every barrier against despotism. For, as regards religion, so potent an engine of opinion under the Commonwealth, it was generally derided and discredited; and he would have been a hardy augur who, when Cæsar brought forward a Bill, durst declare the heavens or the entrails unfavourable, or strike the banner on the Janiculum. Still hardier would have been the tribune who aspired to be a Cato, or the senator who from his cross-legged stool fulmined against the perpetual consul such protests as Cicero had hurled against Piso and Antonius.

The voice of the army was that of the Gods, the Tribes, and the Conscript Fathers also. It may, therefore, be accounted a merit in Augustus that of his own accord he threw over the statue of Mars Gradivus a decent veil of laws and constitutional forms, thus rendering to the extinct Commonwealth the homage, or at least the hypocrisy, of respect. To love Augustus is almost as impossible as to love an abstract proposition; yet it is scarcely possible not to admire his patience, his sagacity, and his keen perception of what the times demanded or would endure from him. The men who terminate revolutions are rarely cast in the same mould with those who commence or conduct them. To this rule Augustus formed no exception. He had neither the impulse of Julius, the fanaticism of Sulla, nor the generous aspirations of the Gracchi. Properly speaking, he had no precursor nor successor; both in his better and his worse aspects he stands alone, and the insinuated compliment of Horace, —'Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum,' is almost an historical truth.

We anticipate a little in our survey of this singular and solitary personage, by bringing forward in this place Mr. Merivale's description of the second Cæsar, but his observations on the apparent inconsistencies and real harmony of his character appear to us to furnish the right clue to it.

'Triumphant in victory and secure in power, Octavius now wiped his blood-stained sword and thrust it into the scabbard. The dominion of the world demanded no other victims. Far wider was the vengeance which might have been apprehended from a partner in the proscriptions, who had displayed as yet no sense of the policy of mercy. But the conqueror suddenly refrained his hand, and filled the world with wonder at a moderation which it could not comprehend. The official seal which he wore bore the impress of a sphinx; and such an emblem the Romans might deem appropriate to a man whose character they regarded as one of the greatest enigmas of history. Four hundred years later, indeed, an imperial satirist ventured to compare the founder of the empire to the cameleon, which perplexes the spectator by the ever-shifting variety of its hues. The simile has been much admired, and does, perhaps, truly represent the notion of Octavius current among his countrymen; but in fact, it would be difficult to find one less appropriate. In the conspicuous clemency of Cæsar the Romans had seen only the natural kindliness of his disposition; and so in the cruelty of the young Octavius they saw nothing but an inherent ferocity of temper. They could not understand the austere and passionless ambition of one who could be cruel for the preservation of his life and advancement of his fortunes, and no less merciful for the maintenance of his fame. But neither in his temper nor his acts did Octavius shift capriciously to and fro: during the early part of his career his sternness never relaxed into pity, nor,

during the long period which followed, did he swerve, except once or twice in a moment of passion, from the systematic mildness he prescribed to himself.' (Vol. iii. p. 347.)

Of all the forms of adulation addressed to the emperors of Rome on their accession, that of 'felicior Augusto et melior 'Trajano' contained perhaps the greatest admixture of truth. Without at all assenting to the maxim, 'Nunquam Libertas 'gratior extat quam sub rege pio,' it is scarcely possible to overrate the merit of the one or the fortune of the other of these sovereigns. The appellation of *Felix* might well seem to those who remembered their loathsome or violent deaths to have been conferred ironically upon Sulla and Pompeius; but had Augustus, like them, assumed it, its propriety, at least as respects his public life, could hardly have been called in question. His *felicity*, indeed, was conspicuous from the very outset of his career. As his uncle's probable successor, attention had been drawn to Octavius even before the Ides of March, yet not so much so as to render him an object of peculiar dread or jealousy. Fortunately for him, also, at that crisis his guardians and advisers were inconsiderable people. His friend Agrippa was a stripling; his step-father Philippus a cypher, and the apparently helpless youth was at the moment of his greatest peril almost concealed from public gaze by the gown of Cicero, and the bucklers of Antonius and Lepidus. The hunters, indeed, who had neglected to strike down the hart Antonius, were not likely to stoop to such small deer as the boy Octavius. But if hidden, he was not therefore helpless. He had wealth, since under his uncle's will he was heir to two-thirds of his vast fortune; and he had influence, since his adopted name was potent with the soldiers and the populace. The bequest was undisputed, and Antonius, by refusing payment of it, invested the private legatee with a public interest. Again, whatever may have been the aims or hopes of the leaders of the Cæsarian party, the legions were unanimous in their hatred of the liberators, and Antonius lost credit with them by dallying with their revenge But however Octavius may at this period have dissembled with the senate, he never disguised his hostility to his uncle's assassins. He never grasped, as Lepidus and Antonius did, their incarnadined hands; he never sat at meat with them, nor listened to projects of intermarriage with any of their accursed houses, nor encouraged the proposal of an act of oblivion. He stood alone for a time as the avenger of blood; and thus, even before he had fleshed his maiden-sword, he was the champion of the veterans, doubly incensed as they were, first, by their beloved general's

murder, and, secondly, by their deferred hopes of the plunder of Dacia and the Parthians.

In his seeming weakness at this juncture lay the real strength of Octavius. Ostensibly he had not the command of a single centurion's company, actually, he could realise the empty boast of Pompeius, and by stamping his foot could call legions to his side. A palpable wrong — and in a point on which every Roman was peculiarly sensitive, the validity of a will — had been done to him, and neither the senate nor the soldiers discriminated between his private rights and his public pretensions. But the citizens of Rome had been named by Cæsar joint heirs with Octavius, and they, too, were defrauded by Antonius. Though his own legacy was not paid, Octavius discharged his uncle's bequests, and the lazzaroni of the city consequently became his zealous partisans. With the senate he was almost equally successful. Few, indeed, of that body can have shared in Cicero's delusion — it was not difficult to cajole the vain and sanguine old consular — that the young Cæsar was a '*third* Cato;' but all were ready to sow divisions among their opponents by espousing the cause of the youthful 'Iulus.' The army, the people, and the senate were thus, directly or indirectly, engaged on the side of the rival of Antonius.

Nor should we, who behold the end of this intricate drama, censure the imperfect vision of those who saw only its early scenes. We do not ascribe any such prescience even to Octavius himself. He was probably a cool unscrupulous gamester, availing himself adroitly of each turn of the cards. He possessed, indeed, for a while all the advantages which are attributed to a bystander. He was not, to all outward semblance, a formidable antagonist. He was scarcely an important partisan. No mob tracked his heels; no tribune of a legion took from him the watchword for the night. He was under the age for the Quæstorship. He was not entitled to speak in the senate. His means were still in supposition. Pompeius, at the age of twenty-five, commanded an army, subscribed himself 'Imperator,' and triumphed before he was prætor or consul. Scipio Africanus, in his twenty-seventh year, brought to a close Rome's second and severest struggle with Carthage, and was borne to the curule chair on the shoulders of the members and clients of the great Æmilian and Cornelian houses. But Octavius was by adoption a scion only of the Julian stem; by birth he was a 'novus homo.' He had no 'comitatus' in the forum; he was almost a stranger to the allies. He bore indeed 'a charmed name,' but for awhile others proposed to profit by its magic. How well his imputed weakness ministered to his real strength, appeared immediately after

the relief of Mutina. The senate had confided two legions to Octavius, but he was subordinate to the consuls, and hardly esteemed a partner in the war. Fortune, indeed, removed the consuls from his path so seasonably that the death of one of them was laid at his door. He was, accordingly, for an instant, the military chief of the senatorian party, but a successor was on the point of being sent out to supersede him, and he had served the senate long enough to prove to the Cæsarians that without him their faction wanted a key-stone. They had been worsted in the field; they were in full retreat towards Gaul and Spain; in a few days Decimus Brutus would command Italy; in a few weeks Brutus and Cassius would cross the sea with an overwhelming force. Octavius alone could attract, re-combine and rivet firmly the dispersed or wavering members of the Cæsarian party. On the first intimation of his real sentiments the heads of their columns were again turned southward; Pollio and Plancus gave in their adherence; Antonius and Lepidus were reconciled to Cæsar; the lives and estates of the Roman people were at the mercy of three men, who feared assassination from one another; and the white boards of proscription were once again suspended on the pillars and arcades of the forum.

Had Octavius died in the earlier years of the triumvirate his name would have been ranked by posterity with those of Marius and Sulla, of John of Leyden and Robespierre. Of the triumvirs, indeed, he was by far the most odious. Swift to shed blood or greedy of gain as Lepidus and Antonius both were, yet each had his seasons of leniency. But Octavius handled the proscription as a surgeon handles his knife. Whether rage or fear impelled him, whether he carried out a plan, or was prompted by a supposed duty to the manes of Julius, he never deviated into mercy. Upon that impassive bosom, favour, affection, remembered names, acknowledged services, were quenched like sparks upon water. He is reported to have pleaded earnestly for Cicero's life; we suspect, however, it was the feeble protest of a Pilate. 'Who,' we may imagine him to have argued, 'spared, warned, or defended the trusting and in-'dulgent Julius? Who but his own familiar friends pierced his 'mighty heart at the base of Pompey's statue? What to a 'nation long disorganised is so needful as order, and what so 'likely to restore order as wholesome terror? Sulla lopped the 'branches only of civil discord; but they burgeoned again, for 'he did not lay the axe to the root.'

A few years passed, and the crimson cloak of the triumvir began to disappear behind the white senatorial robe. Property

was again respected; life again secure in Rome. A steady supply of food kept the populace in good humour; regular pay reconciled the soldiers to stricter discipline: a show of deference on all occasions, and much actual business confided to them, soothed the pride of the senate, while the provinces rejoiced in the absence of triennial spoilers, and in the payment of only the prescribed taxes. Rome itself was assuming a new face. Brick was giving place to marble; the traces of pillage and fire were fast disappearing. Credit revived. Trade returned. Once more the great roads might be safely traversed; the festivals of the calendar were punctiliously observed, and both gods and men rejoiced in a liberal supply of incense and butchers' meat. An idle population was weaned from civil dudgeon by frequent spectacles; gladiators and wild beasts were abundantly provided, and the satisfaction of the crowd was increased by the real or affected interest of the Cæsar in their amusements. An election row was a rare event, and when it occurred, it was generally with the connivance of the government, who thus practically illustrated the blessings of order, and the policy of entrusting the general weal to one firm hand. Eloquence, indeed, was nearly hushed in the senate and the forum; but in its place literature was cherished, and the saloons of Pollio, Mæcenas, and Cæsar respectively boasted of the rising fame of Tibullus, Horace, and Virgil.

But the Saturnian age had not yet arrived. To the felicity of Augustus was still wanting such a triumph as even freedom might welcome without a sigh or a blush. That triumph was afforded him by the insane conduct of his colleague. In the luck of Cæsar there was indeed no ingredient more potent than the character of Antonius. It was shrewdly said by a soothsayer that the elder triumvir's *genius* was rebuked by that of the younger. At the moment of their starting from the barriers there seemed little or no chance for the more youthful competitor. Antonius was already a ripe and good soldier; he had stood by Cæsar and given directions; he had endured Syrian summers and Gaulish winters. His cheek had not blenched nor his cheer failed him amid the hardships of the retreat from Mutina. His popular manners rendered him the darling of the camp. Cicero may have derided and despised the Asiatic pomp of his eloquence, but Antonius had the ear of the forum, and his words proved themselves on many occasions, as none could testify better than Cicero himself and the liberators, to be 'very swords.' In nearly every respect, except in a selfish prudence — no very amiable or attractive quality in youth — Octavius was inferior to his rival. He was reputed to be a

coward; he was known to be cruel; he was not open-handed; he was not easy of approach; his manner was cold; his voice in speaking was feeble; and though his eloquence might persuade, it never stirred his audience.

Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable, even in the eventful annals of Rome, than the eclipse of Antonius by Octavius; and we dwell upon it for a moment longer because the exorbitances of the elder triumvir exhibit in a more striking light the *civil* prudence of the younger; and because the preference which the Romans finally evinced for Augustus proves that even a century of revolution had not extirpated the attachment to law and order that at all times signalised the imperial people. And it is the more remarkable if we bear in mind the disjointed condition of the times. In the better ages of the Commonwealth Antonius would have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock. But at the epoch when his indiscretions were enacted, men were inured to such excesses and extravagancies. Even Cicero could applaud the patriotism of Milo, and cannot conceal the popularity of Clodius and Catilina. To appreciate fully the indiscretion that cost Antonius the hearts of his countrymen, we must revert for a moment to the national prejudices of the Romans.

Of all the nations which came under their sway the Romans had the most rooted abhorrence for those inhabiting Syria and Egypt. Repeatedly, and with the full assent of all ranks, had the priests of Isis been driven from the city, and her chapels thrown down and desecrated. They despised the Orientals generally as unwarlike; they resented the sullen isolation of the Jews; in the ancestral worship of Belus and Astarte they beheld only uncleanness; and they regarded with mingled awe and aversion the staid ceremonial and colossal monuments of Egypt. If at any moment the great Dictator endangered his popularity with the legions or at home, it was during his sojourn at Alexandria. If the presence of any foreign monarch, whether as guest or captive, in Rome were ever distasteful to the citizens, it was that of Cleopatra. The most accomplished and fascinating, if not the most beautiful of Greek princesses, was accounted by them as little better than a foul and malignant Duessa, leading captive by her sorceries their good knight. But Cæsar's bondage to Cleopatra was that of green withs or new cords only; he cast them asunder as soon as it was time to arise from sleep. Antonius was more strongly and permanently enmeshed. Not only did he exhibit to the world the degrading spectacle of a Roman imperator tied to a harlot's apron-strings, but for her sake he sullied the name of Rome, abandoned a gallant army,

patched up an ignominious peace, drew the Parthian into the confines of the empire, and alternately estranged and was deluded by his Armenian ally. Even this might have been forgiven. But when Augustus read aloud in the senate, and circulated in the *Acta diurna* among the people the roll and count of his rival's offences, there was a universal clamour of indignation from him who told by hundreds the waxen busts in his hall, and from him who but yesterday had been registered on the board of the censors. For it appeared that Antonius had enfeoffed the Egyptian's sons and daughters with principalities and powers won by Roman arms; that he had exhibited himself with the emblems of Osiris, while Cleopatra sat on a throne beside him arrayed as Isis; that on the bucklers of the legionaries were painted the symbols of those impure deities; that these thrice-banished gods were hereafter to be the assessors of the Capitoline Jupiter; and that in moments of drunken revelry, Cleopatra had even boasted she would promulgate from the Palatine laws that should bind the sovereign people of Rome.

The great Actian triumph accordingly ranked in Roman apprehensions beside those of the Scipios and Paulus Æmilius. From that hour the inferiority of Augustus in the field was forgotten, and, like Camillus and Marius, he was accounted among the founders of the Commonwealth. The loftiest flights of Horace, and the most majestic verses of Virgil, were dedicated to the deliverer of the West from Eastern bondage, and Augustus was typified as a young Apollo whose golden shafts had once again slain the monster Typhon. He who had played the most unrelenting part in the bloodiest scenes of the revolution, entered upon the third act of his career as the strongest antagonist of its excesses. Outwardly the metamorphosis was complete; it is only by reflecting upon the groundwork of his character that we discern the consistency of the man. Without passion he had thrown himself into the lists of civil war; breasted and baffled years of contradiction and ill-success; looked calmly on his defeats by Sextus Pompeius; awaited calmly the moment when Antonius would slide down the precipice that his own arrogance had built up; and after the round of conquest was completed by the surrender of the last of the Macedonian kingdoms, calmly set himself to the task of organising and consolidating the empire. The arduous character of that task will be best understood from a brief glance, first at the condition of Rome itself, and, secondly, at the policy which the republic had pursued in extending and amalgamating its acquisitions. In both parts of this survey we tread in the foot-

steps of Mr. Merivale, and we borrow from his pages without always acknowledging our debt.

The character of a nation is inscribed on its laws so long as these are the exponents of the general will, as expressed either by a responsible government or by popular debate. But at the moment when Augustus undertook the revision of his empire the government was merely provisional, and rested on the power of the sword, and for many years the people had accepted and obeyed the laws without presuming to propose or modify them. At the head of thirty legions it was competent for the second Cæsar to impose any conditions on the subject world that did not militate against the prejudices of his soldiers. He might generally, as he did partially, have conferred upon them the richest lands in the empire, or, like his uncle, held out to them new and interminable conquests beyond the Rhine and the Euphrates. From the people of Rome he would have met with no opposition; from the provincials generally he would have received implicit obedience: the East was drained of its treasure and blood by the triumviral wars; the West had either given hostages to Cæsar by the recruits it had furnished to his armies, or was still too rude and divided to resist effectually the central force of Rome. In the senate and the monied orders he would have found no antagonist: the proscription had struck at the root of the ancient houses and of the great capitalists equally. The only counterpoise to the Cæsar was the army; and recruited from every country between the Nile and the Seine, the army had neither local nor national prejudices to gratify, and would have obeyed a despot like the Parthian king as cheerfully as it had hailed the single or the joint authority of a dictator and the triumvirs. During the first winter he passed in Asia, after Alexandria had thrown open to him its vacant halls, Augustus alone stood erect among the ruins of the civilised world.

His solitude after the death of his last antagonist was, indeed, absolute. Servile as the senate had latterly approved itself to the great Dictator, its servility was compatible with individual discontent, and among his assassins more than one was in the estimation of his peers and the people generally deemed worthy to succeed him. But no rising Brutus obscured the meridian light of the younger Cæsar; no definite party, within or without the walls of the senate-house, lifted its head against his acknowledged, though not authorised, *imperium*. As regarded all rival principalities and powers, he stood as aloof and as alone as the statue of Athéné upon the summit of the Acropolis among the other marble divinities of Athens. If he

were jealous of Agrippa, it was probably more on account of the youthful Cæsars, the sons of his beloved sister Octavia, than on his own; and, excepting Agrippa, neither the senate nor the people possessed a single champion able to give him a moment's uneasiness He was master of the legions; the roof and crown of social order: the one man among the great leaders of the age who had effectually commanded the waves of anarchy to be still. He had been cruel in order to be kind; so at least it must have appeared to his contemporaries, from whose memories the proscription, and the holocaust of prisoners on the Perusine altar, were rapidly fading, while they felt and admitted with lively gratitude that life and property were again secure, and that the tide of wealth and population was once more setting steadily towards Rome.

And solitary indeed must have appeared his position, both to Augustus himself and to the elder men who remembered better than he could the senate before the days of the proscription and the triumviral wars. Whoever even cursorily surveys the names on the Consular Fasti at this period, cannot fail to perceive the work of waste and ruin during a revolution of eighty years in duration. The representatives of the old great houses, with few exceptions, have disappeared. The noblest names on the Register are those of the provincial noblesse; but the most frequent occupants of the consulship are fortunate soldiers, like Agrippa and Ventidius, mingled with aliens, such as Fufitius Phanga, probably an African, and Togonius Gallus, perhaps ex-centurion of Cæsar's legion Alauda. The 'Fathers'—it seems almost absurd to give them so honourable a title—were now indeed 'Conscript,' for they were summoned from nearly every province of the Roman world. Of the genuine Patriciate, the Fabii and Valerii of the Commonwealth, fifty families alone survived in the age of Augustus. Of the aristocracy of wealth which had succeeded to the aristocracy of blood, the Scauri, the Decii, and the Lælii, one third at least had perished in the civil wars, and another, stripped of wealth, and seeking refuge in obscurity, had sunk into the indiscriminate level of the populace. In a senate so fortuitously composed ancestral traditions can have had no weight, and the loss of freedom itself hardly have caused a sigh in men whose grandfathers had been brought to Rome in chains by the crimps of the legions or the dealers in the slave-market. The portion of the Julian blood inherited by Augustus was at such a time equivalent to an unblemished escutcheon; and though genealogists affected to smile at the mean origin of the Octavii, the head of that house had little cause to blush for his progenitors.

If the senate had been decimated, it had not fared better with the monied class at Rome, the Equites. Both the Sullan and the Triumviral Proscription had confiscated the estates of the condemned; but the latter alone distinctly professed that it shed blood to recruit an exhausted treasury. The bankers, the farmers-general, and the merchants of the capital were accordingly the favourite victims of the latter triumvirate; and it was scarcely less dangerous to be wealthy, than to have stood beside Brutus on the Ides of March. The satires of Horace, the Hogarth pictures of Roman society, abound with ridicule of the 'nouveaux riches;' but his Novius and Nasidienus are not the representatives of the genuine Equites of Rome. We cannot estimate, so easily as we may the senatorial losses, the gaps in the monied class; yet from the fact that to be rich was to be in peril, we may assume that Appian's list of the knightly victims of proscription was below the number of those who perished or disappeared. The places of the true Equites were filled up by an obscure and vulgar crowd of speculators and adventurers, whom usury at home or the plunder of the camp abroad had suddenly enriched. To the refinements of Atticus and Mæcenas they were as much strangers as to gentle birth; their banquets were marked by a coarse splendour; their guests were mostly astute parasites; and while their equipages and trains of slaves blocked up the thoroughfares of the capital, the indignant satirist could point to some among them whose backs had been scored by the prætor's lictors, or whose apprenticeship in fraud had commenced in a Gaulish or Syrian market-town.

Where the upper classes were so debased, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the general degradation of the populace. It is perhaps difficult to conceive a more hybrid race than that which had long been addressed as '*Quirites*' by the orators and in public acts. The deterioration of the Plebs had indeed been aggravated, but was by no means caused by the later civil wars. It dated from beyond the period of the Gracchi; it had been deplored by every reformer, who, like the brother tribunes, aspired to restore the ancient commonalty; it had been accelerated by every fortunate general, who enfranchised his prisoners of war, and by every mischievous demagogue, who had swelled his mob of partisans by the incorporation of slaves and freedmen. Sulla alone had added ten thousand names to the civic register; and Julius had been equally lavish of the freedom of the city. In the age of Augustus, the 'fæx Romuli' differed little from the lazzaroni of Naples, and perhaps differed for the worse. For the Neapolitan swarm of paupers at least belongs to its

native hive; whereas the Roman mob was composed of a chance-medley of races, with no common bond of birth, religion, or association, and with no common interest except the claim to be fed, lodged, and amused.

To reconstruct the body politic from members so discordant was the problem now proposed to Augustus. Such a problem has never since been presented to any legislator or reformer, for no European nation at least has ever sunk into the condition of the Roman people, or been so incompetent by its own might to reorganise itself. Compared with the century of revolution which preceded Augustus, all modern convulsions are brief and feeble. Compared with the perennial wars of the Commonwealth, all modern wars are, as regards their duration at least, the strife of an hour. From the era of its foundation, seven centuries and a half before the accession of Augustus, Rome had never enjoyed ten years of unbroken peace. The bones of her children, her allies, and subjects were whitening in three quarters of the globe, and the void in their homes was supplied by aliens and slaves. The breaches which war had made in her population were rendered wider by internal strife; and four hundred thousand men, one half at least of the military population between the Arno and the Straits of Messina, besides an innumerable herd of the sick, the aged, and the feeble, fell in the war of Rome with her allies. When, therefore, Augustus assumed the reins of government, he found a nation not merely prostrate and paralysed, but prepared for any form of obedience which its ruler might impose. The only restraint on his will was in the temper of his soldiers, since they alone had the power, and as he owed to them his elevation, a pretext also to dictate to him. The second of the Cæsars has incurred his full share of blame for disguising under republican forms an absolute monarchy; but Mr. Merivale has been among the first to commend him justly for the policy by which he weaned the Romans from the habit of war. It was an easy task to persuade the senate and the people to confide to his single hand all the important offices of the Commonwealth. He was consul from year to year, for the Romans were afraid or weary of elections. As a Cæsar, he was the patron of the democracy, and therefore properly perpetual tribune; he was provisional censor, since no one in that era of disorganisation could venture to purge the Senate or the Equites who was not supported by the sword; and he was tacitly acknowledged Prince of the Senate, since he alone had proved able to control its factions, or hush the murmurs of discontent. The inconsistency of his functions with one another was disregarded at a moment when

every joint of the body politic had been dislocated, and a few legal purists alone complained that the opposite duties of a tribune and a consul were now confided to the same magistrate.

The adroit mode in which Augustus managed to reconcile or to conceal these discordant attributes must be learned from Mr. Merivale's pages. We must pause, however, for a moment to consider the title under which he combined his various functions, as this alone of his designations survived him, and has passed during all subsequent ages into an accredited symbol of collective might.

Much deliberation was exercised, and much wisdom appeared in the choice. It was, on the one hand, desirable not to wrench violently away the present from the past; on the other, to leave no association with the Commonwealth that might lend a handle to disaffection. To all the ancient symbols of power some inconvenience was attached. Antonius had acquired no slight popularity at the moment by a bill for the abolition of the office of Dictator. It had been rendered odious by Sulla. It had been invested with evil augury by the murder of Julius. And besides these there were further objections to the title. First it was a mere *provisional* title, always importing a particular emergency, and pointing to a happier condition, which the dictatorial power was expected to establish. This was its significance at home. Abroad it was inexpressive. Foreign nations, and the servile East especially, were incapable of comprehending its meaning. But although Augustus, once in every ten years at first, and latterly once in every five years, went through the solemn farce of laying down and resuming his authority, nothing could be farther from his intention than to encourage a belief in the sincerity of his abdication. Upon foreign nations, on the other hand, it was essential to impress the idea of the military unity of Rome — the idea that the representative of this unity was as absolute as the Parthian king of kings, as any collective symbol existing or known ever to have existed of combined and concentrated force. To these conditions, domestic and foreign, the early appellations of the civil and military authorities of the state no longer responded. Consul, prætor, and proconsul were terminable officers, liable to give an account of their stewardship so soon as their administration had expired. The censorship touched only the moral or social *status* of the Roman people; while the tribuneship, even when conferred for life, savoured too much, both in name and character, of the rude freedom of the comitia and the forum. Again, the position of prince, or foreman, of the senate carried with it no legal authority; it was simply a title of precedency conferred upon eminent merit in council or

in conduct; and as it had generally been given to the most approved champions of the aristocracy, to a Scaurus, a Catulus, or a Cicero, it could not be altogether sufficient for, if indeed particularly agreeable to, the supplanter of them. But none of these objections were valid against the title of *Imperator*. It was, in the first place, entirely a military title, clashing with no civil pretensions. It had been borne by the best and the worst of the citizens alike, but it expressed neither their love of freedom nor their lust of power. Though Sulla had written it on his ensigns, Cicero aspired to it; nay, popular echoes still lingered around the name, since it was conferred by military suffrage, and, inasmuch as it recorded victories over external enemies in the field, it was dear to the national heart. Accordingly the title of Imperator was one admirably suited to the wary Augustus. Perhaps even that astute politician himself did not perceive all its conveniences. His repugnance to further conquests, his satiety of war, his inferiority to many of his own generals in strategic skill, would all prompt him to accord with a chary hand triumphs or ovations. His successor was still more jealous of military renown in others; and with him commenced the practice of limiting to the one consecrated family of the Cæsars the honour of the triumph, and the distinction of Imperator. And thus a title to which no *auctoritas* was originally attached, which was sometimes conferred upon him who added a kingdom to the state, and sometimes upon him who merely quelled a gang of robbers, became, in process of time, the august mark of the most formidable of earthly powers. Consul, Dictator, Prætor, and Princeps melted into thin air before it. It was as formidable to the dusky natives of Syene, where the shadow both way falls, as it was to the Celtic herdsman driving his deer to bay in Teviot or Annandale.

Nor was less skill perhaps displayed in the selection of the more peaceful title of Augustus. The second Cæsar had long debated whether, as the restorer of the Commonwealth, he might not justly assume the name of Romulus. But, in the first place, this appellation savoured of the pedantry which dreamt of the transfer of the capital from Rome and the Tiber to its imputed parent Troy and the Scamander, and in the next, Romulus, like Cæsar, was reported to have been the victim of senatorian daggers. The name was accordingly of evil omen. The title of Augustus, which, being interpreted, means 'the Very Reverend,' was a befitting companion to that of Imperator. It balanced and softened the military rigor of its associate, appealed to what the Romans prided themselves upon, their reverence for the gods, and insinuated that the city, which had been at its

foundation favoured with such august auguries, was now, at its great metempsychosis, represented by the peculiar grace and favour of the gods.

We have unavoidably compressed into a few pages the slow and hardly detected process of many years. In nothing did Augustus less resemble his predecessor than in the mode by which he effected his reforms or usurpations. The Dictator scorned all disguise; in the prosecution of his plans he went straight to his object, careless alike of the alarm or the hostility they were certain to provoke. This fearless temper was not inherited by the Triumvir. He did not even proclaim his success, and masked his approaches so skilfully, that he was generally in possession of the citadel before his presence was even suspected at the gates. It is not recorded of the mighty Julius that he took counsel of any one; his deliberations with his colleagues in the first triumvirate were not so much to discuss the plot as to distribute the characters in their political drama, and he doubtless indulged in many a good-humoured smile at the military ardour of Crassus, and the demure hypocrisy of Pompeius. Augustus was, however, less self-reliant, or perhaps more willing to share with ostensible advisers the blame or the risk of untried measures. History has assigned to him two in particular on whose support or suggestions he relied in nearly every important crisis of his career. To the brave and practical Agrippa he entrusted such affairs as demanded a man of action at their head; to the wily and vigilant Mæcenas he confided the secret machinery of his police, and the manipulation of the higher circles of Roman society. The Romans of a later day who regretted, or affected to regret, the extinction of the Commonwealth, ascribed to Agrippa republican predilections, while to Mæcenas they attributed monarchal opinions. By the one, it was said, Augustus was urged to emulate the noblest moment in Sulla's career, and to restore to the senate and the people the government he had re-organised; from the other, it was affirmed, he imbibed the motives which induced him to retain the power he periodically affected to lay down — and while he applauded the principles of Agrippa, he followed the precepts of Mæcenas. We believe, however, that at no moment of his political life did Augustus seriously consult his friends upon a problem so idle as the restoration of the republic. We believe also that both the soldier and the statesman would have alike dissuaded him from so bootless an experiment. There was no plebeian estate from which to educe a free commonalty; there was no equestrian order by which to connect the commons with the nobles; and there was, finally, no patriciate of birth

to stand in concentric circles around a supreme senate. The absence of all republican props forced upon Augustus the task of concentration; and if he collected into one focus all the rays of sovereignty, it was perhaps less in a selfish spirit of aggrandisement than from the perception that a single hand alone could pilot steadily the crazy and cumbrous vessel of the State.

If such necessity were apparent at home, it was yet more conspicuous abroad. The Romans had subdued, but had never attempted to organise, the world. Julius was the first to perceive that a bundle of provinces is not an empire, and that if Rome were to remain mistress of the civilised world, she must become so by some other machinery than the received system of prætorian and proconsular administration. Twice already had the republic been nearly crushed by the weight of its allies: the first time at the commencement, the second nearly at the close, of the Social War. But in both these instances her danger had proceeded from a few Italian districts alone; whereas, after his first Gaulish conquests, 'an old and haughty nation strong 'in arms' was enrolled among her provincials, and must either be admitted to her privileges, or might, in a few generations, renew the terrors of a Cimbric war. The plans of the Dictator expired with him; but not so the circumstances in which they originated. On the contrary, at the moment when Augustus closed the Temple of Janus, fresh and similar necessities had arisen for organising the subjects and provinces of Rome. A more arduous task than that which presented itself to the sole Triumvir during his winter residence in Asia, in the year 724, was probably never imposed upon any soldier or statesman. The difficulties of Cromwell arose principally from the punctilios of the lawyers, who could not be brought to understand the legality of any act of the government which was not confirmed by a *de jure* king. The obstacles of the first Napoleon in settling the French nation were overcome or concealed by the continuity and brilliancy of his military successes. So long as he satisfied the appetite of his subjects for glory, they accepted with few murmurs his conscription and his police. But, after the surrender of Alexandria, Rome and Augustus were alike weary of triumphs, and without discussing the question whether he were *de jure* or *de facto* imperator, the whole circle of his provinces sent up to their youthful chief one long wail and prayer for repose. To whatever side of his vast dominions his eyes were directed a nearly uniform spectacle of exhaustion and desolation greeted them. The revolutionary deluge either at its flood or its ebb had scarcely left a single region unmarked by its ravages. The Lesser Asia and Greece were worn and wasted by the tramplings

and exactions of fifty years' war. What Sulla had left them the liberators and Antonius had torn away. The solitude which the Gracchi deplored in Italy was populousness compared with that which Virgil described, and Augustus strove to replenish. The war with Hannibal had reduced the population of many a town in Magna Græcia to that of a village; but in the later civil wars even that residue had disappeared, and beyond the walls of Brundisium and Beneventum, and along the skirts of the Great Appian Road from Capua to either sea, lay vast tracts denuded both of owners and tillers of the soil. Upon Italy, north of the Arno, the hand of the Triumvirate had pressed heavily, and the recruiting-ground of the legions, Spain and the Gauls, mourned the absence of their youth, the decay of their commerce, and the exhaustion of their mines. The later Ptolemies had drawn into Alexandria the wealth of Egypt. The shadow of sacerdotal grandeur still lingered in Thebes, but Memphis, and Coptos, and Heracleopolis were hastening to decay, and at one swoop the hoards of the Macedonian kings were emptied into the Roman treasury. The dominions of Carthage and Massinissa were dignified with the title of a province, but the authority of their proconsuls was disputed at every turn by the obscure tribes of the desert. Syria and Armenia wavered in their allegiance between Rome and Parthia. Thrace and the petty kingdoms which girdled the north-eastern flank of the empire were either unsubdued or resumed their independence; while the islands of the Mediterranean and the Egean still swarmed with the remnants of Cilician piracy, or the adherents of Sextus Pompeius.

We cannot follow Mr. Merivale through his panoramic survey of the provinces of the empire. He justly assigns considerable space in it to that singular race which, though contemned alike by the inhabitants of the western and eastern hemispheres of Roman dominion, served in some measure to reconcile them both. Without conquering like the Roman, or civilising like the Greek, the restless spirit of the Jew bore him silently and pertinaciously into every known corner of the globe: 'No one could say wherefore he came, nor what was 'the object of his sojourn.' He did not, like the Carthaginians, cultivate commerce on a large scale, nor was he impelled by an irresistible impulse, like the Gauls and Germans at various periods of their history, to join some great migratory flood of his race. He was the chapman of antiquity, and though he cultivated neither literature nor art, he eagerly promulgated the doctrines of his solitary law. As forming, in some degree a connecting link between three continents, the Jew forms an important element in the ethnology of the Roman

empire, since, though he shunned the duties of a citizen and a soldier, and of all the tribes under its rule paid the smallest contributions to the treasury, he imperceptibly leavened the opinions of the mass, and was an instrument of communication, and in later times of secret political intelligence, also, between those who dwelt by the fords of the Euphrates and those who beheld the sun descend into the Atlantic.

With the exception of the Jew, however, there was little of a cosmopolite character in any of the numerous provincial segments of the empire. Language, as it still does, formed a barrier between race and race; but a common religion did not then, as it has since done, modify or undermine the barriers of language. And there was a further obstacle to a regular organisation of the provinces of Rome. In Christian Europe the germ of political society is imbedded in the nation; in heathen Europe, at least in its more civilised portions, the germ was planted in the city and amid the limited conditions of civil life; and inasmuch as to be the citizen of a 'city,' whether 'mean' or illustrious, implied a certain privilege, distinguishing its possessor from all other persons who had it not, there was a much larger mass of prejudices to contend with, a much more deeply-rooted feeling against uniformity of system, than modern Europe would present to a ruler in the position of Augustus. Had Augustus conceived the scheme which Alexander entertained of welding Europe and Asia together, he would probably have met with even less than Alexander's success; for the Macedonian proposed only to combine the higher classes of his eastern and western subjects in a common bond of family alliance, and to leave to their posterity the task of cementing and extending the union. No such opportunity presented itself to Augustus. The privileges of a Roman citizen, hybrid as the population of Rome had long been, were too lofty and peculiar, in the estimation of their holders, to be lightly imparted to Syrians and Gauls; and it is one of the indignant arguments of Horace, speaking after the prejudices of his time, against ransoming the soldiers of Crassus, that the captive legionary had basely linked himself with a barbarian wife. Nor would the Greeks have relished better a proposition to admit an African or an Iberian to the civil rights of an Athenian or an Argive. In the fever of adulation or alarm the Athenians had been sometimes liberal of their franchise to a conqueror and his adherents; but long after every trace of freedom had vanished from the empire, they continued in ordinary times to be chary of this distinction. An opposite kind of impediment to fusion presented itself to Augustus among his semi-civilised

western subjects. What the city was to the Greeks the clan was to the Gauls, and although the henchman of an Æduan or Nervian chieftain might accept the privileges of a Roman *civis*, he would have disdained the offer of amalgamation with a rival tribe.

These and many other causes of difference between the provincials of Rome were, however, trifling in comparison with the organic distinction between the eastern and western portions of the empire. Whether flourishing or declining, Syria and Egypt had never enjoyed or abused the benefits of freedom. With the restless liberty of republican Greece they had no sympathy; the eloquence of the forum they despised as befitting the squabbles of boys or women; the speculations of the schools they deemed beneath the gravity of sages, and preferred the sententious maxims of their own rabbins and doctors. Of what avail, they urged, were laws suggested or confirmed by the multitude. Law is the voice of God; legislators are God's vicegerents, and He delegates His right to obedience to the sacred order of kings or priests alone. The Greeks could afford to smile at the passive submission of the barbarians; but they did not, therefore, the more readily coalesce with the formal jurisprudence of Rome. Of all barbarous races, they said, the Romans are the most powerful; but they are nevertheless slaves to their own formularies. In science they are helpless as children; in art and literature on a level with Thessalian bullock-drivers; of the ingenuous freedom that ennobled Athens and Ionia they are as incapable as of the productions of a Sophocles or Pheidias. Let them keep their language for the prætor's tribunal, or the centurion's tent. We have conquered the rustic Latins by our arts, and we will maintain our victory by abjuring their speech and manners. The western countries were more docile, and submitted to be civilised by the same hands which subdued them. The rude idioms of Spain, Gaul, Africa, and Pannonia gave place to the language of Virgil and Cicero — the laws of the conquerors were adopted with their language; and while Greece and the East stood proudly or silently apart, the Celts, Iberians, and Rhætians were insensibly transfigured into Latins and Italians. Such transfiguration, indeed, was not achieved by Augustus or his immediate successors, and we await Mr. Merivale's picture of the age of the Antonines for its completion.

Hitherto we have surveyed the *felicity* of Augustus in the origin, the progress, and the culmination of his fortunes, nor have the colours by which we have attempted to depict it been stronger than those employed by the historians of his long

reign. As he was the first of the new Imperators, of those who held that title as well on civil as on military grounds, so by universal consent, as long as the western or the eastern empire existed, was Augustus reputed the most fortunate. But there was even in ancient conceptions a reverse to the picture, and his name is sometimes cited as an illustration of the mutability and misfortunes of high estate. From the remotest eras of antiquity, indeed, conspicuous felicity was believed to be twin-born with some corresponding nemesis of woe, public or private; and high station and profound sorrow were supposed to be distributed impartially from the two urns that, filled with the lots of life, stood on the right hand and the left hand of Jove. In all Western Asia there was no city so flourishing as Troy; no king of men numbered so many goodly sons and daughters, so many faithful subjects and allies, as Priam, the son of Dardanus. In all Greece and the islands there was no lord of the people like Agamemnon, no hero so beautiful and brave as the son of Peleus. But Priam lived to see all his children slain or enslaved; for Agamemnon there was but a single step from the triumphal chariot to the bloody bath; and the beauty and bravery of Achilles were inextricably linked to the doom of an early and inglorious death. To this rule Augustus proved no exception. He indeed expired in his bed and in Livia's arms, and bequeathed to a successor chosen by himself the empire for which he had at first shed so much blood, and which he afterwards so elaborately organised. 'Augustus 'Cæsar,' says Lord Bacon, 'expired in a compliment.' It was perhaps the only satisfaction in his dying moments. He had survived his friends and counsellors; he had tested, when Varus and his legions perished in the Teutoberg, the precarious condition of his empire; as *censor morum* he had not only been unable to repress the profligacy of the times, but had shown himself incompetent to check the disorders of his own kin and household. His only direct male heir was a dolt; nor had he a child or grandchild surviving whose name did not raise on his cheeks a blush of anger or shame. His power passed into the hands of an alien to his race and name, whose temper he had often rebuked, whose fitness for the high office he seems to have suspected, and whom he adopted in any but a hopeful spirit.

Neither, when he looked beyond his household, can Augustus have discerned any remarkable cause for self-laudation. The mask of hypocrisy is painful to behold, but it is still more irksome to its wearer. No one could be more conscious than Augustus himself, that however secure his own position as

Princeps and Imperator might be, the security was not for his successor. He was at most a compromise between outworn factions. He owed his elevation to the lassitude of the world. He neither represented, like Sulla, the Senate and the Patrician order, nor, like Julius, the fresh and lusty youth of the allies and subjects of Rome. He masqued an absolute monarchy, resting on the power of the sword, under the forms of an extinct republic. But the masque was wearing out; the farce of resigning and resuming power had become tedious, and the policy of reaction, with all its histrionic accompaniments, would not avail for his heir. He had, indeed, restored peace to the world, but it was a peace unattended by cheerful hopes, and unsupported by generous principles.

Augustus passed from the scene, and Tiberius stepped upon it with few of the hopes and fears which a new reign generally awakens. Unless, indeed, the aged Cæsar had purposely overlooked the members of his own household, the selection he made was inevitable, for whatever he might know of the temper of his successor, the capacity of Tiberius for government had been amply tested, and if he were not popular with any class of his subjects, he was at least connected in their memories with long and good services to the state. If apprenticeship in dissimulation were requisite for the heir of Augustus, a youth and manhood passed in the suppression of every spontaneous impulse had qualified Tiberius for the succession. Though eventually he reversed the policy of his benefactor, he proved by his constant appeals to the maxims and the practice of Augustus that he understood them, and if his subjects sometimes murmured at his interference with their lawsuits and their pleasures, none could deny him the praise of being a ripe and good soldier. Even the greatest enemy of Tiberius, the historian Tacitus, does not affirm or insinuate that, among the probable competitors for the *imperium* pointed out by Augustus himself, any one would have been preferable to the elder Nero; nor can we imagine the senate to have acquiesced more cheerfully in any other selection, since an imperator from their own body would have been at least as invidious as the most conspicuous member of Cæsar's family.

Mr. Merivale's character of Tiberius may probably excite some surprise in his readers, since this prince has generally been described as a monster without one redeeming virtue. This pre-eminence in evil repute is doubtless in great measure owing to the sombre hues in which he has been delineated by Tacitus, but it partly arises also from the comparative oblivion of other records of his reign. We shall, therefore,

attempt to ascertain whether, in his narrative of the Julian Cæsars, Tacitus was influenced by any circumstances of his own times, and his own position, or whether any peculiar bias led him to regard with eyes of disfavour the immediate successors of Augustus.

The historians of the Cæsars have hitherto accounted themselves upon firm ground as soon as their narrative coincides with that of Tacitus, supported as it is by Suetonius, who probably composed his biographies only a few years later. They have, however, omitted to inquire whether the biographer and the historian may not each have had secret motives for misrepresentation, or written at least under circumstances unfavourable to truth. As regards Suetonius, we have not leisure to expose his inconsistencies, or explore the sources of his gossip; but although he has drawn a vivid picture of the Cæsars, and illustrated even to a degree beyond Tacitus himself the secret history of the empire, we should as readily accept the testimony of Wilkes and Junius to the character of George III. as that of Suetonius to the character of Tiberius or Claudius. Of Tacitus we cannot dispose so easily, yet we believe that there are many reasons for supposing him to have been unduly biassed. As a writer it is scarcely possible to exaggerate his merits. For his pictorial force, for his profound insight into the springs of action, he stands among historians as Dante stands among poets, or Bacon among philosophers. Like Dante also, Tacitus may be said to have created the language in which he wrote, for although the Latin idiom had received its full dimensions from Cicero, and its highest polish from Virgil and Horace, it was reserved for the Annalist of the Cæsars, to endow it with powers of compression, representation, and sarcasm unknown to it before. In Tacitus almost every sentence is an historical group, every oration a summary of current opinions, and every word an individual picture. He has never been translated, he probably never will be; for his translator should not merely possess a kindred genius, but also employ a language pregnant, terse, and sententious as the speech of Rome. If on the revival of letters Cicero was the favourite of the learned, Tacitus has been the model of historians and political philosophers. Of all modern writers Machiavel approaches him the nearest; but compared with Tacitus, the Florentine is often diffuse and sometimes feeble. He does not convey—perhaps his Tuscan idiom would not permit him—the whispers, the looks, the gestures of the actors on the scene, the ashy pallor of the victims, the secret terror of the tyrants, the misgivings which haunt the bosoms of favourites, the fears which beset the paths

of ambition, the silence that is more eloquent than words, the passions that lurk behind the masks of flatterers, the horrors of the nightly couch, the worm of conscience, the solitude of greatness, or the servility of the multitude.

The circumstances, however, under which Tacitus wrote were unfavourable to a calm or unprejudiced survey of the earlier Cæsars. His early manhood was passed in the contemplation, if not in the endurance, of the degrading tyranny of Domitian. By that emperor, who combined the vices of Caligula and Nero, the senate had been decimated, the provinces oppressed, the philosophers persecuted, and every man distinguished for his services or his worth banished or murdered. The entire reign of this monster reflected the latter and the worst years of Tiberius: and from the abject senate of his own days Tacitus delineated the obsequious council of the third Cæsar. Moreover, though we are for the most part ignorant of his personal history, it is evident that the historian was a republican in theory, and perhaps while he contemplated the virtues of Agricola and his friends, he may have dreamed of the restoration of the ancient commonwealth. So far as his allegiance to the Cæsars went, it was paid to the Flavian dynasty and its successors. Vespasian and Titus had been the patrons of his youth; Nerva and Trajan preferred him in mature age; and as he contrasted the firm and enlightened administration of the latter, with what he had seen of Domitian's capricious sway, and what he had heard or read of the Julian Cæsars, his republican feelings were enlisted against a system dependent for its worth on the personal character of its chief. He revered Nerva, he applauded Trajan, but he could not be insensible to the chances that their successor might be a Nero; and he sighed for the days when the government, resting upon the laws, and controlled by well-balanced parties, was independent of individual caprice. The character of Tiberius is an obscure problem, of which the difficulties are increased by the medium through which it is viewed—the contemporaries or the copyists of Tacitus,—as well as by the unquestionable disguise he himself assumed on most public and many private occasions. If the latter and the worse years of his life—and with these principally the historian deals—be alone contemplated, the portrait is that of a monster; but if we follow his career from the beginning, we are able to trace the degrees, if not the causes, of its degeneracy, and to rescue him from the category of prodigies in vice.

The first impressions of Tiberius were formed amid the terrors of proscription. On a certain day in B.C. 40, his

parents and himself were fugitives tracked by the police of Octavius, and certain of nothing but death, had they been discovered or betrayed. His next impressions were those of the disguise and the decorum incumbent upon all who were admitted into the imperial circle, where republican plainness was professed, but monarchical reserve was practised. In his boyhood Tiberius would, accordingly, be inured equally to the dissimulation that springs from fear, and to that which accompanies high station. In subordinate posts, at court or in the camp, Tiberius imbibed the lessons of implicit obedience. He saw soldiers, like Agrippa, yielding homage to one not remarkable for military talents; poets and philosophers laying their works at the feet of one whose highest literary feat was an unfinished play, or a few elegant and familiar letters; and statesmen who had debated with Julius and Cicero deferring to one who was still, in Roman computation, 'inter juniores,' and who had sometimes calmed, but had never excited by his eloquence, either the senate or the forum. As a Claudius, too, he would learn that the purest Roman blood hardly ensured distinction at the Augustan court; the proudest nobles were often suitors to an Etruscan knight, and the plebeian Agrippa was a man of more worship than a Scaurus, a Cornelius, or a Fabius Maximus. Again, the genius of Tiberius was never fostered or stimulated by public favour or applause. Debased as the Roman people had become, it adhered to the traditions of the genuine commons, and regarded the gens Claudia as incurably proud and hostile to freedom. Frequently must the emperor have compared in after days the shouts which greeted Germanicus, and the vows that were offered up for his children, with the indifference of the people to himself when he took his seat in the theatre or the circus. The applause of the multitude, and the ornaments of triumph were, indeed, long reserved for the immediate heirs of Cæsar, for the young Marcellus, for Caius and Lucius, or for his own more popular brother Drusus; nor was it until he had done the state much service that Horace ventured to point out to the Romans their debt to the military skill and valour of the elder Nero. That his favour with the public was lessened by his own reserved demeanour and sullen temper, is highly probable; and Pliny has, by a happy phrase, characterised Tiberius, as 'hominum tristissimus,'—the least genial of men.

To his fears, his jealousy, or his reserve — and all these motives have been assigned for the step — must be ascribed the voluntary exile of Tiberius at Rhodes. What secret griefs prompted him to this perverse and impolitic determination it is

impossible to say; but whatever were its motives, whether disgust at the infidelities of Julia, or jealousy of the young Cæsars, her sons, it lost him at the time the favour of Augustus, and but for the pertinacity of Livia, aided by the early deaths of his rivals, would have cost him the empire. Neither, when advancement came at length, was it soothing in any degree proportioned to the hopes deferred and the mortifications undergone by him. It was obvious that he was promoted less for his actual merits, than because he had an irresistible advocate in his mother, and because a gross and brutal boy now alone was between Tiberius and the succession. He was thus heir presumptive almost as a political necessity. But the senate showed him no particular respect --- the people no affection. He stood between a revolution and the throne: yet no one wished Augustus to die in order that Tiberius might succeed. The worst of tyrants were often ushered with acclamation into the domus palatina: Caligula was cheered, and Nero hailed, as true specimens of the Julian line, and as superseding a generally odious or a generally contemptible predecessor. They were, moreover, recommended to the Roman people by their youth, and by the favour and the expectations that ordinarily attend upon youthful sovereigns. But the accession of Tiberius was marked by open indifference, or by secret murmurs; and he probably seated himself between the consuls of the year with as little complacency as if he had been commissioned by Augustus to inspect the Prætorians, or preside, during his absence, in the senate. The people, wearied with the dull formalities of the later years of Augustus, derived no relief from their change of masters. The saddest of mortals would not indulge them with games or gladiators: rarely supped out of his own palace; when he appeared in public was occupied with business; and fell at once as Imperator into the daily routine of ceremony or jurisdiction, which he had followed for so many years as Tribune and Pro-consul. The latter and sadder days of Augustus seemed prolonged: for nine years his successor changed nothing, disturbed nothing, suggested nothing, but followed servilely the maxims of his teacher, or obeyed reluctantly the mandates of Livia.

Yet even Tacitus admits that the government of Tiberius was long entitled to respect. Though a strict, he was not a capricious ruler, and his rescripts and decisions were generally consonant with law or good sense. In business he was unwearied: perhaps he interfered too much with its details; but he sedulously watched the conduct of his officials, and severely rebuked or punished them when partial or corrupt. Chary, in

general, of the public purse, he could be liberal when any signal calamity afflicted the capital or the provinces; and his parsimony in building and public spectacles may be accounted a merit in the guardian of the state. If he were addicted to wine, he was untaxed—for many years at least, even by a scurrilous and credulous people—with licentiousness; while the economy of his household afforded a wholesome, though perhaps an unheeded lesson to a prodigal and self-indulgent age. The provinces, to whose petitions he was always accessible, long regretted his equal and vigilant sway: both Philo and Josephus appeal to the good times of Tiberius; and had his actions been recorded by a Greek or Gaulish contemporary, he would perhaps have confirmed the praises and modified the censures of the great annalist.

The personal character, and even the administration of Tiberius, however, are of little moment in comparison with the system of government which he adopted or originated. For to him, rather than to Augustus, belongs the credit or discredit of Roman imperialism. Mr. Merivale has scarcely discriminated sufficiently between the policy of the second and the third Cæsar. To disguise a monarchy by the forms of a republic was the drift, perhaps the wisdom, of Augustus. He aspired, at least he pretended, to bring back the Romans to the hardy virtues and simple life of their ancestors, and by slow and imperceptible reaction to recall the men to the plough and the women to the loom. But his successor, although citing on all occasions the maxims and practice of his divine parent, really abandoned or reversed them. Tiberius inflicted indeed no wound on freedom by abolishing even the show of popular election, since the spirit of the comitia had been long extinct, and the form was a useless incumbrance. But, by severing the senate from the people,—by rendering it an accomplice in every imperial act, and by establishing a permanent body-guard, Tiberius displayed the monarchy without disguise; nor has any portion of his character given more just offence to the philosophic historian than the studied obscurity of the words, and the undissembled plainness of the acts of this emperor. With the disguise he forfeited some of the security of Augustus; and, although the people resigned their privileges without a murmur, it took longer to reconcile even a servile aristocracy to a government which thenceforward palpably rested on the power of the sword.

The position, indeed, of Tiberius was from the first much more difficult to maintain than that of his predecessor. The heir of Julius had imperceptibly become 'the foremost man in 'Rome;' but the heir of Augustus, though professing both in

and out of season to be merely the servant of the senate, stood before them from the first clothed in all the trappings of a master. If the army had elected Augustus originally, the senate and the people had repeatedly confirmed its choice, both by the acclamations with which they greeted the honours conferred on him, and by the remonstrances with which they opposed his offers of abdication. But Tiberius was neither the soldiers' nor the senate's choice, and, besides this general indifference to him, he laboured under disadvantages proper to himself.

In the first place, there was wanting to him a recognised position in the eyes of the Roman aristocracy. They acknowledged the remote antiquity and the genuine nobility of the Claudian house, but it was only as *par inter pares.* His lineage gave Tiberius no right to preside in the council-chamber of the Lentuli, the Æmilii, and the Pisones. His achievements in the field had been rather solid than brilliant, and he had proved himself an obedient pupil of Augustus rather than an able prime minister like Mæcenas. The mighty Julius had by his wars extended the limits and secured for centuries the inviolability of the empire; the less enterprising Octavius had rescued the state from the vortex of its own factions, and the predominance of an eastern queen. And both the elder Cæsars represented the interests of the people and the Italians — the movement-party which, since the tribunate of the Gracchi, had openly or secretly caused every revolution in Rome. Whereas, the name of Tiberius was connected, neither recently nor remotely, with any great cause or crisis in the State. He had risen to eminence after the removal by death of every competitor, and became chief of the senate and the legions only by the failure of the Julian line. Secondly, the popularity he might, under ordinary circumstances, have looked for on his accession was absorbed by his nephew and adopted son. In Germanicus the senate, the army, and the people fancied they beheld the image of their lost Marcellus, while in the wife of Germanicus they hailed not only the genuine descendant of the sacred race of Anchises and Aphroditè, but also the representative of the lofty virtues and bearing of a Cornelia, a Lælia, and other matrons of the ancient stock. Thirdly, it was not merely notorious that Tiberius owed his elevation to Livia, but also that, whether from duty or habit, he was greatly influenced by her sagacious counsels or her stronger character. But Augusta, even as a youthful beauty, had never been popular at Rome. Perhaps her grandson Caligula, when he called her 'a Ulysses in petticoats,' expressed a very general feeling of her crafty and unfeminine disposition;

and the flagrant indecorum of her marriage with Augustus may have given permanent umbrage even to her not very scrupulous contemporaries.'

We cannot gather from Tacitus or Suetonius which of these causes especially rendered Tiberius unacceptable to his subjects from the first. But he certainly mounted the throne under a cloud, which his subsequent demeanour did not tend to disperse. He had passed the age when hope is active: his experience of life had been a mournful one; and we are inclined to believe him to have been sincere in saying that none but an Augustus was capable of supporting the burden of such an empire. There may have been other causes for his depression of spirit besides a timid or a sullen disposition. There was a taint of hereditary insanity in the Claudian family which, in some instances, revealed itself in stubborn pride, in others by fits of uncontrollable passion. The self-imposed seclusion at Rhodes may have been a rehearsal of the stricter solitude at Capreæ, and the customary reserve and occasional excesses of Tiberius only different phases of the malady he inherited.

The reigns of Caligula and Claudius would demand nearly as much space as we have allotted to their immediate predecessors; but our limits are nearly exhausted, and we must refer to Mr. Merivale's narrative for the record of their crimes or follies. The omission is of the less moment on our part, since we have endeavoured to direct the reader's attention rather to the imperial system than to the emperors themselves. As individuals, indeed, the Cæsars are among the least interesting of mankind, and derive nearly all their importance from the empire they governed. To that empire, and to that system of government we shall now, in conclusion, revert, in order to review some current misconceptions respecting them.

In the first place, we contend that every attempt to draw a parallel between the circumstances of Rome, at the close of the Republic, and those of any modern kingdom has signally failed, and must continue to fail, unless the condition of the Roman people at that epoch should ever become the condition of Europe generally.

The division of Europe into a number of independent states connected, however, with one another, by the general resemblance of religion, language, and manners, is productive of the most beneficial consequences to the liberty of mankind. The most despotical of modern governments is checked in some measure by the example of its more liberal neighbours, by the consciousness that its subjects, though they may not enjoy, are at least aware of the privileges of freedom, and by the appre-

hensions that interference from abroad may correct abuses or excite rebellion at home. However extensive its frontiers, or however rigorous its police, some of its victims at least may elude its grasp, and in a happier region proclaim their wrongs, and perhaps acquire the means of avenging them. But this consolation was denied to the sufferers from the tyranny of the Cæsars. Their empire was coextensive with the civilised world; and to fly into the Scythian deserts, or to seek refuge with the Parthian, was but to exchange one form of bondage for another. The Roman world was indeed one vast prison to all who sighed for freedom or had offended the majesty of the Cæsars. 'Wherever you are,' said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, 'remember that you are equally within the power of 'our conqueror.' Tacitus affords a lively instance of this inextricable bondage of the Romans under the Empire. A Roman knight, weary of the burden of oppression, attempted to fly to the Parthians, but was arrested in the Straights of Sicily. So little danger, however, did there appear in the example that Tiberius, just then in no merciful mood, disdained to punish it. At first, indeed, the capital was the principal scene of imperial cruelty; and the provincials, enjoying generally the privilege of obscurity, were insensible to the yoke. The evil, however, was inherent in the system, and in the reign of Caracalla, even the 'remote Britons' may sometimes have deplored the ubiquity of the imperial power.

Secondly, it cannot be too often repeated that the degeneracy of the Roman people during the reigns of the earlier Cæsars — that is, of the Cæsars who had any pretence to belong to the Julian line — is without its parallel in the annals of the Western world. Nations as degraded as the Roman people, and tyrants as savage as Nero or Domitian, have certainly disgraced the annals of Asia; but such instances are not to our present purpose, since we are not inquiring how low barbarians may sink, so much as how far a high condition of civilisation may coexist with an arbitrary government and a corrupted people. There have doubtless occurred, even in states professedly Christian, certain epochs of demoralisation, such as the regency of Orleans, or the later excesses of the first French Revolution, during which the social bonds were wholly relaxed, and the nation seemed to be hurrying over a precipice of vice and crime with the speed of a winter flood. But these epochs were brief; and after the fever fit had passed away, there was still sufficient soundness at the heart or in the system of the people for at least a partial recovery, or even an improved condition of the body politic, to be possible. Long wars contributed materially towards

the decomposition of the Roman Commonwealth, inasmuch as they habituated a few of its citizens to almost unlimited command, and the mass either to implicit obedience as soldiers, or to an inordinate thirst for excitement as spectators. But protracted warfare has more than once convulsed the system and retarded the civilisation of Christian Europe, without, however, reducing her to the level of Pagan Rome. The wars which succeeded the first French Revolution, however calamitous to them respectively, permanently exhausted neither Europe nor France. At the end of the Thirty Years' War, disorganisation seemed to have done its worst for the old German Empire; yet within half a century after its close Germany was as populous and powerful as before: wealth returned to her counters; the seed was sown and ripened in her fields; and the voice of prayer and praise was again heard in her churches. Napoleon, Tilly, and Wallenstein had passed away, but the French and German people remained, and perhaps even derived new vigour from their calamities. But the people of Rome at the close of the civil wars, had not only become more universally corrupt than any social masses on record, but had been transmuted at various epochs into a multitude as hybrid and impure as the dregs of Alexandria or Canopus. The principal contributions to this seething swarm of paupers came from the baser races of Western Asia, from the barbarous Cappadocia, the emasculated Syria, and the lees of Cilicia and Bithynia. In the age of Augustus, probably not one man in ten was of pure Roman descent. Neither national nor family ties bound together this indiscriminate crowd. With Rome itself they had no associations; the Decii and Licinii had not represented *their* fathers; *their* progenitors had not withdrawn to the Sacred Mount, or fortified the Aventine, or wrung from the patricians the Terentian, Hortensian, or Sempronian laws. They had never owned a foot of land in Italy; had never borne the distinctive names of Marcus or Caius, but were banded in hordes of Cornelii and Licinii, as they had been emancipated in troops by Sulla or Lucullus. Even the recruiting officers of the legions disdained this unwarlike yet turbulent populace; and when, after the destruction of his army by the Cheruscans, Augustus enrolled them in defence of the city, he was constrained to acknowledge that his youthful empire already exhibited the symptoms of decay.

Nor was it much better with the higher and wealthier order of the citizens. We have already alluded to the degeneracy of the senate, where Gauls and Africans sat beside the representatives of ancient consular houses. It was not until the Flavian

dynasty invited the great Italian families—the *municipalis nobilitas*—to Rome, that the senate recovered a portion of its ancient dignity. The Curia of the Julian Cæsars, though thrice purged by Augustus, long displayed the traces of the promiscuous promotions consequent on the civil wars. In nothing was the un-Roman character of the upper classes more conspicuous than in the almost universal disinclination to contract legal marriages. In no respect was the laxity of morals more strikingly displayed than in the frequency of divorce. For the first 400 years of Rome, although a statute permitting the dissolution of the marriage bond was in existence, not a single divorce had been demanded. But towards the close of the Commonwealth, and during the first century of the Empire, the man who had not espoused a series of wives, or the woman who had been content with one husband, was a prodigy. And here even Augustus was powerless: he passed laws, he levied penalties; by every means within his almost unlimited power, by privileges to fathers, by honours to mothers, united by the solemn rite of *confarreatio*, he persuaded or 'compelled to 'marry;' but all would not avail: the freedom of celibacy survived after all other freedom was extinct, and the bachelors of Rome enjoyed and applauded the triumph of licentious love. It must be confessed, indeed, that the example of Augustus was not likely to promote obedience to his marriage-laws. His first betrothment was his uncle's work; so far, therefore, Augustus may be held excused for dissolving an unsuitable or irksome bond. He then married, for the sake of keeping on good terms with Antonius, a daughter of his partner's wife, the termagant Fulvia. Whether Clodia took after her mother we are not told, but Augustus speedily sent her a notice to quit his house, and then united himself to Scribonia. Had he been sincerely desirous to improve the morals of his country, this lady would have continued to be mistress of the domus palatina, since she alone bore a legitimate child to Augustus—the gifted and unfortunate Julia. But the tenure of Scribonia was as precarious as that of Clodia, and as soon as her husband set eyes on a lady he liked better, the former message of 'collige sarcinulas et exi,' was repeated. We need not repeat the story of his scandalous marriage with Livia, or consult Suetonius for the records of his still more scandalous intrigues.

While the fountain of the household virtues—the strict family life of the primitive Roman people—was thus polluted, the moral sensibilities of the citizens were still further impaired or extinguished by the Circensian shows. The effect of these brutalising exhibitions was even more pernicious than the habit

of incessant war. For war at least demands and elicits some generous qualities; whereas the machinery of the circus was calculated from first to last to harden the heart and to violate decency. To this more than to any other cause may probably be attributed the generally unattractive character of the women of Rome, so far as literature or history has displayed them to us. For, apart from the baneful character of these spectacles, the opportunity of the Roman wife to be the helpmate of her husband and to refine social intercourse was, as respects the ancient world, unusually favourable. The Roman matron was not a prisoner in the harem of her lord, nor, like the Athenian housewife, merely a mistress of slaves or a spinner of wool. Her intercourse with the pater-familias, although not that of an equal, was yet tolerably liberal, and many credible stories attest that she was not without her just influence upon the graver cares and pursuits of her husband. The orators of the commonwealth acknowledged that the purest idiom of the Latin tongue was to be heard in the chamber of the Læliæ. The mother of the Gracchi superintended the education of her sons, and the daughters of Cicero and Atticus possessed, and perhaps displayed, accomplishments that would not disgrace a modern drawing-room. But what refinement or delicacy could be looked for in women who exulted in the torture of animals, in the pangs of dying gladiators, and gazed calmly down upon the streams of blood which poured over the arena? The brutalising effects of the Games afford a sufficient answer to the question why the fine arts were for the most part cultivated by foreigners, why, with its heroic legends and its stirring history, the Drama had no proper existence in Roman literature, and why, amid the wealth and luxury of the capital, the literary class was at all periods few in number and inconsiderable in worth. The hardness of heart engendered by these gross and cruel recreations powerfully affected the social and political temper of the Romans under the Empire. The excitements of the arena blunted every healthy interest in the people. They overlooked Nero's crimes and Caligula's excesses, because these emperors indulged and participated in their savage amusements. It was the policy of the worse emperors to encourage, of the better emperors to curb, these degrading spectacles; and it was among the causes of the unpopularity of Tiberius that he banished the licentious actors of pantomimes, and rarely indulged his subjects with the butchery of 'a Roman holiday.'

On looking back to Republican Rome and contemplating the state of morals a century before the era of the Cæsars, we encounter an unequalled spectacle of rapid degeneration both in

the practice and the theory of morals. When Cicero boasted that in religion his countrymen transcended every other civilised people, he affirmed the actual truth, although at the moment of writing it down he may have indulged in a good-humoured smile at the science of the augurs or the ceremonies of the flamens. Unfortunately for the Romans, their ritual stood still while their general intelligence advanced: and when the Empire commenced there was probably no thoughtful man in the capital who, as regarded the national superstitions, was not an avowed or a secret atheist. Religion, indeed, in the age of Augustus, had long relaxed, and perhaps wholly lost its *binding* force; and while the gross ritual of their forefathers contented the vulgar, the more refined and instructed members of the community unblushingly professed their exemption from any belief. Mr. Merivale's narrative has not yet arrived at the period when the doctrines of Zeno infused new vigour into the Roman mind, and the crimes of the ruler and the servility of the crowd stood rebuked before the moral strength of the philosophers. In the age of Augustus and his immediate successor the dawning of that better day was not yet visible on the horizon: and in the scenes and events recorded by Tacitus we find, until we approach the end of his Annals, no traces of either ethical or religious sentiment. The superstition of the time was as grovelling as its political subservience. The men who ascribed to Tiberius more hideous vices than they themselves practised were yet eager to pay him divine honours; and it was owing to his moderation alone that his statue did not supersede every other image of the gods in all the temples of the empire. The idea of worshipping a tyrant who was universally odious could originate only with a people utterly devoid of religious feeling. The condition of a people so situated as to have utterly outgrown its sensibilities, had never before and has never since been presented to the world. Over such a people, callous to all higher impulses, rendered ferocious by its very amusements, and sundered by foreign admixture from all its historical associations, force alone can prevail or prevent the structure of society from crumbling to the ground. Less power than that involved in the *imperium* of the Cæsars would have been inadequate to compress the disorganised mass. But this power it did and could exert, and then was transfigured into a new form, having accomplished its task and standing alone in its own day and for ever.

Such, generally, was the aspect of the Roman world under the Julian Cæsars. In his subsequent volumes Mr. Merivale will describe the extension and modification of the imperial system by Trajan and the Antonines. If we regard it merely

as an engine of centralisation, we must accord to it the praise of consummate skill. But while the historian recounts the number and splendour of the cities, the magnificence of the public works, the general wisdom of the laws, the obedience of the provinces, and the discipline of the armies of Rome, he will also deplore the gradual decay and final extinction of the virtues which render and which keep a nation great. Throughout the vast and well-organised mass of the Cæsarian empire there beat no pulse of life. One eternal present, severed alike from the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, cast its shadow over the civilised world. In shape and gesture proudly eminent stood the solitary and sequestered Cæsar, while all around him spread a uniform and melancholy level of subjects or slaves,—content, because enobling aspirations were unknown to them, and obedient, because to obey was the be-all and the end-all of political life. At a costly sacrifice the PAX ROMANA had been established and was maintained, for if it commenced in an inexorable necessity, it moved, with the certainty of evening shadows, to decrepitude and decay, bequeathing alike to nations and their rulers the warning that, if the abuse of freedom leads to despotism, the continuance of despotism yet more inevitably impels both those who wield it and those who accept it to such dishonour and such dissolution as finally awaited the Romans under the Empire.

ART. VII.—1. *The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries.* By G. H. LEWES. 2 vols. 1855.

2. *Goethe's Briefe an Frau von Stein.* Herausgegeben durch A. SCHOLL. Weimar: 1848.

3. *Aus Herders Nachlass.* Herausgegeben von H. DÜNTZER und F. G. von HERDER. Frankfort A. M.: 1857.

IN our notice of the works before us, we have no intention of entering into an examination of Goethe's literary merits. Nor shall we dwell on those of his biographer, further than to express our high estimation of his talents as a critic. Our present concern is mainly with the life of Goethe, and with the view of it which Mr. Lewes has placed before us. This, we are bound to say, is the most complete that has yet appeared. Indeed so continually have the tributary streams of private memoirs been flowing in, to swell the flood of biographical materials, that, until now, no history of this extraordinary life could be written. Mr. Lewes is, we conclude, of opinion that

the sources of these contributions are pretty nearly exhausted, and that the world may now pass its final judgment on the means which Goethe possessed of influencing the minds of other men, and on the manner in which he employed them.

As to the former, they are, we believe, entirely beyond dispute. Nature and Fortune, internal faculties and external advantages, were united in his person, in a measure far beyond what the most brilliant and sanguine views of human life could permit any one to calculate upon. Qualities so rarely found combined as to be esteemed incompatible coexisted in him in their fullest perfection. The most brilliant genius and the calmest perseverance, the wildest fancy and the clearest good sense, passion enough to prompt his genius and self-control enough to render him always master of passion; these, and many other rare combinations seemed to mark him out as a man gifted with every means of working on the minds of his fellow men, and of instilling into them, both through the reason and the imagination, every sentiment and every principle calculated to discipline, to adorn, and to elevate, human nature. The attempts which have been made, and may be here and there still made, in this country, to depreciate Goethe as a poet, are, in our eyes, mere indications of want of knowledge of the language in which he wrote, or want of power to appreciate his singular beauties. When we consider the variety, the power, the charm of his style; the profound and delicate insight into the human heart; the classical polish and grace, without the least tinge of pedantry; the wide, deep, and harmonious views of Nature; the exquisite taste in Art; the masterly handling of a language formerly reputed harsh, but which he has made musical, expressive, and graceful—when we consider in how many ways he is second only to those who have been first in one alone, we scarcely know whom to set above him. If as a dramatic writer he is far inferior (as who is not?) to Shakspeare; if in sublimity and the wondrous power of instant, brief, and vigorous presentment, he cannot rival Dante; if he has not the romantic and chivalrous grace of Cervantes, nor the easy natural humour of Fielding, nor the caustic and polished wit of Voltaire, he has graces peculiarly his own, and a variety of excellence which none have approached.

He was a steady and consistent enemy to all royal roads, all pretensions to intuitive or perfunctory knowledge, to all quackery, and all botching (Pfutscherei.) He was wholly free from the mean jealousy which has so often disfigured great talents. His recognition of whatever was excellent, or gave promise of excellence, was full and generous, though dis-

criminating. In spite of his extreme aversion to anything like controversy, he courageously opposed and denounced every kind of cant and intolerance. Though his scientific discoveries add but little to his fame, his works contain abundant evidence of his zeal for the advancement of science. They are a perfect storehouse of clear and rational views, and of invaluable maxims for the guidance of all who aspire to learn or to teach. His perseverance was as boundless as his capacity; and towards Art he was thoroughly conscientious. Whatever else he trifled with, to that divinity of his worship he was true, loyal, and reverential.

Having paid this brief but willing homage to the genius of Goethe, we proceed to the more questionable points of the use he made of it, the tendencies of his productions, and the nature of the responsibility which such prodigious powers laid upon him.

Far be it from us to deny that the desire to render his gifts useful, as well as interesting, was frequently present to the mind of Goethe; or that his works abound in passages calculated to serve the best interests of humanity. But we esteem it a duty not to refrain from pointing out wherein he failed, as it appears to us, to acquit himself of the great debt he owed to his fellow men, whom he so far transcended in felicity and power. That he felt and acknowledged that great talents impose great obligations, no one acquainted with his works can doubt. The peculiar view he took of them is, we confess, much less satisfactory.

In order to come to any decision on so difficult a question, what, we must ask, is the best and greatest work that man can do? What is the highest to which he can attain? What are the qualities, the acts, or the enjoyments which it is desirable that poetry and eloquence should recommend to the imagination, in order to render a faculty so liable to error, subservient to the highest aims?

These, and many more such questions must be answered, before judgment can be pronounced on the employment of extraordinary talents.

In regard to the grosser examples of their abuse, what we may call the instincts, or the common sense of mankind, dictates the judgment. But there are unfortunately others which, without any violent shock to the principles or the prejudices of men, tend to lower the general tone of the public mind, or to pervert the moral tastes of society. Everything which has a tendency to produce indifference to, or contempt for, the great maxim (to which Art is no less subject than Morals), *that nothing is truly sublime but Moral Greatness,** has this lowering and perverting effect; nor is it easy to assign limits to the

social deterioration which may be the consequence of a continued disregard of those elements of our nature by which alone we can claim any kindred with the Divine. Foremost among these are Justice and Humanity; in other words, an inviolable respect for the rights and interests of others, a fervent zeal for all that can contribute to the welfare of mankind, and an equally fervent abhorrence of all that augments the sum of misery upon earth, or tends to the debasement of our species. These are the qualities or dispositions without which we can never consent to award to any man the title of Great, as applied not to this or that faculty or endowment, but to the *human being*, the member of the family of mankind.

Trying him by this standard, we feel ourselves reluctantly compelled to dispute Goethe's claims to that highest praise to which his biographer thinks him entitled. At the same time, we beg to disown any participation in the unreasonable and extravagant demands imputed by Mr. Lewes to all who dissent from him on this point. He says of those, 'who admit that 'Goethe was a great poet, but deny that he was a great man'—

'In denying it, they will set forth the qualities which constitute their ideal of greatness, and, finding him deficient in some of those qualities, declare his title null. But in awarding him that title, I do not mean to imply that he was an ideal man. I do not present him as the exemplar of all greatness. No man can be such an exemplar. One man is the carrier of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it: we bestow the laurel crown on both.'

We utterly disclaim any expectation so absurd as that of finding an 'ideal' (by which we suppose Mr. Lewes means a perfect) man, or, as he otherwise expresses it, 'an ex-'emplar of all greatness.' But we maintain, that an Ideal of perfection exists, or ought to exist, in the *mind* of every thinking being; and that nothing can be of more vital importance to society than the character of this Ideal? Upon that will the public conscience fashion itself. We know that 'an exemplar of all greatness' has been seen but once on earth; but we know also in what this unapproachable greatness chiefly consisted,—the resolution to live and to die solely for others; and that what we are too weak to attain to, we may at least strive to resemble. Let us not, therefore, be reproached with impossible requirements, because we demand that those on whom is bestowed the highest title—that of *a Great Man*—should keep steadily in view an ideal which will bear the only safe test—its effect on human virtue and happiness.

We do not recognise the felicity of Mr. Lewes's illustration. Was Achilles a great man? a great fighter certainly — but in what else, great? Of Homer the poet, it is perhaps impossible to exaggerate the greatness — of Homer the man, we know nothing, not even that he existed. If he means that to various talents we award various praise, who denies it?

In order to show how and wherein so great a poet as Goethe fell short of the proportions of the truest greatness, we must try him first by his actions, and next by the tendency of his writings; though indeed these are but different expressions of the same character and sentiments, and leave on our mind the same sense of mingled admiration and disappointment.

To illustrate the former part of this inquiry, we shall single out three passages in his life which we have found it impossible to explain on any hypothesis less unfavourable than the one which obviously suggests itself,—viz. a systematic preference of his own pleasure, convenience, and ease to the most sacred interests and strongest claims of others. The first is, his conduct to that charming type of youthful beauty and innocent love, Frederica of Sesenheim; the second, his requital of the confiding friendship of Kestner and his wife; the third, the part he assigned to himself in the life-and-death struggle of his country. We readily admit that in these cases, and in others which bear the same character, we see no evidence of evil design, or of a violation of his own sense of right. The acts in question, in common with many others, appear to us to arise from the same source — a *defective sense of moral obligation*. How far a man is to be admired or accepted as a teacher, who invents or adopts a system of morals which exempts him from some of the weightiest obligations recognised by society or enjoined by justice, is the important question. Nothing less important would have induced us to enter upon the ungrateful, unpalatable task of pointing out the defects of one to whom we owe some of our greatest enjoyments.

With regard to the first of the incidents alluded to, so much has been written by Goethe himself, and by his innumerable commentators and adorers, that we might perhaps presume the facts familiar to our readers. But, at the risk of repeating what is already known, we give a brief outline of them.

In October 1770, Goethe, then a student at Strasburg, accompanied a young friend on a visit to the pastor of Sesenheim, a village about sixteen miles from that city. The young men were hospitably welcomed by the worthy pastor and his wife, and shortly after their daughters, who had been in the fields, came in. 'Both girls,' says Goethe, 'were dressed in the

'German fashion, as it was then called; — a short white full 'skirt and furbelow, not concealing the neatest of feet and 'ankles, a tight white boddice, and black taffeta apron. Thus 'attired, Frederica stood on the boundary line between the pea-'sant girl and the town young lady. Slender and light, she 'stepped as if she had no weight to carry, and the thick 'braids of fair hair which fell from her pretty head seemed 'almost too ponderous for her delicate neck. Her clear and 'cheerful blue eyes cast expressive glances around, and her 'pretty little turned-up nose seemed to sniff the air as gaily 'as if there were no such thing as care in the world. Her 'straw hat hung upon her arm, and thus I had the pleasure, at 'the first glance, to see and know her in her whole grace and 'loveliness.'

Such are the words in which, after many years had elapsed, Goethe calmly described the sweet girl, radiant in youthful joy and unsuspecting innocence; thus he wrote, with the full consciousness that it was *he* who had made the bright blue eye dim, and the elastic step heavy, and filled the gay careless heart with lasting bitterness and sorrow. Is it possible to relish this complacent delineation of his victim? Its very beauty renders it more shocking to our feelings. To sit down, years after the passion which formed his only excuse was dead within him, to make a picture of one so formed by nature to feel and to bestow happiness, and whose whole life had been blighted by him! And for what? — To form a scene in his autobiography.

With all the careless innocence of her age and of her simple country breeding, the poor girl gave herself up to the charm of Goethe's society, talked to him with the unsuspecting confidence of a child, and (who can wonder?) 'sucked the honey of his 'music vows.' Before Goethe and his friend left Sesenheim, he had given and received an avowal of love, and had promised soon to return. He continued to correspond with Frederica, and in November paid another visit to Sesenheim, and after some days returned to Strasburg, her accepted lover. But a change was at hand.

In the early part of the year 1771, Frederica, accompanied by her mother and sister, came to Strasburg. They came in their country dress, — the dress which had so charmed Goethe's fancy in their native village. Now, in the gay city, amidst the town ladies dressed in the French fashion, the gem was no longer in its appropriate setting, and the taste of the Artist took alarm. In him, the affections were no match for the fancy, and the feeble heart was quickly and easily over-mastered by the tyran-

nous imagination. He was ashamed of his beautiful and loving Frederica. We see clearly that the determination to get rid of his engagement to her was already formed; and that, though he did not instantly act upon it, he was meditating his escape. In this state of mind he went to Frankfurt. 'If at Strasburg,' says Mr. Lewes, 'he felt that *an end was approaching* to this 'sweet romance, at Frankfurt, among family connexions, and 'with new prospects widening before him, he felt it still more. 'He wrote to her. Unhappily that letter is not preserved. It 'would have made clear much that is now conjectural. "Fre-' "derica's answer," he says, "to the letter in which I bade her 'adieu, tore my heart. I now, *for the first time, became aware* ' "*of her bereavement*, and saw no possibility of alleviating it."'

We have marked in italics two passages which strike us as curious. The lover who coolly determines to desert the innocent girl whose love and troth he has won, feels that 'an 'end to this sweet romance is approaching'— approaching? And from what quarter? May not the same strange and inappropriate language be applied to every man who carries about with him the secret resolution to violate an engagement, to sacrifice another's existence to his own caprice,—in short, to terminate, at whatever cost, a state of things inconvenient to himself?

Secondly, we must remark upon Goethe's expression, that till he received the letter in which the poor girl poured out the bitterness and anguish of her wounded and desolate heart, he 'was not aware of her bereavement.' We want nothing more than this confession to convince us of the feebleness of Goethe's sympathies, and the extreme difficulty with which he apprehended the obligations of human beings towards each other. If, on the one hand, this moral unconsciousness affords the best apology for his conduct, on the other hand, it discloses a fearful *lacuna* in his otherwise consummate organisation. We miss the true and loving heart, enlightened and strengthened by its own sensiblity—prompt to apprehend, and resolute to avoid, whatever may cause misery to others.

But to conclude our story. Eight years afterwards, Goethe revisited Sesenheim, and he thus describes his interview with Frederica in a letter to Frau v. Stein, of whom he was then the acknowledged lover:—

'I took a side road to Sesenheim, and found there a family which I had left there eight years before, and was well and kindly received. As I am now pure and quiet as air, the breath of good and quiet people is very welcome to me. The second daughter of the house loved me then better than I deserved, and more than others on whom

I have lavished so much passion and truth. I was forced to leave her in a moment when it almost cost her her life; she passed lightly over this, only telling me what consequences remained to her of the illness of those days, and behaved so charmingly and with such cordial kindness that I felt quite at ease.* I must say for her that she did not make the slightest attempt to reawaken any of the old feelings in my heart. I departed the next morning, and can now think with satisfaction of this corner of the world.'

It appears from this letter that what was necessary to the repose of Goethe's conscience, was not the assurance that he had done no wrong, but that, his victim being of a singularly sweet, delicate, and magnanimous nature, he was safe from all reproach or complaint, or even from the least allusion to his former love and cruel desertion. It is clear that he had no consciousness of Frederica's immeasurable superiority. The words 'Sie betrug sich *allerliebst*' (*she behaved charmingly*) are so inappropriate to the sublime delicacy and generosity of her conduct, that they betray an inability to understand it; — an inability which appears to be shared by his biographer. Speaking of Goethe's 'withdrawal' from his engagement, he says: 'So far I think Goethe right. Frederica must have felt so too, '*for never did a word of blame escape her.*'

We are aware how much may be said in excuse of those incautious entanglements into which youth and passion betray men who have no deliberate purpose of deceiving. And we should regard with more indulgence Goethe's conduct to Frederica, if he had shown so much respect for the memory of his own love, so much solicitude not to increase the wrong he had committed, as to bury in his own bosom the whole history of his brief and ill-fated engagement; and at least to leave the forlorn girl in the obscurity in which he found her, a dim and melancholy shelter from the curiosity and calumnies of the world. But this would not have been consistent with Goethe's views of the uses to which human beings are to be put. Frederica was too lovely and too charming a figure not to grace the poet's story, not to be decked by the poet's fancy, and to remain to all time the heroine of a pretty and equivocal story. And accordingly the poor girl's memory has been desecrated in every possible way. Long after nothing remained of the lovely body and the loving heart but dust and ashes, her reputation continued to be torn in pieces by the host of worshippers of genius, who, like the sycophants of kings, suffer neither justice, truth, nor pity to be heard in the midst of their loud plaudits.

* *Wohl*— well. Mr. Lewes translates it 'relieved;' perhaps *comfortable* would be nearer.

This noble-minded girl, whose rare dignity and delicacy not only protected her false and selfish lover from the slightest reproach, from the least allusion to her blighted prospects and his broken vows, and from even the sight of her sadness — who sent him away 'relieved' and satisfied with himself — has been made the subject of the most odious calumnies. In order to justify their idol, Goethe's worshippers have industriously tried to fix some stain on the reputation of the generous girl he deserted, and the world has been entertained with such speculations as the following: — that Frederica had a child by Goethe — that she had a child by a Catholic priest — that Goethe when he visited her, eight years after their separation, did so with the intention of fulfilling his engagement, (!) but abandoned his intention in consequence of his finding her the mother of this child; for not one of which injurious and disgusting rumours there is the slightest ground. It appears that she lived in her humble retreat, and in indigence, faithful to her youthful vows — that she refused offers of marriage, saying that 'the heart that had once loved Goethe could belong to no one 'else;' that she brought up the orphan child of her sister, and in every passage of her life showed a generosity and self-devotion which are in strong contrast with the conduct of Goethe.

Thus dearly did Frederica pay for her short-lived and brilliant dream. Her happiness was destroyed by her lover's desertion, and her fair fame tainted by contact with his celebrity. The sad story of her innocent love, first exhibited to the world by her artist lover, has served as prey to the literary parasites who live on the incidents, true or false, which they can rake together and associate with some great name. We shall particularise but one of the many books of which poor Frederica has formed, wholly or in part, the subject,— the 'Pilgrimage to Sesenheim' (Wallfahrt nach Sesenheim) of the late learned and good-natured Professor Näke of Bonn. In the year 1822, finding himself on the road from Strasburg, the worthy philologist came to the bold resolution of attempting the adventure of Sesenheim. Having driven to the inn, and carefully secured dinner, he went to the Pfarrhaus (parsonage), once bright with Frederica's smiles, and there, with the aid of the actual occupant, went over every spot described by Goethe. 'As I sat in the parlour opposite the 'door,' says he, 'I felt as if it would open and Frederica in all 'her rustic beauty step lightly in. But no, alas! she has slept 'long; and even were she living, her eyes would be dim with 'tears of sorrow and regret for her lost paradise.'

As the result of all his inquiries, the kind-hearted man adds, 'I was tranquillised by the conviction that there was no con-

'nexion between Frederica's sorrow for her lost love and her 'subsequent misfortunes.' Professor Näke cannot help having a perception of the cold selfishness of his hero; but he cannot bring himself to condemn Goethe, and so concludes with pious thanks that 'it is not his place to judge another,' &c. &c. An excellent reason for total silence; a very bad one for framing excuses for unjustifiable actions.

We confess that we are not satisfied with Mr. Lewes's reflections on this passage in the life of his hero. He makes a safe but not a very generous appeal to our sympathy, when he talks so lightly of the 'common thoughtlessness of us all in such 'matters.' Common enough; so common, indeed, that in the case of an ordinary man, we should hardly think it worth while to comment upon it. But let it be always borne in mind, that we are discussing the character of a man who has been the object of a deeper and more fervid admiration (amounting almost to worship), than any individual of our, or, we believe, of any age; and that the defects and vices of such an idol are prolific sources of mischief to society.

> 'Marriage,' says Mr. Lewes, 'was a phantom from which he shrunk. Eros, with folded wings and broken bow, was to him an image of fear. The choice lay between a quiet domestic life and the career which ambition opened. His decision could not long be doubtful.'

His decision might be a very wise and prudent one; though we do not see why a loving and high-minded wife, such a wife as Frederica would have been, is necessarily a clog upon a man's career. But granting that to be true, Goethe lived in an age and a country in which every variety of *liaison* was permitted, and he might have indulged his taste for conquest or for sentimental gallantry, at a far less price than the utter ruin of the prospects of a lovely, innocent, and noble-hearted girl, by whose family he had been received with unsuspecting cordiality.

Mr. Lewes says, that 'domestic duties seldom have the power 'to shape the career of genius. There is a latent antagonism 'between domesticity and genius which sometimes rises into 'terrible warfare.' We are not quite sure whether we understand this; but if it means that men of genius have often disregarded their domestic duties, that is unfortunately true of them, and of many others besides. What is meant by *domesticity?* We should find it more easy to fight the battle with English weapons than with those of French forging. Is it meant that a foolish or an uncongenial wife, a tribe of undis-

ciplined children, an ill-managed house, poverty, present or prospective, are 'in antagonism' with genius? We willingly admit it. But we can imagine for the man of genius another home and another partner; and we do not see why tranquillity, help, sympathy—and, if needful, counsel—'should rise up in 'terrible warfare' with genius.

And again: 'What is called the egoism of genius is but 'another name for the tyranny of ideas: against this tyranny, 'the affections, even in the affectionate, are powerless, the kindest 'natures become cruel, the softest pitiless.' If it be meant that there are minds which never had, or which have lost, all control over ideas, that is unquestionably true; and the name of that condition of mind is, madness: out of the 'relentless path' of which we take care to keep. Not only, however, had Goethe the control over ideas which is common to all sane persons, but he had such a control as hardly any human being of whom we have any record ever possessed. Never did the most accomplished horseman hold his fiery but docile steed more completely in hand, than Goethe his genius. He turned it in any direction. He possessed himself, and predominated over others, with matchless serenity and power. It was the extent and application of this remarkable faculty that constituted, or that arose from, the defective part of Goethe's nature. That he surrounded himself with an atmosphere impervious to the mean vexations, the importunate trifles, the disturbing rumours, the bitter jealousies, and the infinite weary nothings which trouble the pure fountain of poetry, and disturb the calm progress of science—this was one of the greatest of his merits, the most precious of his felicities. But does it follow that *nothing* is to penetrate this higher region? Is a man to keep far from him *everything* that can excite his indignation, his sympathy, his sorrow, because it will unfit him for his work? Is *no* cry to come up to his ear, lest it should make discord around or within him?

Another and still more striking proof of moral obtuseness, in a man of such wonderful clearness of intellectual vision, is to be found in the history of Goethe's connexion with Kestner and his wife, and the circumstances which gave birth to his world-renowned 'Werther.' As these have but recently come to light, and may not be known to all our readers, we must give such an outline of them as may suffice to illustrate our remarks.

Johann Christian Kestner was a young Hanoverian, employed

as secretary of the Electoral Legation to the Reichskammergericht (Chancery of the Empire), whose seat was at Wetzlar. There he became intimately acquainted with the family of the Amtmann of the Teutonic Order, named Buff; he soon became attached to Lotte (Charlotte), the second daughter, and was tacitly accepted by her parents (though without the formal betrothing common in Germany) as her future husband.

This was the state of things when Goethe came to Wetzlar, to study the procedure of the Reichskammergericht. He made the acquaintance, first of Kestner, and then of Lotte, by whose family he was received with the most cordial hospitality. It could hardly be expected that he should be in daily and familiar intercourse with so attractive a girl as Lotte, without falling in love with her, which he not only did, but avowed. Here one of those *Verhältnisse* (relations) established itself, which Goethe himself most justly calls 'a genuine German idyl.' Goethe became the constant companion of the lovers. Kestner, who seems to have shown throughout the most generous and confiding nature, saw the young poet's adoration of his betrothed without suspicion or jealousy; and Lotte herself seems to have accomplished the difficult task of retaining Goethe's homage and ardent friendship, without prejudice to her fidelity to Kestner. She had probably acuteness enough to see that the seductive young poet was not made *du bois dont on fait les maris*, and that (as Mr. Lewes suggests) from the moment there were any question of marriage, Goethe would again find himself hurried away from Wetzlar, by the same fatal necessity which drove him from Sesenheim. She prudently adhered to her engagement with Kestner, nor, indeed, does there seem to be the least reason to doubt her steady attachment to that amiable and excellent man. But, we confess, it does conflict a little with our English notions of the exclusiveness of love, that a pair of youthful lovers should find the pleasure of their walks *increased* by the presence of a third person. Our own recollections of such matters are somewhat dim; but we cannot help flattering ourselves that, under the same circumstances, the lady of our early love would have thought Apollo himself a bore. The editor of 'Goethe and Werther,' the book from which we draw these details, assures us that, 'even the 'pain of his unrequited passion was borne by all the three 'friends, as a common burden.' This is a height to which we fear few English lovers could soar. We know not, in the whole scale of weights and measures, one small enough to represent the amount of suffering which the pains of an unsuc-

cessful rival would inflict on one of our selfish race. But every nation has its own way of distributing the affections; and there is doubtless much to admire in the generosity and the refinement of the three youthful actors in this poetical drama.

At length, however, in spite of this remarkable sympathy, Goethe found such a state of things intolerable, and quitted Wetzlar, — carrying away with him a large provision of materials to employ his poetical imagination and his fertile pen. Long afterwards, referring to this time of his life, he says of himself: —

'Happily, genius had already provided him with consolation, and had led him, while in possession of his youthful powers, to retain fast hold on the events which had just occurred; to paint them, and, at the favourable moment, to place them boldly before the public.'

This is eminently characteristic. He preserved his own tender sorrow as an entomologist pins down the writhing butterfly, careful not to lose a feather of its down or a tint of its delicate colours, that he might draw and paint it at his leisure, and at 'the favourable moment,' display it to the admiration of the world. But here the parallel ends. Our scientific friend would find small indulgence if he interpolated all sorts of strange forms and unreal colours into his pretended portrait.

Goethe quitted Wetzlar in September 1772. Exactly two years afterwards, he sent Lotte, now Madame Kestner, a copy of his 'Werther,' with the following note: —

'Lotte, how dear this little book is to me, you may feel in reading it, and this copy of it is as precious as if there were not another in the world. You shall have it, Lotte. I have kissed it a hundred times and locked it up that nobody might touch it. And pray let nobody see it but Meyer. It will not be published till after the Leipzig fair. I wish each of you to read it alone, you and Kestner, and Meyer, and each write me a word about it.'

It is clear that he was utterly unconscious of the cruel and dishonourable return he had been making for Kestner's generous confidence. What that amounted to, we shall see in Kestner's answer, and in his two letters to his friend Von Henning.

'You know,' says the frank and upright man, 'I like to speak plainly.

'You have, in every personage of your novel, interwoven something foreign to it, or you have blended several things together. That, I could tolerate. Let that pass. But if, in all this weaving and blending, you had a little taken counsel of your own heart, you would not have so prostituted the real persons of whom you have borrowed the features. . . . The real Lotte, whose friend you profess

to be, is in your portrait (which contains too many of her features not vividly to suggest her) is, I must say — but no, I will not say it — it pains me too much even to think it. And Lotte's husband — you called him your friend, and God knows he was so — is your——

'And that pitiful creature Albert! It may not be an exact portrait, but it has so many traits of the original (of his exterior alone, I thank God), that it is very easy to guess who is really meant.

'If you must have him, were you forced to make him such a dolt? just that you might proudly present yourself by his side and say, see what a fine fellow *I* am!'

Goethe's answer to this is mere raving. It shows, however, the same incurable incapacity for feeling the nature and force of the obligations which bind men of honour in their social relations. He says, 'If you could but know what "Werther" is 'to many hearts, you would not reckon what it has cost you.' As if that were any justification of an act of treachery! He continues: —

'If you are good, and don't worry me, I will send you letters, exclamations, sighs, about "Werther;" and if you have faith, believe that all will be well, and that gossip is nothing.

'I alone can *invent* what will put you quite out of the question, except to mere vague suspicion. Remember my promise.'

This promise was, that he would, within a year, so alter his book, that it should cease to exhibit to the public a distorted likeness of the persons whose intimacy and confidence he had abused, and to convey the impression that the passion he had avowedly entertained for his friend's betrothed wife had been returned. This promise, it is needless to add, was never fulfilled. Nor even when he ceased to regard his work with the same complacency as at first, did he, as it appears, take any steps to free his friends' reputation from the suspicions he had drawn upon them. In a letter, dated May, 1783, he thanks Kestner 'for 'his long-suffering kindness;' and again talks of his intention of 'so representing Albert that only the impassioned youth, and 'not the reader, should misunderstand him. This will have the 'desired and the best effect.'

To this, the still indulgent, trusting, and credulous Kestner replied: —

'I thank you for communicating to me your project of recasting "Werther." I hope the offensive matter will be at least softened; and confidently trust that, after a lapse of ten years, friendship for us, and the calm reflections of maturer age will lead you to alter some things. . .

'As the book is now in everybody's hands, the evil can be but partially remedied.'

He then points out some passages peculiarly offensive and injurious to his wife.

From this time we hear no more of regret, intention, or performance; and, to the world at large, Lotte continued to be identified with Charlotte, Albert with her husband, and Goethe with Werther. The publication of the little volume from which we draw these facts, has placed the whole of this strange and complicated history in its true light: a light in which the selfish recklessness of Goethe, and the magnanimous forbearance of Kestner, come out in very striking contrast. In order to present this more clearly to the reader, and at the same time to show out of what mingled elements the work was compounded, it is worth while to make some further reference to Kestner's letters. The following (7th Nov. 1774) was written (immediately after the publication of 'Werther') to his intimate friend Von Hennings.

'You may imagine that, in his poetical ardour or *étourderie*, and without evil design, he has done me a very bad office in his "Werther." Much of it is very painful to me, as well as to my wife, and the effects are doubly painful. I am inclined to forgive him, nevertheless; but that he shall not know, so that he may be more careful in future. I say this to you in confidence, and will explain the history of "Werther," of which I beg you to make use; but with discretion.

'In the First Part of the book, Werther is Goethe. In Lotte and Albert, he has borrowed traits from my wife and myself. Many of the scenes are in the main true, but slightly altered; others are (as far as regards us, at least) entirely fictitious. For the sake of the Second Part, and in order to prepare the way for Werther's death, he has invented many things in the first which do not apply to us; *e.g.* Lotte never lived in the sort of familiar intercourse there described, either with Goethe or with any one else. This we have certainly a right to be deeply offended at; since many of the accessory circumstances are too true and too well known, not to fix public attention upon us. We are very sorry now; but of what use is that? It is true he had a high opinion of my wife; but for that reason he ought to have drawn her more faithfully, as too discreet and too delicate to allow him to go so far as he is represented to have done in the First Part. Her behaviour to him was such, that it would have made me love her better than before, had that been possible. Nor was our engagement either declared or concealed; she was much too modest to acknowledge it to any one. There was no tie between us but that of the heart.

'"Werther" contains much of Goethe's character and ways of thinking. The portrait of Lotte is, on the whole, that of my wife. Albert might have been a little warmer.

'So much for the First Part. The Second has no relation whatever to us. In that, Werther is young Jerusalem, Albert, H——, the Secretary of the Palatine Legation, and Lotte, his wife; — so far,

at least, as the *story* goes, for the '*character* of all three are almost entirely imaginary.'

The curious thing is, that Kestner was the very person who, thinking to do Goethe a pleasure, wrote to him the whole narrative of the tragical end of young Jerusalem. Kestner's reward was, as we see, to have this singular romance so blended with the circumstances of his own life, as to leave a cloud resting on his wife's honour and his own. If Goethe did not spare his dearest friends, he could hardly be expected to spare strangers. And accordingly, we find from Kestner that no such relations existed between the personages of the Second Part, as those described by Goethe; that Madame H., the object of Jerusalem's passion, 'was a gentle, good creature, too reserved to give him any encouragement; that her husband was rather jealous, but not what he was represented;' and that the young man shot himself rather from mortified ambition than from unhappy love; 'though he persuaded himself that the latter was the cause.'

'It is true,' continued Kestner, 'that I lent him the pistols, but I had no idea of the use he meant to make of them. I knew him little, and my wife less. He really wrote me the note which Goethe has inserted, and I sent him the pistols out of civility. They were not loaded. I had never used them.

'This whole history, into which I inquired particularly because it was remarkable, I wrote in all its details and sent to Goethe. He has used it in his Second Part and added to it at his pleasure.

'You see therefore that you have pitied me without reason; and though it gives us great pain to be made the subject of this sort of public talk by this book, we rejoice that there are no grounds for it, and are thankful to God that we have lived, and still live, contented and happy in each other.

. . . . . .

'As soon as Goethe had finished his book, he sent us a copy, and thought he had done a wonderfully fine thing. We, however, foresaw instantly what would be the consequences, and your letter verifies our predictions. I wrote him a very scolding letter. Then first he saw what he had done; but the book was in the hands of the booksellers, *so he would only hope we were mistaken.*

'Before I go further let me beg you to burn this letter; if it were lost, we should have a new edition, with notes and observations. I have resolved for the future to take good care how I write anything to an author, save what all the world may see.'

Fortunate had it been for Goethe's reputation had Kestner's injunction been obeyed. The world would not have been compelled to contrast the good sense, good temper, simplicity, and truth of the much aggrieved Kestner, with the remorseless levity of the poet. Can anything be more noble and touching than the

way in which Kestner speaks of the contemptuous and exasperating sort of pity which Goethe had drawn upon him, and of the sentiments with which he and his injured wife met it?

There is another letter from Kestner to Von Hennings, dated Hanover, 24th January, 1775.

'I showed Goethe your former letter, to convince him in what light the book was likely to be regarded, in order to make him more considerate for the future. . . . You know him already from his writings. He cares nothing for the whole world, and therefore he cannot put himself in the place of those who neither can nor ought to do the same.

'You give me some comfort about "Werther." So far as I know, it has done me no harm here. But I am always shocked at one part, which even as a fiction (*Dichtung*) is painful. Now comes an uncalled-for commentator, with a so-called explanation, &c. He is not ill-natured, and many things may serve to prevent erroneous impressions. But why all this? Must the public know every little detail of our lives? One would think the public were some very venerable personage, to whom one were bound to render an account of everything. I don't know the author. He must have accurate information; though on some points he is mistaken. . . . When a man undertakes to describe another to the public, he ought at least to know him. A friend of mine wrote to me the other day, "Sauf le respect pour "votre ami, mais il est dangereux d'avoir un auteur pour ami." He is quite right.'

We have been seduced into longer quotations than we intended making, by the *general* value of Kestner's remarks, and their application to our own times. The example of social treachery set by so great a poet, and its boundless success (for the appetite of the public was, of course, intensely sharpened by the rumour of a *scandale*), were far too tempting not to have a crowd of imitators. Men (and alas! women) have vied with each other in the shameless and dishonourable work of exhibiting to the public, under a thin veil, or with slight disguises, the affairs, persons, and characters of their acquaintances and friends; and poetry has been prostituted to the purpose of rendering all that is most sacred in domestic life, all that honour, pride, or sensibility would hide deep from every eye, into matter for the idle, sarcastic, or foul talk of clubs and card-tables. Let this be our excuse, if we express too strong a feeling of indignation against him who has enabled successive generations of literary spies and traitors to shelter themselves under the shadow of his great authority. Let us not be suspected of any satisfaction in showing the spots on such a sun. But it is really become necessary to the conservation of anything like social confidence, that acts like those we have described should be held

up to reprobation, let the talent or genius displayed in them be what they may.

The attempts made in this country to turn 'Werther' into ridicule are now themselves deservedly regarded as ridiculous. It is a wonderful book, and written with a force and elegance that would make the most ordinary matter attractive. So much the more do we lament its origin and its tendencies. Of the latter, nobody had a meaner opinion than the author himself, in the maturity of his judgment. But no reflection seemed to have awakened him to a sense of the shame of so using materials so obtained.

Nor is the foregoing the only example of the reckless manner in which Goethe *used* his friends, and appropriated their affections and their sufferings as materials out of which to fashion those exquisite compositions with which he charmed, and still charms, the world. The very unequal mixture of 'Dichtung 'und Wahrheit' (Fiction and Truth) which he applied to himself, he employed, but in far different proportions, for his friends. It is, however, fair to say that Goethe lived so entirely in the world of which he was, if not the creator, the plastic modeller and adorner, that he was nearly unconscious of the pain he inflicted; or at least, so accustomed to regard it with an artist's eye, that he became nearly as callous to it as the painter to the drooping leaves and fading tints of the flower he plucked in its fresh beauty, and whose bright hues and graceful forms he has fixed upon his canvass.

We come now to Goethe's character and conduct *as a German*; as an adopted son of Saxe Weimar; as the subject of the brave, true-hearted, and beneficent prince who had showered upon him every kind of benefit and favour, and who, independently of any personal obligations, had a claim to the devotion of all who had hearts to appreciate his virtues and to feel for his misfortunes.

And first, as to the poet's duties as a German:—

It is unnecessary for us to recapitulate the horrible history of the conquest, the oppressions, the humiliations, the heart-breaking and heart-corroding treatment of Germany by Napoleon Bonaparte and his instruments. It has been told often enough elsewhere. Nor need we insist on the peculiar harshness and insult with which the conqueror treated the noble Karl-August of Saxe Weimar. Let it suffice to say, that at the time when Goethe was in the plenitude of his powers, bodily and mental, his country was under the heel of a ruthless oppressor, and that the fermentation which such oppression is sure

to produce had already set in. The seed was sown, which afterwards ripened into the full harvest of deliverance and retribution. Such being the posture of affairs, was any man justified in withholding from the immediate service of his country such powers as he possessed? And was not the duty he owed to it in some degree proportionate to the magnitude of those powers?

With regard to the charge brought against Goethe of indifference to the sufferings of his country and his prince, there has been much misstatement. Those who have blamed or lamented this defect, have been represented as reproaching Goethe for not taking an active part in the war, or in the patriotic conspiracy which saved Germany; or with not becoming a pamphleteer like Gentz, or a writer of war songs like Körner. This is an entire misrepresentation. No such demands were made, no such expectations formed, by any whose opinions are worth citing. But it was felt, and it will continue to be felt, that there are moments in the life of a nation in which neutrality is impossible, and that there are men to whom, whatever may be their inclination, neutrality is forbidden. The weight of Goethe's name *must* be felt in one scale or the other. His very silence was discouragement and disapprobation; and it was felt to be so.

Replies have also been made to imaginary censurers who were said to reproach Goethe with keeping aloof from the petty interests, affairs, disputes, and vexations of life. If any such there be, we have nothing in common with them. But there are such things as great interests, great obligations, great affairs, great calamities, great conflicts; and if the men who have received from Heaven extraordinary gifts, be not to take their share of the common burden, the common toil, the common sorrow, agitation and strife which these impose, who are? Goethe had a clearness of intellect, a force and directness of what is called common sense, a freedom from prejudice, which would have made him one of the mightiest champions of a great and just cause that ever lived. But, unhappily, from many of the subjects concerning which truth or falsehood mean the happiness or misery of mankind, he turned away. We are left to gather from his chance utterances what he might have done for us, had he been so minded. But he disliked to be ruffled by discussion, and he saw that discussion was, on subjects of such pressing interest, inevitable.

Events have occurred in our time and under our eye which powerfully urge upon us the question, how far the duties of citizenship are imperative upon every man who enjoys the pro-

tection and security of civil society. Is any man justified in evading those duties on any pretence whatever? Are there not certain primary laws and principles for which every man is bound to do battle—with his pen, and, if need be, with his sword? Granted, that in peaceful times, a man cannot better serve his country than by the cultivation of science and art, the diffusion of sound views and elegant tastes. Are there not crises, in which something else is more pressing, more immediate, more affecting the very being of his country and the eternal welfare of mankind? And are not all other considerations to yield to that? The notion that the choicest men of a country, raised above the herd by wealth, station, intellect, education and manners, may give themselves up to the very natural disgust which the unreason and violence of the crowd are calculated to inspire, and may retire into the sanctuaries of art and science, leaving their country to be torn in pieces by ignorant and corrupt and infuriated parties, is one which we cannot deprecate with sufficient earnestness. The more odious and dangerous the strife, the more imperative is it on such men to take part in it. No sacrifice, save that of honour and principle (a sacrifice which can never be productive of benefits commensurate with the evil) ought to be deemed greater than our country has a right to demand. In such moments of extreme peril, nothing can justify a timid or fastidious abdication of the right and duty of a citizen to exert his best faculties in the service of his country. All are not fitted for all services; the scale of their importance must necessarily rise with the scale of intelligence and of knowledge. But is it any answer to the objectors against Goethe's resolute abnegation of all political sentiment or action, that he 'had no passion either for Legi-'timacy or for Republicanism?' May not that be said of all the best and wisest men who have defended the liberties, and carried forward the progress of our own country? Let us see what Mr. Lewes's defence amounts to.

'Utterly without interest in political matters, profoundly convinced that all salvation could only come through inward culture, and dreading disturbances mainly because they rendered culture impossible, he was emphatically the child of peace, and could at no period of his life be brought to sympathise with great struggles. . .

'We do not need this example to teach us how men transfer their hatred of opinions to the holders of the hated opinions; otherwise we might wonder at the insensate howl which has been raised against the greatest glory of the German name, because he did not share in the opinions of the howlers.'

We desire to share in, or to echo, no 'insensate howl'

against any man, or any opinions. But if all salvation, both to nations and to individuals, comes from culture (as we most readily admit it does), and if culture can only flourish under the shelter of law and order and settled government, surely those who are the most sensible to these truths are most bound to serve the cause of reason and order with every power they have. The keen *apperçus* and just remarks which occur in Goethe's conversations, prove how easily he could have mastered, how lucidly and powerfully expounded, the most important social and political truths. Is it not probable, that if he, and those whom he could have taught and influenced, had fulfilled this great duty, they would have saved Germany from some of the foolish and mischievous troubles in which we have seen her involved; would have made the voice of reason heard by sovereigns and peoples, and would have secured to her the tranquillity which they justly regarded as the parent of all other blessings? We will not silently lie under the reproach of requiring from Goethe furious partisanship, either in favour of Legitimacy or Republicanism. On the contrary, we reproach him with not having used his matchless powers and his mighty authority to dissipate the dreams and the errors of both. He might thus have helped to lay the foundations for a far sounder and more lasting peace than will ever be attained by shrinking from all discussion of questions on which the welfare of human beings rests.

It may even admit of a doubt, whether in the interest of his eternal renown as a poet, he would not have done well to suffer himself to be more moved by the fortunes of his country. Does not a nation cherish in its inmost heart, and regard as a portion of its past and present existence, the poet who identifies himself with its history and its destiny? Is not Milton, is not even Shakspeare, 'the universal' Shakspeare, above all things an Englishman? Do we not feel that the currents which still flow through the heart of our people, flowed, living and warm, through theirs? The poetical claims of Burns are of the highest order; but would they place him where he is, if Scotland did not know, and if we did not know, how true and dear a son he was to her? Would Moore's honeyed verses have secured to him the rank he holds among poets, if they had not been mingled with the deeper tones of his passionate appeals and pathetic lamentations for Ireland? A poet may delight and amuse the world, he may be admired by men of letters and taste, as a master of his art and a model of style; but to be the poetical organ and representative of a people,—the voice which it hears as the echo of its thoughts, and through which

it is content to speak to the human race,—he must live their life, be touched with all that concerns them, and consecrate his gifts, not only to their amusement, but to their service. What that service may be, will, as we have said, depend on the times and circumstances in which he lives.

There is another charge against Goethe, from which his biographer defends him as follows. He complains of

'the loud outcry raised against Goethe for having been extremely flattered by the attentions of Napoleon, by those who, having never been subjected to any flattery of this nature, find it very contemptible. But the attentions of a Napoleon were enough to soften in their flattery even the sternness of a republican; and Goethe, no republican, was all his life very susceptible to the gratification which a Frankfurt citizen must feel in receiving the attentions of crowned heads.'

In this, as in other parts of his defence, Mr. Lewes evades the real points at issue. It is *not* because Goethe was sensible to 'the attentions of crowned heads'—a legitimate source of gratification, whether to 'a Frankfurt citizen' or to the king of poets—but because he was intoxicated by the flattery of the enemy, the spoiler, and the insolent oppressor of his country and of its crowned heads, and specially of the one to whom he was bound by every tie that it is sacred to man;—this is the true, and we fear the unanswerable, charge against Goethe. In order to put this matter in its true light, we must revert to the circumstances of the times, and the position in which Napoleon stood towards Germany and towards the Duke of Saxe Weimar.

The story of the battle of Jena, the pillage and burning of Weimar, which immediately followed, the heroic conduct of the Duchess Louisa, and the steadfast and honourable fidelity to the fallen evinced by her noble husband, have been told too often to need repetition here. Nor shall we attempt to describe the sufferings of the miserable people under the iron yoke of the conqueror. We shall only show what were his dispositions and his conduct towards the friend and benefactor of Goethe. The following is a specimen of the language he addressed to Chancellor von Müller (Goethe's intimate friend and executor):—

'"Does your Duke know that I might justly depose him? If I have not yet done so, it is to be ascribed solely to my regard for the Duchess. You, sir, try to excuse your Duke—that is your duty; but it is mine to depose princes who act against me, without further delay. He who cannot bring into the field more than a few hundred men, must remain quiet. You see what I have done with the Duke of Brunswick. I will drive those Guelfs back into the marshes of

Italy, out of which they sprang. I will trample them under foot and destroy them, as I do this hat (here he threw his hat in a rage on the ground), so that no memory of them may remain in Germany. And I have a great mind to do the same with your Prince." (And more in the like humane, just, and dignified tone.)

'Yet the conduct of the Duke,' says the translator from whom we quote this passage, 'against whom this burst of unseemly rage was directed, had been as worthy of respect and honour as that of his noble wife. His crime was that, after having been twenty years in the service of Prussia, he did not choose to desert her in the moment of danger.

'Any prince who, like the noble-hearted Duke of Weimar, did not hasten to prostrate himself, with every mark of devotedness, at Napoleon's feet, was regarded by him with bitter resentment, and the crime was visited on his unfortunate subjects. The conflict in the humane and upright mind of the Duke, between love and pity for his people, and abhorrence of servile homage to a man he not only hated but despised, is the more touching, that it is not deliberately expressed, but breaks out in all his words and actions.' *

It was *after* Bonaparte had inflicted every conceivable evil on Germany, and heaped every insult on the Duke of Saxe Weimar, that the celebrated interview at Erfurt took place, and that Goethe received with such evident satisfaction 'the attentions' of Napoleon. What makes this weakness entirely inexcusable is the lofty and independent position Goethe then occupied. His genius and his fame placed him far beyond the reach of the conqueror, and indeed the whole conversation and demeanour of the latter shows his anxiety to win the favour of the great poet. It is Napoleon who plays the courtier, — alas! how successfully. We are no admirers of 'stern republicans,' nor of such foolish and trivial bravados of independence as that recorded of Beethoven. But we cannot but feel the immense superiority of the aged Wieland, who, subjected to the same intoxicating flattery as Goethe, excused himself from a longer conversation with the emperor on the plea that standing fatigued him, and quickly escaped from the cajoleries which were, to Germans at that moment, the most intolerable of insults.

We say nothing of the criticisms on dramatic art, on Shakspeare, &c., with which the conqueror regaled Goethe. If he could listen to them without contempt, he must have been more completely under the spell of flattery than we like to imagine possible. It appears that in later years he did not love to talk of this interview.

* Translated in 'Germany from 1760 to 1814,' p. 303. By Mrs. Austin.

On one point, Goethe's merit is deserving of everlasting remembrance. Never did he prostitute his genius to foster and enflame the savage dispositions, which lie couched like wild beasts in the depths of the heart of man. Never did his muse burn incense before that hideous idol called Glory. So much the more does his admiration of Napoleon surprise and afflict us;—so much the more does it lower in our eyes the man who, exempt himself from the maddening love of war, and a calm and near spectator of its crimes and ravages, could feel anything short of horror of the man to whom human life and human suffering, on a scale which the imagination cannot grasp, was less than the gratification of the least of his portentous phantasies, his huge chimeras of self-exaltation. M. Thiers calls the self-willed infatuation which scrupled not to immolate the lives of half a million of men to an insane rage for subjugation and a superhuman vanity, 'le génie entraîné, égaré par la toute 'puissance.' This is precisely Mr. Lewes's 'tyranny of ideas.' If genius were necessarily accompanied by such aberrations, well might we pray that the world might be delivered from so dangerous a guest. But it was not genius that inspired those devastating projects, though it aided in their execution. It was the vulgar passions,—hatred, vanity, envy, lust of possession, lust of domination; the desire of one man to impose his will on all around him, on all he can reach, on the whole world, and at last, on the elements and the powers of nature. This frenzy of selfishness requires no genius, though unhappily genius may be its instrument. But that it should have commanded the admiration and sympathy of Goethe, is one of the strangest and most mortifying admissions we have to make.

Far different were the sentiments of his brave, humane, and true-hearted prince. Karl-August succumbed to the force of the conqueror, but even at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, he retained all the clearness of his judgment, and the rectitude of his moral sense. He was neither awed nor dazzled by a character which wanted all the qualities that could command his respect. How is it possible that Goethe, who knew the indignities to which his noble master and friend was incessantly exposed from his ungenerous oppressor, could accept the half-insulting compliments of the conqueror with complacency, and bestow upon him, in return, the honour of his admiration?

But even this triumph of imagination over patriotism and duty seems to us to detract less from Goethe's value as a man, than his cool determination to take no part, and even no interest, in the effort of Germany to shake off her intolerable yoke. On the success of this effort depended her whole existence; and we know

no crisis in a nation's history which seemed more calculated to inspire, and more entitled to demand, the loyal and strenuous devotion of every one of her sons. Goethe threw doubt and distrust on the attempt; feelings which were shared by many — though certainly not by the *truly* great men who resolved to set their lives upon the stake. But Goethe did not *only* doubt. He tried, as he said, '*to escape* from the present, because it is im-'possible to live in such circumstances and not go mad.' 'He 'buried himself in Chinese history. Nay, on the very day of 'the battle of Leipzic, he wrote the epilogue to the tragedy 'of "Essex," for the favourite actress, Madame Wolf.' Is it possible that Englishmen can sympathise with one who *could* bury himself in any study whatever? — who *could* shut his ears to the cries, his eyes to the death-struggle, his heart to the passionate appeal, of his country, at this supreme moment of her fate? We know what was felt at the time by the most earnest and highminded men. 'Shame, burning shame,' writes the virtuous Perthes to Niebuhr, 'ought to torture our hearts 'at the dismemberment of our fatherland. But what are our 'noblest doing? Instead of arming themselves by fostering this 'shame, and gathering up all their courage and indignation, 'they seek to escape from these feelings, *and make works of 'art.*'

Mr. Lewes apologises for Goethe's determination to stand aloof from the struggles of his country, on the ground that he thought 'a collection of disunited Germans were certain to be 'destroyed in a struggle with Napoleon:' and adds, that 'his 'error of opinion must not be made an accusation against his 'sincerity.' We were not aware that his sincerity had been attacked. To us the 'error of opinion,' when the motive and the means for rectifying that opinion were *what they were*, is crime enough. Germany was then full of brave and true hearts, high heroic spirits, and great intellects, all bent to the same task — the deliverance of their country. *They* were not 'disunited Germans;' they were united by the strongest ties. Goethe might, had he felt sufficient interest in a movement which must issue in utter destruction or in new life to his country, have easily ascertained upon what rested the hopes and the projects of the great men who were its leaders. That they could give a reason for the hope that was in them, the event sufficiently proved.

We question if the following apology will be found satisfactory.

'Connected with this political indifference, and mainly the cause of it, was his earnestness in Art; an earnestness which has been

made the ground of the most extraordinary charge against him, namely, that "he looked on life only as an artist." The phrase has become the stereotyped. Every one who has heard anything of Goethe has heard that; it is uttered with the confidence of conviction, and is meant to convey a volume of implicit reprobation.

'Let us examine the charge. When a man devotes himself to a special science, gives to it the greater part of his time, his thoughts, and sympathies, we marvel at his energy and laud his passionate devotion; we do not make his earnestness a crime. We do not say of a Faraday, that he looks at life only as a chemist, of an Owen, that he looks at life only as a zoologist. It is understood that any great pursuit must draw away the thoughts and activities from other pursuits. Is Art to be excluded from the same serious privilege?'

It appears to us that there is here an ambiguity in the word Art. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, may, like the chemist or the zoologist, abstract his mind wholly from the events passing around him, and from the interests or sufferings of the people among whom he lives. But these are the very stuff on which the artist whose business it is to portray and to analyse human life — the poet and novelist — works. *His* indifference cannot, therefore, be the result of preoccupied attention.

Further; neither chemistry nor zoology are concerned with moral questions, with the business and aspects of human life, or the tendencies of social relations. Neither Faraday nor Owen have ever, so far as we know, meddled with these high and delicate matters. They have confined their great and admirable teachings to the advancement of their special sciences. In order, then, to make the parallel exact, the artist should treat of nothing but Art. If it is urged that the living questions treated by the poet are subjects of art; we reply, of art — but of much more than art. They are not to be touched, without conscientious study, and anxious reflection as to moral effects as well as to artistical perfections. Nobody reproaches Newton with his entire absorption in his science, or regards it as a defect that he was almost unconscious of what was passing around him. We know that the interests, passions, and events of human life lie entirely out of the domain of the mathematician. But as the poet *must* handle these subjects, we have a right to ask with what aims and what effects he handles them. Hence the neutrality justly claimed for Newton, Faraday, or Owen, is justly denied to the man whose science is human nature.

We incline, however, to the opinion that it was to an exaggerated conception of the benefits Art is capable of conferring on mankind, (great as we admit these to be) that the defects in Goethe's moral perceptions may in part be attributed. We are willing to believe that he acted on a theory so consonant with

his nature and his inclinations, when he turned, with serene indifference or with scornful neglect, from the hard realities of life, and refused to a struggling country, an outraged prince, and overburdened people, the aid of his magnificent powers, or the consolation and glory of his sympathy.

But admitting that so enormous a miscalculation of human duties was sincere and disinterested on Goethe's part, we cannot the more consent to regard it with complacency or even with indulgence. Were it even tolerable in the case of a man so singularly and specially constituted an Artist, and hence so ordained, as it were, to that work, to what is it likely to lead, if every young man who imagines himself consecrated to art, is to think himself entitled to live in a sphere high above the common interests of his fellow men, and to withhold from society the services to which society, which protects him, has a right? It is but too clear that a people unaccustomed to common discussion and corporate action is utterly helpless, whether against the misgovernment of one, or the worse tyranny of many; and that to be well governed, a people must be accustomed and trained to hear its interests and its grievances, its projects and its disappointments, discussed by those to whom it is most inclined to listen. To divert from this most important function, and most imperative duty, of a citizen, every man who fancies that he can do better for himself and for mankind by secluding himself with Art, is to entail on a country all the evils of perpetual political childhood. Nor can it be said that the poetical nature of Goethe's mind disqualified him from rendering this sort of service to his country and mankind. Never was man gifted with a clearer or more penetrating insight into every sort of extravagance and imposture; never was there a mind more free from prejudice in favour of the old, or fanaticism for the new.

We have occupied too much of our readers' time with the life and character of the man, to dwell longer on the incidents of the one, or the peculiarities of the other; and must hasten to conclude with a few remarks on the general character and tendencies of the writer.

It has been much the fashion to talk of Goethe as a peculiarly objective poet. To us he appears the very reverse; but before we discuss that matter, we have a word to say on the chance the world has of seeing new 'objective poets' arise. In an evil hour for poetry, did writers who live by and upon the fame of others, conceive the project of making the lives, characters, and actions of poets the subject of their inquiries and their pens. From that time, as might be expected, all

naturalness and spontaneity, all the 'objectivity,' (of which, while it existed, nobody thought, but since it has disappeared from the world, so much has been said and written,) are gone. How, indeed, is it possible that a man who knows that his whole being, his most trifling as well as his most important actions, will almost before he is cold, be subjected to a moral autopsy, at once rigorous, subtle, set off with conjecture and disfigured with falsehood, and that the result of this inquisition will be perpetuated through generations, — how is it possible that such a man can help living in an atmosphere of self-consciousness, and a constant habit of self-observation? Whether these are compatible with the 'objectivity,' of which we hear so much and see so little, we leave it to every man's sense of what passes within him to decide.

Few indeed are the modern poets or novelists who have written under the pure influence of art; who have been content to draw the beautiful, the good, the true, in attractive but not impossible colours; to touch but not to rend the heart; to quicken and gently to exalt the imagination; to show us virtue, tried, but not overcome, vice powerful but not invincible; to bear us along on the current of human life, delighted or interested spectators of the various and everchanging shores. Who is there, we may ask, in our age, who has rendered this inestimable service to the world? Who, save Walter Scott?

True objectivity mainly depends on the moral sentiments. The most fertile invention, the nicest observation, the most brilliant fancy, fail to ensure it. Of this we have proofs more than enough. The desire of occupying public attention with what is peculiar to one's own person and history, is become so intense and morbid, that there is nothing, however repulsive, which is not displayed as a means of stimulating curiosity. Some of the most remarkable so-called works of fiction of the present day are notoriously little more than revelations of the inward or outward life of the writer. In order to be really objective, a man must not only be a spectator, rather than an actor, in the great drama of life (as Goethe was), but he must be far more occupied with external appearances and events, than with his own peculiar qualities, the moral or social phenomena of his own life; and this Goethe certainly was not. It is absurd to talk of his representations of human life as mere objective studies. They are, on the contrary, illustrations of his own character and conduct, exponents of his most inward being, parts of himself. Goethe does not, it is true, like Byron, impose himself and his own concerns upon the reader at every moment;

but, to use the somewhat euphuistic language of his biographer, 'The creative impulses of Goethe's mind moved only in alliance 'with the emotions he had himself experienced.'

If we follow the workings of his mind through the long and varied series of his writings, we shall find it ever intensely occupied with what was passing within. We shall find that events, nay that human beings, even those of whom he was bound by the dearest ties, were regarded by him almost exclusively with reference to his own internal development, or to his advancement in the career which he had marked out for himself. To this rule we do not recollect a single exception; no affection, no gratitude, no passion even, made him forget himself, and *the effect on himself* which the indulgence of those feelings might produce. In like manner (as we have seen) he regarded the terrible events of which he was so near a witness,—the war which devastated and then enslaved his country, which humbled and crushed his friend and benefactor, as interruptions to the tranquillity in which *he* wanted to pursue what he thought to be his calling. His abhorrence of those events and their authors, accordingly showed itself in barring the doors of his mind and heart against their contact or approach, and not in any active resistance to them, or to the moral causes of which they were the result.

From his earliest youth Goethe was intent on amassing that treasury of ideas, emotions, and observations to which he was to have recourse in all his subsequent life. Every one of the love-passages in his life may be regarded as an experiment on some female heart, on his own, and on life. He followed it out till he had extracted from it not only present enjoyment, but poetical inspiration; subjects for thought, for combination, for delineation; in short till he had added new materials, to the richly stored workshop of the poet to be used (as he says) 'at the 'favourable moment.' When this object was accomplished, he quitted the being who had excited *in* him, and had revealed *to* him, so many of the phases of passion, and gave himself up to attractions of a new order, to another set of emotions and observations; till every corner of the female heart, and every varied form of love—except that highest form which nature and system placed far beyond his reach or his ken—had been explored and noted down.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are far from asserting that this was always done in cold blood and *de parti pris.* His youth, his beauty, his matchless powers of captivation, and his great capacity for enjoyment, forbid such an opinion. But there is abundant evidence in his own works, and still more

unquestionable proof in the numerous remains which the zeal of his admirers has brought to light, that this was the early, and at length the dominant, bent of his mind. It was occasionally, and for brief intervals, crossed by passions, or by other disturbing causes; but to study and to represent human beings, to observe, and to regulate and control their influence on himself (ever the first and chiefest object of interest), — this was the permanent and master aim of his life.

Nor can it, with any justice, be said, that Goethe had no other purpose in such works as the Wahlverwandschaften, Wilhelm Meister, Faust, Stella, &c., than to make a work of art. It is impossible to read them without seeing the design of communicating to other minds the doubts which agitated his own, on some great social questions. The two former, especially, are throughout speculations on human life and conduct, and it is quite evident that the author's purpose is to suggest innovations on existing forms. The painful thing is, that he appears to suggest them as matters of mere curiosity, not to say amusement, and that those conditions of existence upon which its whole value depends, were to him the moves on a chess board. Goethe had the courage, the opportunity, the power, not only to shake antiquated prejudices, which he has abundantly done, but to establish truths on their ruins; and this he did not do —apparently did not care to do. Again we shall be told, that it was not his vocation to be polemical, and that he hated controversy. Again we reply, that we have no wish that he had been polemical, and that we adhere with the utmost constancy to his own great dictum, that 'it is not by attacks on the False, 'but by the calm exposition of the True, that good is to be done.'

Mr. Lewes speaks with something of a sneer of the accusation of 'moral laxity' so frequently brought against Goethe. And we readily admit, that the impudent discrepancy between men's talk and their conduct in this matter, is enough to raise the scorn and disgust of every sincere man. It is not Goethe's *moral laxity* that we quarrel with; — for unreasoning rigour is often a greater enemy to honest courageous principle, than that enlightened freedom which can render an account of itself at the bar of reason. It is of *moral indifference* that we complain. Even his biographer seems to have felt the want of earnest benevolence in the soul of his hero. He says: 'Goethe's early 'experiences at first led him to view the whole social fabric 'with contempt. Singular is the absence of any fierce indig-'nation, any cry of pain, at the sight of so much corruption 'underlying the surface of society. He is neither cynical nor 'indignant.' No; the utterance he gave to his opinion of man-

kind is neither a satire nor a tragedy. It is the play of the 'Mitschuldigen;' a calm delineation of the vilest corruption.

Of this singular production, Goethe says, that 'it was 'dictated by far-sighted tolerance in the appreciation of moral 'actions, as expressed in the eminently Christian sentence, "Let ' "him who is without sin, cast the first stone."' On which his biographer remarks, that 'we are so ready to cast stones, that 'Goethe himself will not escape, for having shown so much ' "moral laxity" (one of the adroit phrases with which men 'whisper away good names) under the mark of tolerance.'

In the first place, this is no whisper, but a grave and articulate charge, brought by conscientious and enlightened men, and not by calumniating bigots. Does Goethe or his biographer really mean to affirm, that He, who on one occasion, when He saw feeble, weak, and lowly frailty in the ruthless and impure hands of hard hypocrisy, reminded the oppressors that He beheld the deeper corruption of their hearts, and shamed them from their cruel purpose,—that He who dismissed the sinner He had saved, with the warning words, 'Go and sin no more,' was indifferent to moral distinctions, or that He inculcated such indifference upon us?

It is impossible that any man can seriously affirm this, which is equivalent to saying that law and morality are inconsistent with Christianity. But little candour is necessary to suggest a more rational interpretation of these divine words.

Goethe began to write at a time when the long-established social structure was shaken to its foundations and tottering to its fall, and it was natural, indeed inevitable, that an ardent young man, of vigorous intellect and excitable imagination, should share the general fever of impatience to pull down the old walls and buttresses and watch-towers, and build up a completely new and faultless structure. We regard, therefore, with the utmost indulgence, his early expressions of revolt against what appeared to him social tyrannies and antiquated prejudices. But we see with very different sentiments that, at a later period of his life, when he became one of the greatest champions of order, when he expressed the utmost horror of everything disturbing or revolutionary, and the greatest contempt for the whole race of 'world-improvers' (Weltverbesserer), he continued to write books which are among the most active dissolvents of society, and which substitute nothing for the laws or maxims, the prejudices or sentiments, they bring into question. Not only was the public mind remarkably open to free discussion and new views of things, but it was one of Goethe's own peculiar privileges to be absolutely without prejudice.

Possessed of this double exemption from restraint, it was natural that he should handle the most difficult and interesting of all social questions with the utmost freedom. Nor do we complain of this. In the relations between the sexes then prevailing, there was (when and where has there *not* been?) so much to condemn and to deplore, so much of injustice and falsehood, of corrupting license and corrupting restraint, that a mind like Goethe's was necessarily revolted by a system in which profession is at constant war with practice. It is evident that the subject engrossed much of his thoughts. Had his solicitude for human happiness been equal to the clearness of his intellect and the persuasiveness of his eloquence, what might he not have done to throw light on the obscurest region of human things — on the hitherto unfathomed sources of the most poignant sorrows of human life! His was the very hand to separate the gold of true and practical and *practicable* morality from the alloy of false and hypocritical pretences, or sentimental delusions.

But we look in vain for such tendencies in his beautiful creations. He tries new combinations, and throws doubt and perplexity on the existing ones; but we cannot say that he helps us to form any satisfactory conclusions, that the result is harmonious, or that we have any other feeling than a vague discontent with things as they are, or a vague suspicion that, however bad now, they might be worse. Goethe brings great social questions into a state of doubt, confusion or indifference, and leaves them there. This is not what we have a right to demand of a man so gifted. With his wonderful insight, and his entire impartiality, he might have shown us what of the current morality was founded on prejudice and what on reason; while dispersing the mists and shadows of mere conventional restrictions or unreasoning asceticism, he might have brought out in full relief those immutable principles which will bear the test of the severest scrutiny, and upon which the happiness of the human race mainly depends. All this he might have done, without the least sacrifice of art, without becoming a whit more didactic or polemical than he actually was. 'The 'poet,' says a contemporary, 'may have, and often has, an ul-'timate moral object. This is by no means inconsistent with the 'highest effort of artistic production, as has been sometimes too 'easily assumed. It is true, you cannot comply with the con-'ditions of art, if you drive directly at a moral result or an in-'tellectual conclusion; but you have these for your ultimate 'object, and you may embody them in true poetic forms.' Rather perhaps it were more just to say that the moral result,

or the intellectual conclusion, is not so much an object aimed at, as a natural expression of the moral and intellectual state of the writer. Surely of poets, above all men, it is true, that 'out of 'the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' and that no possible *aims* could have made Voltaire write with the reverence of Milton, or Byron with the gentle humanity of Goldsmith.

We hope that we have made intelligible our objections to some of the moral influences visible in, and produced by, Goethe's writings. We protest against the constant confusion introduced into the discussion by those who characterise all attempts to arrive at some distinct notions of morals, and to sever them from the heavy dross of cant on the one hand, and the false glitter of license on the other, as crimes against the freedom of thought and the high privileges of genius.

And now, let no one imagine that the labour we have performed is one of love. It is far more like an act of duty. Our convictions have been long maturing, and are not likely to be shaken, but they have been formed with infinite reluctance, When we think of the delight with which we have hung over Goethe's exquisite productions, of the music of his verse, and the matchless finish of his prose,—the variety of images and the wealth of thoughts he has impressed on the mind,—the wondrous beauties of Faust, the calm majestic grace of Tasso and Iphigenia, and, above all, the simple perfection of Hermann and Dorothea,—faultless in sentiment as in style,—when we remember all these and our other manifold obligations to Goethe, we feel as if we were ungrateful debtors, disloyal subjects, undutiful children. But there are obligations even more sacred than these. The faults of common and obscure men are not likely to be exalted into merits, nor their neglect of ordinary duties represented as proofs of genius. It is only men so gifted with all that can blind or pervert the judgment as Goethe was — so made to be admired and almost adored, who have the fatal privilege of confounding right with wrong, of turning the current of opinion into false channels, and giving to the world a false measure of greatness.

ART. VIII.—*The Life of Handel.* By VICTOR SCHŒLCHER. 8vo. London: 1857.

IT may be regarded as a peculiar misfortune to the art of Music that the biographies of its most eminent professors and performers have been less agreeably written, and are therefore less widely remembered, than the records of men who have risen to celebrity by the cultivation of the sister arts. St. Cecilia's disciples have had no Vasari. The lives of great musicians which are attractive to the general reader might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The stock of musical anecdotes which has been collected for universal use — not technical guidance — might be printed in nearly as small a compass as Porpora's vocal manual of two pages, the study of which made Caffarelli the greatest singer of his time. Persons moderately conversant with literary gossip may have read how Lulli cheated the priests when he was lying on his death-bed; — how Handel held a refractory songstress out of the window till she consented to sing what he had set down for her; and how the same solitary giant eat, with his 'capacious mouth,' the dinner which he had ordered for three. They may know Mozart's pertinent answer to the Emperor Joseph's complaint against 'Figaro,' as having too many notes; and the touching fable of his 'Requiem.' They may have heard how Signor Rossini saved the last act of his 'Mosè,' and astonished Signor Tottola, his poet, by scribbling, at a moment's warning, that 'Prayer of the Israelites,' which has served as the prototype for so many subsequent stage effects. They may have some idea that Beethoven was a rugged genius, deaf, and occasionally brutal, who delivered himself of high-flown rhapsodies to Bettina:—that the composer of 'Der Freischütz,' when dying of his long illness in London, wrote affectionate letters to his wife; —that Mendelssohn, when a boy, was mentioned with hopeful expectation by Goethe in his correspondence, and grew up to be one of the most accomplished men of his time:—but a dozen more traits and generalities like these would sum up the amount of knowledge of the great musicians in circulation among those who do not profess some musical proficiency. Considering the remarkable combination of gifts required to produce a great musician, and the exalted pleasure it is the good fortune of a great musician to diffuse among mankind, justice has hardly been done to this illustrious class of artists. Perhaps the engrossing nature of their pursuit tends to concentrate their fancy and their science on a single object;

perhaps the incessant publicity and personal exhibition which attends their professional life has somewhat lowered their true dignity. That something of the old contemptuous notion of the musician as mime or buffoon—something of Johnson's paradoxical and insulting speech, 'Punch has no feelings'—is involved in the matter cannot be doubted. But the philosophy of this subject, with its necessity or its inconsistency, is not to be discussed in a few paragraphs. The fact, for the moment, is all we have to deal with, when turning to one more record of the life, the triumphs, and the works of a man who, according to his order, was undoubtedly one among 'the great ones 'of the earth.'

Another peculiarity in musical biographies is, that they have been more largely and often more successfully undertaken by strangers than by personal friends. The most readable works on Mozart—no offence to those by Nissen, Jahn, and others—are by M. Oulibicheff, a Russian enthusiast, and by Mr. E. Holmes, our own countryman. The Italian musicians have, possibly, been more handsomely treated by French writers than by their own. Though the Germans have again and again attempted pieces of lumbering profundity, calling themselves 'Lives of Beethoven' (that most German among all German artists), their failure has been uniform, and M. Berlioz has been happier in the style of his French criticisms, without being less transcendental. In the present instance it is curious that the work before us should be the production of a writer who is not a musician, — who is not a German, — who is not an Englishman — but a native of France, where the works of Handel are least understood and least admired; yet we have had nothing so full in compilation concerning Handel, if not so immaculate in point of taste, as this new biography of that greatest of musicians. M. Schœlcher is mainly known as a member of the extreme French Republican party, who sate with the 'Mountain' in the Legislative Assembly, until the catastrophe of the 2nd December. Since that time he has passed in England the period of inactivity and proscription, rendered inevitable by his political opinions. Here it chanced that some notes of the world's grandest music broke on his ear during the pause after that ferocious storm. The impression made by these strains seems to have strengthened into another passion, more peaceful, but hardly less intense, than those which had already driven a fervid, but mistaken man into acts of great political violence. Out of that passion, which has attested its sincerity by collection, by patient labour, by sacrifice of time and of money, has grown the book before us.

But passion, we must continue, never made a great artistic biography; since in this department of literature, beyond almost every other, are required patience, calmness, judgment, and candour — deep, close, and minute special knowledge, in short. What is more, the man who would write the life of an exhibiting artist — which a musician's life must be, whether he be composer or interpreter — should possess knowledge of the social world in which the musician lived, and of the precise art which he adorned. These requisites are not possessed by M. Schœlcher; and, therefore, his book, however well meant it be — and to a certain extent meritorious — cannot satisfy the full demands of literature or of music in relation to so great a subject. He has not sufficiently apprehended the nobility of that subject and the dignity of the branch of literature to which his task belongs, to avoid impertinent allusions to passing things and living persons. He is inaccurate in his arithmetic; since the skeleton catalogue of Handel's works, printed in the appendix as a foretaste of the *catalogue raisonnè,* which M. Schœlcher announces to be in preparation, does not agree with the list which an exact index-maker would compile from the biography; German compositions being there spoken of, on hearsay, which do not figure in the record. The style of a polemical journalist pervades too many of M. Schœlcher's pages. He is in one breath provoked because Handel did not receive that patronage from our London nobility which his stupendous merits claimed; in another, he is extremely bitter on the tastes and tendencies of the royal personages who did adopt Handel's interests, and appreciate his compositions. In one page he falls into the old cry against the airs and impertinences of the opera-singers; in another, he rejoices (as in the case of Mistress Anastasia Robinson — Lady Peterborough — when, on her being offended by Senesino, Lord Peterborough caned the impudent coxcomb,) 'that the time is past when singers allowed 'themselves to be caned by lords.' There is, in short, no order or consistency in this book. Its orthography, moreover, is impure, as regards foreign words and names, to a degree which is strange in any well-educated foreigner. Yet in spite of these defects we have read it with considerable pleasure. Mr. Schœlcher's love of his subject is sincere and unaffected, and he has collected a large quantity of materials which, if not absolutely new, were not easily to be met with.

The life of Handel, however, was worthy the best hand of the best writer of biographies. The period of English history which it embraces is full of interest and rich in anecdote. If the Elizabethan æra gave us our poems, the first fifty years of the eighteenth century yielded us our memoirs. It

was a time of wit, a time of imperfect settlement, a time of political intrigue, a time of conspiracy. The Kilmanseggs and Schulembergs who came over '*for our goods*' from Hanover, in the train of the new German sovereign, trembled over their chocolate-cups, or their tankards, at the thought of a Stuart hidden in disguise at Kensington, or holding his illicit *levees* in Grosvenor Square. The new opera-manager, or the foreigner who arrived to sing, stood a chance of being mobbed as a secret emissary, besides being cordially hated as an interloper who arrived to fatten on the food which England should have distributed among its children. The French dancing-master was possibly one French spy; the French hairdresser might be another. The Court was torn with family dissensions, in which the name and the fame of the music-master of the Princess Royal were mixed up. The Queen was compelled to swallow gross epithets from the over-familiar minister who taught her how to manage the King. The King sate under the sarcasms of a neighbour no less redoubtable than Duchess Sarah of Marlborough, who dared to sneer at the temporary gallery built at St. James' on the occasion of a royal marriage — as at 'neighbour George's 'orange chest.' It was in one respect an age poor in imagination, but rich in those marked characters and vehement contrasts which are so precious to a biographer — an age, moreover, which did not lack its chroniclers, its diarists, its correspondents — the age during which Pope was writing his letters, and Hervey keeping his memoirs, and Hogarth painting his satires, and Lady Mary Wortley breaking out into the eccentricities of foreign adventure, for subsequent Walpoles to lampoon — when Dryden, as a tragic author, had not been altogether superseded by Addison and Aaron Hill—when the comedies of Congreve still prolonged upon the stage the wit and the license of the Restoration — when an English duke kept up the state of a chapel and an orchestra with a resident *capell meister*, as the Esterhazys and Palffys of Austria, or the small princes of Italy, have done — an age, in short, prepared for the uses of any painter of life, manners, and character who desired to find a sumptuous framework and a rich background for a great artist—his principal figure.

As regards Music, too, the epoch in which Handel appeared, his training, his choice of residence, and that august fame of his which 'bestrid the world,' offer a wide field for any one capable of dealing with them. In the absence of mighty painters, or architects, or romancers, or dramatists, posterity may point to him as the greatest Poet of the first half of the seventeenth century. The Shade of Swift might rise to protest

against such honour being awarded to one who was 'a fiddler,' fit companion to 'a drab'—so ran the Dean of St. Patrick's choicely coarse phraseology. Yet the title would not be unjustly bestowed. What Michael Angelo was in Painting, what Shakspeare was in Drama, Handel was within the limits of his own art; as gigantic in conception, as daring in execution, as the great Florentine—as carelessly fertile, as boundlessly rich, as unconsciously simple, as our universal dramatist. Handel was born, too, into a world of art ripe for discovery. Music was never more scientific than at the commencement of the last century; but by that time it had been lately proved that Music meant something more than science alone. The seductions of rhythmical melody—the charms of beautiful tone and delicate expression which lie in the human voice, had broken through the walls of ancient custom and pedantry. It was still demanded of the Musician that he should be severely ingenious and strictly accurate in counterpoint—the orthography and syntax of expression; but grace, grandeur, variety, fascination in his ideas, and in their garniture, had begun also to take their place in the vocabulary of his art. Palestrina had shown the world how much sonorous beauty was to be produced out of a string of mere chords. Corelli and Scarlatti—the one with his stately band of violins, the other with his more fiery and freakish harpsichord—had begun to methodize known dancing measures, and to apply them to the more august forms of instrumental composition. Marcello had already found among the singers of Venice such graceful and not ignoble melodies, to accompany the Psalms of David, as remind us of the saints of Giorgione and Palma, and the patrician ladies of Bonifazio. The high finish as an instrument to which the Organ had been brought, had called out in Germany that executive ingenuity which in its turn engenders and quickens thought. The school of great players numbered Zackau, Kuhnau, and that greatest of living or dead masters of the organ, Sebastian Bach. Opera was no longer that sort of cumbrous masque, absurdly amateur, childishly theatrical, or irreverently ecclesiastical in its pomps, which it had been in its earliest years. The great singers then in being, though spoilt as a class by ignorance and affectation, and a vulgar vanity, which reduced their notions of art to a mere fancy for personal display, already included some who had brains as well as throats, and who cherished that desire to help art forward, by the production of new effects, which fired the ambition of the composer. There was already some attempt at dramatic interest on the musical stage, which, crippled and timid

as it now seems, bespoke progress and increase, and invited experiment. The world of Music, in short, was all before a genius where to choose; and the man who appeared to conquer it, to leave a notable name on the pages of the book of poetry, and a trace in his own art of unequalled breadth and grandeur, seems by nature and circumstances to have been alike endowed with a temperament which gave the fullest scope to every gift, and with opportunities which with diligence, address, and daring insured him immortality.

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle in Saxony, in the year 1685—the son of a substantial surgeon, sixty-three years of age at his birth. The idea of the child becoming a musician seems to have been as insupportable to Dr. Handel as if he had been the father of a prodigy living in some English country-town. The boy was to be made into a respectable lawyer; and the usual means (as old as Time and as cruel as Ignorance) were taken to prevent his finding any access to the only teaching he chose to receive. Persecution, however, was not thrown away: the boy was persevering as well as imaginative. Old Dr. Handel's training may have strengthened in him that resolution to work out his career which distinguished his life—that arrogance which, by overruling accident and despising difficulty, led him to take his highest flights when his fortunes were the lowest. Out of England, 'The Messiah,' and 'Judas,' and 'Israel,' and 'Samson,' could hardly have been written. In England, they would hardly have been written, had Handel not been the bankrupt opera-manager, whose credit was gone, and whose silly foes were determined to crush him. The child who would get at the keys of the spinet somehow—who would not be left behind when Dr. Handel chose to go to visit his brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels' *valet*, and who enlisted in his behalf the interference of the *valet's* ducal master, was the father of the man whose revenge on the town for its caprices and fashionable neglect, was the production of those sublime oratorios to which the Christian and the civilised world will never be tired of listening.

Not many years, however,—and it may be hoped no vital amount of happiness—were lost by little Handel in the hardening process. The old surgeon, overborne by the Duke, put the boy regularly to school with organist Zackau,—during his son's course of three years' study, steadily throwing in such a dose of Latin, as, he conceived, might in time neutralise the studies of finger and of fugue, and rescue the youth from the discredit of becoming an artist. The Latin was swallowed,

but the love of law never came therewith; and when the boy was eleven years of age,—by that time a prodigious player on keyed instruments,—he fell under the influence which has never failed to fascinate any one born with the sense of beauty so strong within him as Handel—the spell of Italy. The Dominican father Attilio Ariosti (affectedly named by M. Schœlcher as *Attilio*) happened to be at Berlin, as the chapel master of the Elector of Brandenburg, during the visit of the boy to the Prussian capital. Ariosti was by no means eminent as a musician, but he is described as a man of sweet and affable temper, who discovered the genius of the young Saxon—made him play by hours together, and, it is fair to imagine, cherished that love of suavity, grace, and roundness of period, which from its earliest period distinguished the Italian school of music; and which Handel never lost sight of in his works, however grand might be the theme, however rude the character, however awful the situation. There is no German composer, of any epoch (Mozart, perhaps excepted), who was so little German as he.* He is to be ranged with the Claris, Corellis, Colonnas, Scarlattis of Rome and Florence, and not with the Buxtehudes and Bachs of his own country. Sense must needs be satisfied with him, as well as spiritual contemplation, or scientific research: and sense could not be satisfied, until Italy had become a reality, not a dream; a place of experience, not of anticipation. Even in these days, there is no training that will altogether replace the training of the South. Italy's 'fatal gift of beauty' is undying. In the time of Handel, that beauty still wore all her purple and gold, her jewels and her fine linen. The musicians were still not so much the buffoons, as the companions of nobles. Some of them were churchmen, eligible for more intellectual occupations than the wielding of a baton, or the resolving of a discord: one, Marcello, was a patrician of Venice; another, Corelli, was the household guest of a Roman Cardinal. All, it is fair to assume, in position, in culture, in manners, were more refined than the homely German organist, half schoolmaster, half theorist. All were surrounded with memories, and traditions, and evidences of such universal artists as Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Salvator Rosa, which let them fall on an ear ever so dull, on

* To avoid digression, let it be here pointed out, that in that exercise of his art, which was in his day most specially German, namely, composition for the organ, Handel was comparatively so slight, so popular, and so pleasing, that his writings for the instrument are set comparatively small store by, owing to their want of depth and contrapuntal severity.

a nature ever so gross, do not wholly fall in vain, nor without leaving some print or film, however slight, which has its beauty, its grace, its refinement. By no analyst or biographer with whom we are acquainted, have Handel's sympathies with, or obligations to, the South, been generously or gratefully admitted. He himself, more just, more conscientious, recorded them in his masterpiece, where with his own handwriting, he owned to the origin of the 'Pastoral Symphony,' as derived from the droning pipes of the rustic players who come into Rome before Christmas-time to play before the images of the Blessed Virgin.

M. Schœlcher's narrative of Handel's early days, though less completely wrought out than it might have been, had he ransacked the old libraries and music shops of Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, may be followed with interest. It is well known that the young Saxon was for a time closely connected with the Hamburgh theatre, on the stage of which he made his 'maiden speech' in opera; that while there, he was comrade, colleague, and friend with Mattheson, which, as has happened in the comradeship of other young men, did not preclude a fierce quarrel and a duel betwixt them. It has been told before, how Prince Gaston de' Medici, brother to the Duke of Tuscany, who chanced to be in the Hanse Town about that time, chanced also, with the true Medici spirit of divination, to discern the merit of the young composer and orchestral player, whom he invited to bear him company to Italy. Adam Hiller (true to the spirit of antagonism) relates in his 'Lebenschreibungen,' that the young German, on being shown by the Prince a large collection of Italian music, remarked that 'he did not find in them any-'thing very superior.' But the reported saying, and its sequel are at variance. After a few years of rough residence at Hamburg, not, however, of time wholly lost by Handel,—in place of his taking the organ at Lubeck, and marrying the organist's daughter there (a condition of the appointment akin to the old succession of headsman to headsman)—in place of settling down to such a life of cheerful citizenship, temperate contemplation, and indefatigable industry, as that led by Sebastian Bach, at Leipsic, the young opera-composer yielded to the fascination, crossed the Alps, profited (though in no servile or ignoble fashion) by the protection of the Tuscan Court, and in Italy, by an opera and *cantata* or two, laid the first stone of his splendid reputation. Handel's early German studies have entirely disappeared, but his first Oratorio, 'Il Resurrezione,'—in which the form no less than the title and text are Italian,—has still a certain musical existence.

It seems, however, evident that no strong artist, who is not

Italian-born, can remain in Italy, howsoever gladly he may resort to that land during his apprenticeship—however gratefully he must recur to it throughout his after-career. Handel, at all events, was no more fit to lull himself to sleep among the *dilettanti* of Tuscan courts or Roman palaces, than he could have been content to fall into the homely and dry daily life of a small German town. It was, in all probability, mere chance which directed his flight to England,—the chance of his having entered into the service of the Elector of Brunswick, and having attached himself to the Elector's step-daughter, his pupil,—added to an engagement to write operas for our great capital, which has never been so coolly scorned by the foreign artist as certain foreign critics have assumed. But if chance decided the young Saxon to come hither, choice retained him in England; and, in truth, his life was ours, his labours were for us, his fortune came from us, and his love was with us. This kingdom offered a *mezzo termine* betwixt German coarseness and Italian sickliness; the artist could be free enough in it, without being wholly unbefriended; the Court was kindly, not engrossing; the nobility was not cold; the public was untutored, not deaf. There was plenty to do, plenty to enjoy, plenty to win, plenty to overcome,—a field, in short, so congenial to the young German trained in Italy, for whom neither German nor Italian life appears to have sufficed, that once having planted his foot and turned the spade therein, he never left it more, and never seems either to have repented, nor to have speculated on change or wandering as possible. It may have been, and probably it was, that Handel's genius had too much sensual beauty for Germany and too much science for Italy; but it may also have been, and it probably was, because there existed a direct, wholesome, strength in the man's nature,—a sort of rough truth and every-day common-sense, which made him feel that London, with its many sins and its many fools, its stupid public and its bad climate, was nevertheless a more congenial home for a plain and honest man than the stateliest German court, or the sunniest *cortile*, where Ottobonis, and Panfilis, and Dorias listened to music, and let life fleet by, without much plan or purpose beyond those of present competence and luxurious enjoyment.

But for a due understanding of Handel's character and position, it is essential to admit the truth that, like Shakspeare and Scott, he chose to combine the trader, speculator, and man of business with the poet,—that he thirsted for gains as well as position,—that, unsatisfied by liberal pensions and patronage, he aspired to convert his art into a means of making a for-

tune. That this does not throw the most delicate or picturesque light on the character of a great artist must be readily conceded; unless we consider the means embraced to gain the end,—the series of musical works, of their kind as remarkable as the Shakspeare plays or the Waverley novels,—by which the German composer first allured his willing public, and afterwards bent himself to propitiate the world, which had grown weary of him. There was no necessity, save such as was furnished by his active and sanguine disposition, for Handel to wear himself out in managing a theatre. From his outset in England he was in receipt of more than 500*l.* a year as a court servitor. His 'Amadigi,' the first of some forty Italian operas, produced in the Haymarket, was written under the roof of the Earl of Burlington, who had received the young composer as a guest. The magnificent Duke of Chandos, to whose palace of 'Cannons' Handel was subsequently attached, in the foreign fashion, as Chapel-master (an appointment to which we owe the superb series of anthems), recompensed the composer of 'Esther' with the present of 1000*l.*, a considerably larger sum, we believe, than was paid to Mendelssohn for the copyright of 'Elijah,' some hundred and twenty-five years later. But the fascinations of theatrical administration, which to those untouched by them appear so utterly inexplicable, were not to be resisted by Handel. He preferred the risks of autocracy on the stage to the safer chances of a candidate for success there. Aware of his prodigious fertility in production, he may have felt that only by keeping the sceptre in his own hand could he satisfy the necessity of pouring out the thoughts and fancies which he possessed. This was all natural enough; but no less natural was the sequel,—one which M. Schœlcher laments, in the lachrymose style which befits a devotee describing the sufferings of a martyr. For a time, such an enterprise as Handel's opera-speculation could not fail to thrive; but after a time, it is inevitable to such enterprises that the interest taken in them by their promoters and patrons must subside, even if the speculator possess double Handel's genius. Inferior novelty becomes more welcome than a repetition of higher beauties and more exquisite graces. There arrives a moment when all the petty miseries and intrigues of the world behind the scenes are brought to bear on the unpopularity of the manager of whom the town is beginning to tire; and in Handel's case, the quarrels of the royal household, so spiritedly recounted in the 'Hervey 'Memoirs,' enlisted a large and influential section of the younger nobility against him. It is the nature of Opera to be ephemeral. Scarcely a dozen musical dramas from among the hundred thousand written during the last century and a half may be said

to keep the stage, or in permanence of charm bear any proportion to the poetical and comic masterpieces of the theatre, in which singers and orchestra have no part. To hit the taste of the moment, to make ends and means bear due proportion, and still to infuse imperishable life and beauty into the creation, is a feat which has been achieved by few indeed, and by those few only in some exceptional moment of inspiration. It is probable, that as an opera-writer, in spite of the fashion set by the brown silk gown of his *Queen Rodelinda,*—in spite of the rapture which greeted the minuet from his 'Ariadne' whenever it was heard,—Handel was both before and behind his age; as we have already said, too Italian for the Germans, too German for the Italians;—too grave to suit the frivolous tastes of the time, or utterly to satisfy them. Whether, however, it arose from inevitable necessity or special defect, certain it is that the German *maestro* came to be considered as an *incubus,* whose exactions and productions alike weighed heavily on the pleasures of the genteel and sprightly,—as one of the pompous pieces of dead-weight imposed on a fashionable public by an unfashionable Court.

The good sense no less than the power of this great man of genius are attested by the manner in which he met the discouragements of such a position. Ere one public began to fail him, he had commenced intercourse with another. Unlike those feeble creatures who die when their summer of fashion is over, Handel's real life only fairly began after he became unfashionable. He had from his first arrival in this country shown the true spirit of a rich and bounteous genius, which is condescension. He had written for popular festivities, as well as for royal water-parties: he had played the organ in our public gardens as well as sate at the harpsichord with England's Princess Royal in her private chamber, at the moment when the arrival of her betrothed prince was announced. The music which had not pleased in one place was brought out by him in another. If the aristocracy of England could not be retained, there was a great public of the middle class to be reached. It will be found by all who follow M. Schœlcher through the facts which he has collected, in regard to the first thirty years of Handel's English residence, that his versatility in composition of music of every kind and for every purpose, was as remarkable as his energy. It will be discerned, too, that both were steadily tending in one and the same direction; that in proportion as means of execution began to fail the master, his designs grew ampler, and his inventions more dignified,—that, in short, the wear and tear of publicity, the battering of perpetual strife, the determination not to quit the wreck till the raft

was secure which was to bring him into port,—were a discipline, a stimulus, a balance necessary to the full development and free use of all the gigantic power which he possessed in reserve. His health, however, suffered under the mortifications to which the last years of his opera disasters had exposed him; and when he quitted England in the autumn of 1737, after the failure of his 'Giustino,' for the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, it is hardly conjectural to fancy the Lord Fannys, who then gave the law to the 'town,' talking of the weary man as one finally broken down—written out—to be swept away into the lumber-room, in order that some fresher mountebank of the minute might have a clear stage for the exhibition of those newest Italian airs and graces which, with them, stood for the perfection of art.

The death of George the Second's Queen, which occurred at the close of this year, called forth the sublime 'Funeral Anthem' (alone among Protestant 'requiems,' and more solemnly spiritual than most Catholic ones), and this event may in some sort be said to mark the turning point in Handel's career. It is true that after that period he still produced two or three operas, which entirely failed to restore his fortunes or his popularity. It is true that by the composition of the Chandos anthems, 'Esther,' 'Athalia,' 'Acis,' 'Alexander's Feast,' Handel had previously shown how much nobler music he could write than any which could be endured, or even then produced, on the boards of any existing opera-house; but these had been only tasks, experiments, episodes in the main business of his life, which had been to draw the public, and to exhibit, and to satisfy the Caffarellis, Faustinas, Stradas of the stage. They had excited sufficient attention, however, to be now fallen back on as a resource and a deliverance. True to his life's vocation, which was to entertain the town, by the exercise of his art, Handel accepted his disgrace. From Opera he sank to Oratorio,—from ephemeral popularity among foolish persons of quality to such immortality as only belongs to poets of the highest order.

There are few cases of acquiescence, transformation, and triumph, wrested out of protracted failure, parallel to the story of Handel's subsequent career in the history of art. He seems, with one reservation, to have attached but slight value to his own works, save insomuch as he could make them gratify his public; yet these included 'Saul,' 'Israel,' 'The Messiah,' 'Samson,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' 'Joshua,' 'Susanna,' 'Solomon,' and almost as many more grand compositions, sacred and profane, in the least successful of which there is still some air or chorus which is as fresh to-day as it was on the day of its com-

position; and in the mass of which almost every variety of form, employed by the musical composers of modern time, may be found indicated or perfected. The production was in all instinctive rather than elaborate. That the poet could hardly commit his inspirations to paper fast enough, the stormy, rude state of the manuscript—('coarse scores,' as Mendelssohn called them in his graphic German-English)—attests to every one who has examined them. Tradition says, that Handel wept and trembled, when the subject was moving or awful which he improvised; but he seems to have held the work once done in slight reverence — 'The Messiah' making a solitary exception. That amazing fruit of a few weeks' inspiration was dashed on paper, as its companions and predecessors had been; but its author seems from the first to have held it as something apart and superior, to which the sanctity of the theme gave a certain elevation in his eyes. As was the habit of Handel, he reconsidered and amended certain portions of it; but with a view to perfecting, rather than of popularising the gift which he laid on the altar;—like one who knows that an immortal utterance has gone forth from him, with which he is not free to tamper or intermeddle. The respect which Handel showed to 'The Messiah,' his solicitude in devoting it from the first to the cause of charity, amounted to a prophetic conviction, unconscious it may be, but, if so, to be regarded with reverence for its very unconsciousness. The greatest musical work in existence, the highest in argument, the most pompous in structure, the most equally sustained from the first note to the final 'Amen,' was appreciated by its maker as his own best creation; as a thing not to be trifled with or torn up to suit the humours of the hour, but as a bequest to all who love the highest religious art, for ever and ever. Not at first, however, did 'The Messiah' take this rank in the minds of men, or in the regard of lovers of music. During many years Handel's war Oratorio, 'Judas,' produced after the Rebellion of 1745, seems to have been more frequently performed, and to have been a greater favourite. By degrees, however, the power and the glory of the 'sacred Oratorio' began to shine more and more brightly abroad,—to touch more and more hearts, to attract more and more sympathies. It is not exaggeration, so much as history, to point to 'The Messiah' as almost the only work of art in being, which for one hundred years has steadily gone on rising higher and higher in fame, drawing myriad after myriad to wonder and to tears,—untouched by time, unrivalled by progress:—to characterise it as a heritage derived from our fathers, which will go down, by its own intrinsic and increasing value, to our children's children,—a creation of mortal

imagining, which has almost won the reality of an article of belief and the solemnity of an object of worship, by its power to adapt itself to all intelligences, to touch the lowliest, to raise the loftiest, to content the most fastidious.

The munificence with which Handel exerted his great power and devoted his finest work in the cause of charity is really unparalleled except by one contemporary example in musical history:—

'Seeing that *The Messiah* was, as they say in theatrical parlance, "a sure draw," Handel in a manner divided his property in it with the Foundling Hospital; he gave that institution a copy of the score, and promised to come and conduct it every year for the benefit of the good work. This gift was the occasion of an episode in which may be perceived the choleric humour of the worthy donor. The administrators of the hospital, being desirous of investing his intention with a legal form, prepared a petition to Parliament, which terminated in the following manner:—"That, in order to raise a further sum for "the benefit of the said charity, George Frederic Handel, Esq., hath "been charitably pleased to give to this corporation a composition "of music called 'The Oratorio of *The Messiah,*' composed by him; "the said George Frederic Handel reserving to himself only the "liberty of performing the same for his own benefit during his life: "And whereas the said benefaction cannot be secured to the sole use "of your petitioners, except by the authority of Parliament, your "petitioners therefore humbly pray that leave may be given to bring "in a bill for the purposes aforesaid." When one of the governors waited upon the musician with this form of petition, he soon discovered that the committee of the hospital had built on a wrong foundation; for Handel, bursting into a rage, exclaimed—"Te "Devil! for vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parle-"ment? Te Devil! mein music sal not go to de Parlement."

'The petition went no further, but Handel did not the less fulfil the pious engagement which he had contracted. In 1752, on the Thursday the 9th of April, the number of tickets taken was 1200, each ten and sixpence. In 1753, the *Public Advertiser* of the 2nd of May announced:—"Yesterday, the sacred oratorio called *Messiah* was "performed in the chapel at the Foundling Hospital, under the "direction of the inimitable composer thereof, George Frederic "Handel, Esq., who, in the organ concerto, played himself a volun-"tary on the fine organ he gave to that chapel." The *London Magazine* of the month says that there were above 800 coaches and chairs, and the tickets amounted to 925 guineas.

'Eleven performances of the same kind, between 1750 and 1759, brought 6955*l.* to the hospital. Handel conducted them all in person, although (it must not be forgotten) he became blind in 1753. This benefaction of the generous and charitable artist survived him for many years. Eight performances, conducted by J. C. Smith, between 1760 and 1768, realised 1332*l.*; and nine performances, conducted by John Stanley, from 1769 to 1777, realised 2032*l.*; so

that altogether, *The Messiah* alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital no less a sum than 10,299*l.*'

Indeed, if the sums collected by the performance of this mighty work in the last hundred years be reckoned together, we question whether any single monument of human genius has been so productive of mere wealth as this oratorio of the bankrupt Handel.

Of the anecdotical history of 'The Messiah,' there is no need further to speak in this place: though the precise facts concerning its appearance seem, till lately, to have been involved in the doubt which has shrouded the origin of more than one master-work. M. Schœlcher has entered on them at some length, and we are reminded that Handel was permitted seventeen years of satisfaction in his own sublime work betwixt the period of its first performance in Dublin on Good Friday, 1742, and his decease on Good Friday, 1759. The last act of his life was to attend a performance of 'The Messiah' at Covent Garden on the 6th April of that year. After returning home from the oratorio, says his biographer, he went to bed never to rise again. Seized with a mortal exhaustion, and feeling that his last hour was come, in the full plenitude of his reason, he added one more codicil to his will, and gently rendered up his soul on the anniversary of the first performance of 'The Messiah,' Good Friday, 13th April, 1759, aged seventy-four years, one month, and twenty-one days. The Artist's fortunes to the day of his death were more or less chequered by public caprice and private antagonism. The last seven years of his life were smitten with the 'total eclipse' of which he had himself sung so touchingly; and by this, and not from any failure of power, or fancy, or energy, was he compelled to cease from his labours: but he lived to know that he had founded in Music a kingdom, which would not pass away so long as the art endures—that he had raised his own monument, and drawn his own people to him. He died an object of affection and pride and reverence, which, as we have seen and heard, (and shall yet see and hear more) were no evanescent or sentimental emotions, doomed to be dispersed by a touch of Fashion's harlequin wand, but the beginnings of a Fame such as none beside him has ever gained in his art, and the limits of which are as yet reached on no side.

In the foregoing remarks, a few of the outlines of the personal character of Handel have been attempted. We have pointed out his distinctive greatness as one of the great men of his century, without any very close reference to his particular art. But as a musician Handel claims more accurate criticism, even when ge-

neral readers are addressed; since certain of his characteristics are so unique in their cast, and so clear in their manifestation, as to be intelligible, when simply stated, even to those to whom the mechanism of music is a mystery they cannot or care not to fathom. It belongs to Handel's art alone, that the greatest man who has adorned it should have been predominant, and original, and immortal, by reason of his eclecticism. A German by birth, an Italian by sympathy and training, an Englishman by conformity, Handel belonged to no country, to no school—as the Mozarts, Beethovens, Webers, Rossinis have done. Yet in no musician has style been more strongly marked than in him. This has always seemed to us one among the many seeming paradoxes, which defy the ingenuity of those who will reason from one art to another, in place of permitting to each its own laws, its own inconsistencies; but it is a truth, without a due appreciation of which the grandeur, the variety, and the beauty,—the peculiar, yet universal genius of Handel, are not to be appreciated.

We must be permitted, after this general remark, to enter into a few details, not to be overlooked in attempting to define the true position of so great a composer. Laying aside all Handel's stage-music, as by nature ephemeral,—nor troubling ourselves for the moment with that which he wrote for instruments alone, as slight and experimental—belonging to the dawn of instrumental music—let us confine ourselves to the works on which his claims to immortality rest, and to merely a few considerations concerning these. A series of studies of Handel's Oratorios is still a *desideratum:* not, however, undertaken in the mystical spirit of German criticism, which has so often proved its own shallowness, by affecting to plumb depths past mortal fathoming. For how much smaller is the one meaning painfully assumed as animating some neglected detail, than the many meanings which every work of divine poetry and grand design presents to the apprehensions of many listeners, who may still admit the possibility of many other features or forms having been hurried over, as unimportant! Honestly reverent as was its intention, the analysis of 'The Messiah,' in the correspondence of Goethe and Zelter, if tried by this standard, becomes poor and insufficient; because it proves too much. Like Shakspeare, Handel may be over-criticised; for the self-same reason—that neither the dramatic nor the musical poet was always complete. So too, if we pursue this illustration into another branch of art, when the defects, irregularities, or accidents of the great cathedrals are proved to be so many choice beauties—to be the very parts most worthy of study and imitation, because of the in-

tention they are assumed to convey, such judgments tend rather to display the pedantry of criticism than the majesty of art. Studies of Handel's Oratorios might, however, be written to bring them somewhat closer to the intelligent admiration of those who hear them—not in wholesale defence, or over-elaborate explanation, but in illustration of certain characteristics, the right appreciation of which is of general and lasting value to every one concerned in music, whatever be his share, whatever be its quality.

That the effect, we repeat, of the most superb of Handel's superb works is independent of completeness, is hardly to be disputed, though the remark will sound strange to the wholesale idolaters of his genius—nay, and to many more rational worshippers of the greatest works of imagination. We know enough of their historical origin to be sure that they were not designed with any extraordinary care. What is now the first part of 'Israel in Egypt' was patched on to a *cantata* already completed, and which had been completed, in one respect, with a formality not habitual to Handel; since 'Exodus,' the *cantata* referred to, might have been considered as circularly closed against amplification, by its opening and ending with the same strain of praise,—employed *da capo,* as the musicians have it, or burdenwise, to use the ballad-monger's phrase. Nevertheless, it suited Handel's convenience to lengthen the work; and accordingly he prefixed to this *cantata* another Oratorio, equalling it in length, outdoing it in variety, exhibiting the Plagues of Egypt with an amount of force, brilliancy, and elaboration sufficient, it might have been supposed, to crush and efface any portion which could possibly follow. Pestilence—water turned into blood—fire from Heaven—the insect-cloud darkening out life with its noisome activity—the death of the first-born—the 'darkness which might be felt'—the rebuke of the great sea—the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep—the recoil of the waters over their pursuers—were displayed in close succession. To speak of any other pictures in music by the side of these, is to talk of Ludovico Caracci after Michael Angelo, of Van der Werff after Rubens, or of Raphael Mengs after Raphael. And yet, despite the inspiration of this afterthought, the second part, or original 'Exodus,' which is in fact merely Miriam's hymn of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host prolonged and wrought out, holds its ground, nay, leads to a climax of jubilant devotional rapture, as preeminent in its brilliancy as if the poet had from the first entertained no other design than to conduct his hearers through group after group, through

trial after trial, through wonder after wonder, with the Pillar of Cloud to hide, and the Pillar of Fire to beckon the chosen people,—onward and upward to the Prophetess, 'with her 'timbrel in her hand,' as the last and the most remarkable apparition following 'the wonders in the land of Ham,' and recording the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people.

Nor is this the sole wonder. If the design of 'Israel,' when examined, prove disproportionate,—if the form was determined by the touch of inspiration, not the long preliminary care of pious meditation,—the execution of that wondrous oratorio will be found no less remarkable, when anatomised by the thoughtful musician. On the one hand, it is clear that in some of the choruses and ideas, to satisfy the impatience of his hand, Handel tore out leaves from his old school-books, and interpolated ancient exercises, nay, possibly, other men's thoughts. On the other, it is evident that he wrote in a day when one of the greatest elements in the production of picturesque music—the orchestra of the moderns, with its contrasted sonorities and improved executive resources—had scarcely been called into existence. In the awful scenes of the 'hail-stones for rain,'—the locusts, that came without number,'—'the thick darkness that fell on all the land,—the ocean waters rising like a wall on this side and on that,—the limits to the colours on Handel's palette will be at once seen, if the orchestral portion of these choruses be compared with the orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. Those great men not merely employed the tints of the rainbow, they also commanded the *chiar' oscuro* of twilight glooms and aërial radiances. Handel wrought with the primary colours; yet the best specimens of descriptive music by the best subsequent masters are pale in treatment and poor in variety when compared with his stupendous series of creations. Are we, then, to say, that modern discovery has added nothing to the means of musical effect? Not so: but that there is a genius independent of all discovery, more flexible and ample by the vigour of its conceptions, than any talent which avails itself of the most unbounded range of the vocabulary of expression devised by modern ingenuity. This superior force and brightness of Handel (due allowance being made for the antiquated cast of certain forms), establishes a point too much lost sight of during late years,—that in narrative, or dramatic, or devout music, where the voice is to be heard, the voice ought to be the principal object of care and feature of interest,—that the accompaniment, however rich, or complex, or pertinent, is not to supersede it: and, moreover, not the voice employed in pure declama-

tion (to which the modern Germans, from Beethoven downwards, have attempted to confine it), but in musical expression of sense and sentiment. In Handel's songs, as in all the highest productions of Art, simplicity is the first condition of pure and lofty expression. From the moment when the Germans began to set themselves in antagonism to the Italians, the balance of power has been destroyed;--since in place of studying (as a Mozart knew how to study) by what means all the elements of music might be combined, the narrower thinkers of the newer school, unable to wield so many resources at once, have endeavoured to rest their effects on some one point at the expense of another. We have lately been invited to believe that the only true occupation for the singer is that in which the singer's art is wholly annihilated; that the nearer the executant can arrive at gasp, or sob, or sigh, or scream, the more successfully is the voice treated.

Another characteristic of Handel has been his instantaneous power of rising to the height, or of expressing the beauty of his subjects, whatever these might demand. The 'great scene' in his work is always its greatest portion. In 'Joshua,' the downfall of the walls of Jericho; in 'Solomon,' the opening of the temple—the court music given to the Queen of Sheba—and (more eminent still because of its excessive difficulty) the contest of the mothers for the dead child; in 'Jephtha,' the storm of the father's soliloquy; in 'Acis,' the entire impersonation of Polyphemus, whether the Cyclops himself sings, or is watched coming, or breaks in, with hideous love and brute revenge, on the love scene, which it maddens him to see; in 'Semele,' the moment of sleep; in 'Judas,' the warlike pomps; in 'Saul,' the song of David exorcising the brain-stricken King, and the lament over Jonathan—are all severally touched with a force and truth which exclude every future treatment of the same moments and situations. As wisely might some new dramatist, following the fashion of Lenau, who wished to outdo Goethe's 'Faust,' attempt to create a new *Lady Macbeth*, or *Shylock*, or *Cleopatra*, or *Lear*, or *Cordelia*, as a new musician try to deal anew with these persons and conjunctures. And where is there — where can there be — another 'Hallelujah' chorus after that of 'The Messiah?' The feat has been tried and tried again, by later musicians, some because they could not escape from it, by way of close; some because, being pigmies, they were convinced that they were as good giants as any that were on the earth in the olden time; but failure has constantly attended the trial of so daring a feat.

The student of Handel, again, may observe how his freshness

of inspiration and experiment held out to the very last. Regarded in this point of view, 'Jephtha,' the latest grand oratorio by the master, becomes one of his most interesting works. The character of youth and original purity belonging to all the music given to Jephtha's daughter might, in accordance with all common rule, have been thought to denote a young melodist; even as Juliet's passion has been again and again pointed out as belonging to the impassioned boyhood of Juliet's creator. Indeed no composer, in the freshest spring-time of his powers, has been stronger in unforced sweetness and simplicity than Handel shows himself throughout the part: trusting less to contrivance, less to experience, less to grouping, (to use the painter's word,) than to the delicious flow of lively, natural, musical thought. The whole commencement breathes innocence, joy, the charm which life has for one who can herself charm, the free grace befitting the daughter of a great chief, the artless tenderness of one who loves and is beloved. Her song, 'The smiling dawn,' is in a dancing measure (*a tempo di Bourree*), and through a large part of it the voice is left to carol alone. The air, 'Tune the soft melodious lute,' with which the conqueror's daughter prepares to greet her father on his return from victory over the Ammonites, is of a more measured stateliness; but it is still the stateliness of a *young* princess, fresh in rhythm, fresh in cast of phrase, to be distinguished in choice of accompaniment and by its youthful tone among the many songs for a similar voice written to a similar situation. As we proceed with the story of Jephtha's daughter, the same colour is maintained, even after the storm has broken above her head, — even in that moment of mortal trial which presents itself as so frightful to those who have known little sorrow — even when the sublime resignation of the maiden draws from benignant Heaven interposition and deliverance. The air, 'Happy they' (a consummate example of expression), — the better-known scene, 'Farewell, ye limpid springs,' which M. Schœlcher, in true Parisian style, mentions in company with *Agatha's* scena from 'Der Freischütz,'—are both eminently remarkable for simple grace, maintained in the moments of sorrow, as well as in those of hope and exultation. We do not conceive that this was matter of premeditation on Handel's part; his exertions have the spontaneous character of the highest productions of genius, hardly conscious of its own perfection. Yet nothing can be named in the whole catalogue of musical impersonations more exquisite, more self-consistent, or more various without monotony, than this child of Handel's old age.

Illustrations such as these could be multiplied almost with-

out limit, and still, we fancy, without entering that debateable land in which the eye of Superstition transfigures what it sees. One more point, however, must be dwelt on here, as a last testimony to the surpassing greatness of Handel's oratorio music. Whatever be the amount of modern discovery, it affords scope for the application and introduction of the most enlarged resources; it is capable of being performed by countless myriads, without becoming disproportionate and unwieldy. Yet it has not, in our experience—indeed we may boldly assert, ever—been adequately rendered. This statement may seem paradoxical to those who have been conversant with the choral and orchestral performances which have been the rule, not the exception, in England for the last fifty years, who reflect that these have been of a splendour and on a scale of which the hardworked, feverish, ambitious artist little dreamed—compelled, if not contented, to hear his music in his own imagination—and so to conceive how vast and capable of countless extension were his 'Hallelujahs' and his hymns of Israel's triumph over Egypt, overwhelmed in the Red Sea. Many may well ask whether poet's dream ever rose to a fulfilment of poet's creations so high, as the stupendous celebrations at Sydenham. the sound of which, 'like the voice of many waters,' is in our ears as we write. No such gathering of musicians and audience is recorded in the annals of musical state and solemnity—no occasion so rich in poetical sensations and new scientific experiences. The Festival at the Crystal Palace will be memorable to many as having proved that vast extension of means, where the locality is vast, by no means implies the production of harsh and overpowering force. The splendours of the myriad chorus were felt in the richer, softer, gentler passages—more remarkably evident in such a serene chorus as 'But as for his 'people' (in 'Israel,') than in the pompous phrase 'King of 'kings,' and 'Lord of lords,' which forms the culminating passage of the 'Hallelujah.' The gigantic scale of the chorus, however, was brought home to every one in all the antiphonic passages, where the distance of the bodies that took up question and answer with an admirable precision, gave an effect of amplitude and multitude alike new and impressive. Those three performances at Sydenham, again, were instructive as proving Handel's sublimity and science by his simplicity. Magnificently as his work was planned, it was still so colossal in its outlines, so largely contrived as to bear in its interpretation any amount of modern enrichment, when the scale of performance is vast, and the garnitures are applied by the hands of sympathy and reverence. The orchestral additions of Mozart to 'The Messiah,' of Men-

delssohn to 'Israel in Egypt,' and of Sig. Costa to 'Judas,' though they amount now to the most intricate embroideries of flute, clarionet, and bassoon, now to the introduction of squadrons of trumpets and clarions, were in no place felt as a disturbance or an excess, still less as an impertinence. It may be that the limit of manageable numbers and practical enrichments was reached at the June Festival just over; but it is no less true that there was no such feeling of cumbrousness, oppression, of confusion, of the extinction of one portion by another, as must have attended a performance on such a scale of any other music of the kind in being. The vast army of players and singers, who held audiences of twelve thousand and more enthralled, was still, it must have been felt by every one, predominated over by the vastness of Handel.

His admirable justice of proportion, too, was indicated at Sydenham to a degree for which we were unprepared. Even in that wide and lofty space, except in a very few unfavourable positions, the interest and effect of the *solo* or single portions of the Oratorios, kept the place that they hold under more limited conditions, by the intrinsic nobility of their forms, and the exquisite judiciousness of their contrasts. The great songs of Handel's oratorios, and in particular of 'The Messiah,' not only demand the greatest voices from the four artists to whom they are intrusted—the finest vocal skill, consummate musical science, the most solemn and refined declamation; they demand, also, that devotional temper of mind which not merely implies an act of worship, but indicates the mood of a worshipper. That which the greatest artists of the musical stage have been from time to time,—utterly possessed of the characters which they were to represent and the music they had to complete by interpretation, the performers of Handel's songs should be, in order to sustain the impression which is now frequently produced by the choral portions of his oratorios. Needs it be pointed out that, to count upon these high qualities as habitual in the most ingenious and carefully trained and serious of the vocalists to whom such occupation must be confided, is to strain expectation beyond the limits of possibility?—that to ensure such qualities, there should be, not merely a happy combination of natural endowment and technical accomplishments, but also a general loftiness of tone in life, manners, and conversation, such as shall make it altogether impossible for the speaker to conceive aught meanly, or to deliver it meagrely—a breath of that noble simplicity which, totally distinct from arrogance or theatrical solemnity, has given so much charm of persuasion, such an authority of teaching, such a power of retaining love, to some of our

divines and poets, least intent on the vulgar arts of producing effect? It is because we have a few times heard single portions of these great Oratorios thus rendered by some great artist, when in his happiest and holiest mood; it is because of the impressions graven deep which such moments have left, when sense, and sound, and delivery have combined to produce a perfect charm, that we speak of Handel's music, as for the most part of necessity *under*-sung — not because of its difficulty as vocal music, still less from perverseness or frivolity on the part of the singers — but because of its inspired sublimity. Let it be honourably commemorated, however, that English artists have seldom, if ever, been heard to sing with so much of the loftiness and inspiration that 'The Messiah,' and 'Israel,' and 'Judas,' demand, as at Sydenham. They were, with small exceptions, so wrought on by the magnificence of the scene, as to rise far nearer to the point indicated than they ever rose before; and one in particular (Mr. Sims Reeves), has written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown, to be read a hundred years hence, when new singers arise and new celebrations are projected.

Thus far have we endeavoured to sketch Handel as a poet of 'all time,' as one of the few musicians who, let the world be ever so poor, ever so rich, are strong enough to abide the time of famine, are boundless enough to add new treasure to any imaginable period of prosperity. In his art we know of no other such example. All that has transpired in regard to Handel the man completes the picture, as we interpret it, harmoniously, and, on the whole, pleasantly.

He was one of the strong men of the earth, who *do* what weaker men dream. With him the delight in this exercise of creative power was bright, fertile, ceaseless, and unhesitating enough to supersede that morbid solicitude as to results which belongs to genius of a less robust order. In his day there was not so much talk about art, as art. The sifters, the analysers, the arrangers of periods, the adjusters of ecstasies, the interpreters of what was never meant, had not, as yet, sprung into life, or at least blossomed into pen and ink. Enthusiasm was a little ignorant, and very well-bred. Even Horace Walpole — man of wit as he was, prescient in taste, in his associations courageous, in his friendships real, however affected he might be in his *dilettantism* and finicalities of language — has scarcely left a word of judgment concerning painting or music worth reading. Dominichino was his divinity — Buononcini his prophet. Italian music was one of the curiosities to be looked for on 'the grand tour' by the Englishman, supposing that he was

not afraid of being lashed for his effeminacy in caring for opera singers and 'their fine stuff.' In the eighteenth century the ancient, practical, and sympathetic interest in Music, which had distinguished an earlier period of England's history, was almost extinct. *Dilettantism* had superseded honest love and participating knowledge: but it was a lisping, not a lecturing, *dilettantism* — a folly which ministered no real help to the creative artist, yet which was not strong enough to impede any one bent on creation, by suggested misgivings or specious counsels. The age of Handel was a bad time for a composer who stood in need of sympathy, but it was not a bad time for a monarch who felt within him the vigour of independence in despotism. There was no one for him to be compared with — there was no one capable of calling him to account. The necessities of his position and of his nature impelled him to work ceaselessly, and if he failed in one direction, to try in another; if he had not time to perfect his own wares he would lay hands on those of other men, and thrust them into his mosaic, as the first Christian church-builders were glad to use fragments of Greek ornaments stripped from Pagan temples — as Shakspeare permitted not patches, but passages, from Plutarch and Hollinshed to figure, almost in their literal baldness, in the midst of the diction of his own imagination. With such an artist as this, the day's work becomes the uppermost object; the means, a secondary one; and the future fades into a distance too remote to excite immediate curiosity or trouble. Handel knew that he had an immortality within him; though deferred success sometimes made him peevish, or imperfect execution sometimes fretted his ear for a passing moment. He had rages, but they were healthy, not morbid, fits of wrath. Betwixt such a grand, coarse, jovial, and stout nature as his, and the more sickly and sensitive organisations, the productions of which we are now perpetually invited to contemplate, compelled to pity, and forbidden by compassion to analyse, there is all the gulf that lies betwixt truth and seeming, betwixt life and disease, betwixt achievement and aspiration. He was a strong, angry, inspired man, with more of the freebooter than of the martyr in his composition. He rated the court gentlemen and ladies if they talked while his music was going on, less enamoured of 'the full pieces' than his royal patrons. He scolded professors who wished to hear 'The Messiah,' and had been indifferent to 'Theodora.' He swore at his singers, and yet would allow a *prima donna* to interpolate '*Angelico splendor*' and '*Cor fedele*' in the most sublime parts of his 'Israel,' for the exhibition of her voice and the entertainment

of fools of quality. On the whole, his life was too busy a one to leave time for much unhappiness, till Time cast over his eyes the cloud of blindness; and even then his memory and his mechanical dexterity stood him in stead. When he was led to the organ, his abundant fertility in improvisation enabled him still, as Milton says, 'to bring all Heaven before his eyes;' so that his privation, which was darkness, cannot be counted as so cruel a one as that calamity of silence which, like the iron shroud in the tale, approached slowly, and surely, to another great musician, and closed up the ear of Beethoven till at last it told him nothing more; and all that was left for *him* were memories, and longings, and convulsive strivings to imagine that which had no longer an existence to his senses.

Handel's life in England was upon the whole as fortunate as a life without domestic love can be. He had not only munificent patrons, and steady friends, but faithful attendants, who ministered to him in old age and infirmity. His biographer, M. Schœlcher, who is lavish of lamentation on the neglect of Handel by his contemporaries, is obliged to admit that the composer of 'The Messiah' was one of the few artists who was ever indulged with a statue while living. Far more fortunate was he than a Gluck, and a Mozart, in having respect shown to his grave. Where they lie, is hardly certainly known. He rests among us in the transept of the great Abbey which is hallowed by the remains of the Poets of England; and for a hundred years the sacred voice of the choir of Westminster has floated daily over his tomb. His gains, throughout his life, were ample; his losses were referable to his own ambition. Such persecution as he may be thought to have endured probably arose from the self-assertion and arrogance which, however inseparable they be from genius so boundless, so fertile, so confident as his, cannot expect favour, or fair construction, from persons of less genius. Such minds are fretted by the bubbles on the top of the water, in proportion as they are unable to fathom the depth of the spring which flings them to the surface. Had Handel suffered in the contest of life so much as to claim the pity of bystanders, it would have been easy for him, at any juncture, to have changed his field, to have sought a home elsewhere than in our cold, unsympathetic, capricious England, so imperfectly comprehended by M. Schœlcher. But there is no trace of his having ever dreamed of migration, even when his losses and crosses were the sorest. On the contrary, the older he grew, the closer does he seem to have cloven to the country of his adoption. When he ceased to be able to entertain 'the town' by his

operas — when the Walpoles and Lady Mary Cokes, or Lady Browns, became too strong in their sneers, too eager in running after some flimsier creature of the moment, for him to gain success on the stage — Handel, with a wise intuition, grasped the fact that there was another, higher, more enlightened public in England, at once to be created and to be gratified by him; that here, and not in Germany, his native country, —and not in Italy, though Italy was still the high place of melody, — still less in France, where there has never been any public for Handel or any knowledge of his works—but that *here*, in this land of witlings and half-instructed people, was to be found a habitation and a home for Music raised to its most august height, and wrought out in its widest development. This one fact is an answer in full for all the contempts which have been heaped on England, as cold to music, by ignorant or undiscerning foreigners; and a refutation of the idea of discouragement and unhappiness having been Handel's portion in life. In our poets, too, he found associates of a vigour, a nobility, a fancy stimulative of musical inspiration, such as, during the eighteenth century, he would have found it hard to discover elsewhere. It is perfectly true, that many of his best oratorios had to raise the dead weight of trashy and absurd rhymes by Newburgh Hamilton, and Morell. It is to be regretted that, during Handel's residence in England, Shakspeare's credit among poets and lovers of poetry was at its lowest ebb, and that thus we have not been indulged with the chance of meeting the two greatest men in their respective arts, and in many points so similar, in union. But Handel had not always to till barren ground; he found such collaborators as Milton, Dryden, Gay, Congreve, even Aaron Hill, counting as one among many men more musically valuable than the generality of contemporary versifiers. Last and best of all, it was in England, and only in England, that Handel could have found a great public cradled in reverence for the words of the personages of Holy Writ—yet believing in the Bible as something not to be approached with the indecorum of familiarity. In the English version of the Scriptures both Handel and Mendelssohn found the sublime language of their sacred compositions. While so great and so good a man as Sebastian Bach (and those for whom he laboured) scrupled not to make the principal personage of 'the Passion' the protagonist of that Mystery when arranged for music, Handel looked on with the angels from the foot of the Cross, and without the gate of the sepulchre—not so far, not so shut out, however, but that the gloom of the divine agony could overshadow him, that the glory of the Resurrection could irradiate

his spirit, that the voices of the heavenly host seemed and still seem to respond to his amazing burst of praise. Our English mind in these things was congenial to Handel; and it was owing to England, that the whole world has a 'Messiah' instead of a '*Passions-Musik.*'

As a member of society, Handel is described as having possessed an ample share of that humour which is so largely characteristic of the great creative musicians. Their art allows no outlet, affords no expression, for wit, sarcasm, quaintness, irony, save in distant forms, and feeble articulations. Yet they have, as a race, been more largely social humourists, than the painters, by whose pencils every imaginable eccentricity could be expressed. The chapter of inconsistencies, or compensations in the history of imaginative expression, contains no more curious fact than this. One might have fancied that a Van Dyck, or a Sir Joshua, could not have passed his life in sitting face to face with wisdom and folly, sincerity and grimace, genius and lack of common sense, and in perpetuating the inward life of these countenances, as well as their outward features, without having gathered for themselves a rich store of that which is genial, mirthful, and impulsive, for social uses. Yet we conceive their gaiety of spirit to have been far more limited and conventional than such as we find recorded in Mozart's letters—than the flashes of dry or tender humour which from time to time broke out amid the lurid gloom of Beethoven's habitual meditations—than the blithe, and child-like, and appreciating mirth which gave such a charm to the society of Mendelssohn, to whom no good story ever came amiss, and from whom no good story ever went without some 'more 'last words,' which made it better. Handel, too, the ponderous and the pompous, as he has been too exclusively painted (or rather say, been accepted by those who are unable to admit the existence of many natures in one man), was full of ready cheerfulness and natural pleasantry,—uncouth, no doubt, at times, and at any moment liable to burst into spontaneous combustion, but not unkindly or cynical, still less at the beck and call of the royal and noble personages whom his art enriched with a pleasure far out-valuing any wealth poured by them into his lap. He was fond of the company of a few old friends; he took pleasure in picture auctions; he read our authors wisely and well; he remembered those who had served him, gratefully, when the hand of death was on him. All the traits that have been gathered concerning him represent one of a genial humour, a proud nature, a hot temper, and a kind heart. The painters have shown us that he was a man of a comely

presence (as, indeed, many of the great musicians have been), that he had bright, piercing eyes in a grand forehead, and a mouth, with great firmness in its lines—not, however, shutting out the power to smile. We cannot think of Handel as one to be pitied, or of his career as one to be lamented: while we look up to him with the reverence which belongs to greatness, with the awe which strength commands, and with the love which, in public art as well as in private life, is only to be won by greatness and strength when they are tempered and harmonised by the presence of beauty.

ART. IX.—1. *Mr. Disraeli's Speech at the Farmers' Ordinary at Newport-Pagnell.* May, 1857.

2. *The Machinery of Representation.* By THOMAS HARE, Esq. London: 1857.

THUS far the new Parliament has fulfilled the promise of its birth. The Government has proved as strong as the country designed to make it. It has encountered but little opposition from its avowed antagonists, and it has been embarrassed by no irregularities on the part of its professed supporters. The voice of faction has been hushed. Those eminent men—who, siding neither with Her Majesty's Ministers nor with 'Her Majesty's Opposition,' had done so much to clog the wheels of the State machine and to render Parliamentary Government impossible,—whose acts and speeches had so emboldened England's enemies, and weakened England's arms, and injured England's character—have met with their appropriate retribution. Many of the ablest have lost their seats: the residue have changed their tactics. Those who are out of Parliament are scarcely more silent than those who are in it. They all, we believe, now recognise that they entirely mistook the feelings of the country: we trust that ere long they will recognise that they mistook also the course dictated by prudence and by justice. At all events they have bowed, as became them, to the expression of the national will, and manifest no desire to embarrass by any needless or hopeless opposition the Government which that will has in so marked a manner stamped with the seal of its approval. No Ministry, since that of Lord Grey, has counted so numerous or so compact a body of supporters: none has had such opportunities before it. The majority which obeyed Sir Robert Peel was not more powerful; —and the energy and judgment with which that power is used

ought to be proportionate to the generous and unbounded confidence with which it has been bestowed. The very strength of the Administration implies a special responsibility in its mode of dealing with the great questions which will come before it:—and of these none are more important and few more perplexing than Representative Reform.

Among the chief causes of the embarrassment attendant on this question must undoubtedly be reckoned the present very peculiar state of the public mind, both in and out of Parliament, in relation to the whole subject. Most important steps, as we all know, are sometimes taken, both in public and in private life, with a marvellously small amount either of distinct intention or of active and deliberate will. Men and nations often find themselves—greatly to their surprise, and sometimes to their annoyance—doing things of their own free volition, or at least under no ostensible compulsion, which they neither consciously designed nor earnestly desired to do. Thus at present, though great interest is felt among politicians respecting the amendments to be introduced into our representative institutions, yet it is not exactly that kind or degree of interest which usually results in immediate or zealous action; nevertheless, a bill for this has been formally announced by the First Minister of the Crown, and this measure is felt on all hands to be among the first duties and the most unavoidable obligations of the next Session.

The explanation of this universal feeling is not very recondite. In obedience to a real or supposed political necessity, a real or supposed popular desire, or a hasty promise extracted in a moment of pressure from an influential leader, two several measures of Parliamentary Reform have already been introduced, and subsequently, from peculiar circumstances, withdrawn; but nearly every man of eminence in every section of the Liberal party was a member of one or the other of the two Governments by which these measures were proposed. To the principle of further Reform, therefore, and to the assumption that some Reform Bill is called for or desirable, the whole of Lord John Russell's Cabinet, and the whole of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, must be regarded as committed. The last of the two measures, moreover, was avowedly withdrawn solely in consequence of the War which for the time engrossed both the time and the interest of all public men; and to refuse to take up the subject now that Peace has restored to us leisure for deliberation and enactment, would be a distinct reflection on the past, amounting almost to a breach of faith. Besides, there is one eminent

Liberal to whom, as we all know, the cause of Parliamentary Reform is a species of religion, and who, in addition to his genuine enthusiasm in the matter, conceives that his honour is in some degree engaged to force the measure, which, in 1854, he so reluctantly postponed, upon public attention, and if possible to carry it to a successful issue. It was certain, therefore, that Government would be compelled to take up the subject, either as initiators, or adopters, or resisters; and the alternative they have chosen was obviously the one most suited to the dignity and the responsibilities of their position.

Although, too, the country cannot assuredly be said to be excited on the question, neither can it fairly be represented as indifferent with regard to it. On one point, indeed—the enlargement of the county franchise—the feeling throughout England is, we believe, strong, general, and urgent; and some measure embodying such a change could not much longer be postponed, nor would any consistent liberal desire to postpone it. At the late General Election, moreover, though there was no 'cry' for Reform, there was much talk about it. From the political associations of half a century, the notion of Parliamentary Reform has become indissolubly connected with the idea of a liberal and progressive policy; it forms part of the standing official creed of all Whig or Radical candidates; it forms part also of the universal expectation of every popular constituency. A profession of friendliness to further improvements in the franchise and the representation, is traditionally essential to the electoral address and the hustings speech of every one not avowedly belonging to the Conservative Party. A candidate would scarcely be received as a Liberal who did not volunteer it; a constituency would scarcely conceive itself to be faithful to its principles if it did not exact it. This profession of faith still constitutes the tacitly admitted test of the Liberal grandchildren, as it did of the Liberal grandfathers. It was so before anything was done towards the amendment of the representation. It will doubtless continue to be so long after everything has been done which all wise and sober Liberals deem desirable. We are an 'ancestral' people; we cling long to ancestral abodes, whether architectural or mental. We go on swearing against the Pretender long after the last descendant of James II. has been gathered to his discarded forefathers. We shall probably go on declaiming against rotten boroughs and oligarchical ascendancy long after all constituencies have become large ones, and democratic preponderance has become the obvious and imminent constitutional peril of the day. In conformity with this amiable and respectable pecu-

liarity of our nation, though during the late election Parliamentary Reform formed no prominent feature of the electoral contest in any district, yet considerable conversation and 'interpellation' took place during the canvass of a very large proportion of the Liberal candidates, by which they became pledged to support a measure of Representative Reform and Suffrage extension. In numberless cases, probably, neither the constituent nor the candidate cared much or thought deeply about the question;—but the effect—the pledging and fettering effect—was the same as if both parties had been as zealous and reflective in the matter as they were in 1832.

It may probably be assumed that the enactments of a measure intended to supply the defects of the great Reform Act will, and perhaps ought to, be on the whole in the democratic direction, although few thoughtful men, and scarcely a single eminent man, in either of the great parties, in their hearts regard legislation of such character and tendency without some misgivings. Here, again, 'the force of circumstances' necessitates what deliberate volition would have scarcely volunteered. The Conservatives, though of opinion that certain modifications in the franchise and in the distribution of seats might be neither undesirable in themselves nor unfavourable to their party, still preserve too much of their old instincts not to shrink from meddling with the machinery of popular power. *Quieta ne moveas* is still their maxim, as it was the maxim of a great Whig statesman of the last century. The Whigs, true to their ancient and hereditary love of liberty, are true also, as a body, to those constitutional limitations within which their conceptions of liberty have always been restrained. They have no inclination to remove old landmarks. They have as little fancy for an ochlocracy as ever. They want popular, not democratic, institutions. They desire to infuse into existing forms that life and spirit which these derived of yore from the fair participation of *all* classes in the representation and the government: they have no intention to allow those forms to be discarded, or to see the lowest classes assume that undue predominance of which they assisted to deprive the highest. They want to purify, to enlarge, to extend, to preserve, to vivify,—not to imperil, to dissolve, to upset, or to transfer.

But there is a third party in the House of Commons—perhaps rather to be described as a section than as a party—whose creed is essentially democratic; who really hold that representation ought to be proportioned to numbers; or who maintain that it should be awarded to localities in some proportion to population and property combined; or,

who, though too considerate and logical to embrace either of these formulas in its integrity, are yet prepared to support changes so extensive as would be sure, sooner or later, to place the supreme power in the hands of the least enlightened classes. Now, no Government, we presume, would bring forward a proposal of Parliamentary Reform without the full determination to carry it to a successful issue; yet a Liberal Government, even if as strong as Lord Palmerston's, would probably feel that, considering the hostile criticism and resolute opposition it is certain to encounter from the other side of the House, its chance of carrying any measure — at least of carrying it by a majority large enough to secure its passage through the Lords — would be very problematical, unless it were so framed as to conciliate the support of a portion at least of the section of which we have just spoken.

Moreover, there is this further danger,—that if the movement in the direction of the popular expectation proposed by Ministers were too scanty and too cautious, the Tories, whose keen sagacity as tacticians is at times remarkable, might join the extreme section of the Liberals to defeat the Bill, or so extend some of its provisions as altogether to transform its character, if not to necessitate its withdrawal. They do not want clever men among them who are well aware of the inherent and immemorial alliance between despotism and democracy, and who are skilled in all the contrivances by which the masses can, either through their ignorance or through their passions, be made to play the game of the Party of Resistance as against the Party of Progress. It is by no means certain that a lowering of the franchise beyond what real friends of freedom would deem desirable might not, in many ways and on many occasions, increase the political power of the Conservatives; and it is certain that some Conservatives think it might be made to do so. We have no reason to feel confident that their leaders would scruple to desert their usual banner and abjure their habitual creed, at whatever peril to the Constitution, if by such concessions they could outbid their rivals in the popular favour, and have a chance of ousting them from power. Indeed, the remarkable speech delivered by Mr. Disraeli some weeks ago at the Farmers' Ordinary at Newport Pagnell, which we have placed at the head of these remarks, is a proof that the most astute of the Tory leaders is not unprepared to take advantage of this very combination. 'Gone to talk to the 'farmers at Newport Pagnell,' exclaimed a noble Earl when he heard of the campaign of his adventurous lieutenant, 'what 'on earth can he find to say to them?' He found to say

to them that certain changes in the Representative system might, by judicious management, be converted into a means of recovering a portion of the influence the Tory party has lost; and that on the ground of numerical representation the counties and the county constituencies would have strong claims to the largest share in the promised measure of Reform.

The task of Ministers in the course they have announced will, therefore, be far from easy or simple. They are compelled to embark on an undertaking to amend the representation and modify the franchise, without having their line of action marked out and cleared for them either by the existence of any distinct practical mischief to remove, or the prevalence of any sound theory on the subject to embody. The nation has already done what was necessary to bring the machine into fair working order; and it is scarcely yet ripe for a scientific and deliberate re-construction of it as a whole. We feel as strongly as any one can do how far the existing representative system is from being what it ought to be and might be; but let us do candid and ready justice to what it is. The general election which took place in the spring proved beyond dispute that the actual electoral law, with all its manifest defects and undeniable anomalies, does enable the country to express its opinion clearly and forcibly — whenever it has a distinct and strong opinion; and that no electioneering organisation, however complete, no personal or proprietary influence, however strong or however unsparingly exercised, will suffice to gag or distort the popular sentiment when general and well-defined. In few electoral contests have men been seated or unseated so ostensibly and directly in consequence of their votes, as in that of 1857. The country did what it wished, said what it meant, and carried the candidates it preferred. It can scarcely be maintained by politicians of any party that the result would have been different or the decision less distinctly pronounced, whatever might have been the representative system in operation at the time. Electoral districts, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, would have made no sort of difference. Ministers are not, therefore, now called upon — as Lord Grey's Government was in 1832 — to give the nation a machinery by which it can express its will: this it has already.

On the other hand, it is very questionable whether the public mind is ripe for the concoction or reception of such a systematic and well-digested scheme, as our unusual state of tranquillity appears to invite. Not even the most resolute Conservative will deny that the existing system contains many imperfections, and is susceptible of much improvement. Much might be done to make it more just, more pure, more safe — to extend the con-

stituency, to purge it, and to raise it. A profound and philosophic mind—embracing scientific principles as well as probable consequences, and bringing a sober logic to bear upon the conclusions of personal observation and historical experience—with a sure eye for the weak parts of the constitutional machine, and fertile in resources for their fortification or removal, capable of estimating tendencies while yet latent and of discerning dangers while yet distant and contingent—might find ample scope for all its powers in such an undertaking; and might, possibly enough, produce a measure which should be obnoxious to the reproach neither of rashness nor of scantiness, which all reformers would deem valuable, and which few of them could call inadequate. But to enable such a measure to be introduced with any prospect of success, the national mind must be far more advanced and matured than it is at present; we must be removed further from the old contest, and have forgotten many of the old watchwords; suggestions only recently thrown out must have had time to germinate and fructify; more comprehensive conceptions of the greatness and intricacy of the subject must have lost the startling character of novelty; and all parties must have accustomed themselves to regard Parliamentary Reform as a momentous work to be done rather than as a fierce battle to be fought. Unfortunately, the ideas of the vast majority of reformers throughout the country still run in the old ruts; their notion of a new Reform Bill is that it should be a mere supplement to the old one—a measure which shall simply go further in the same direction, and give effect to the two chief articles of the popular creed, by lowering the franchise, and transferring the representatives from small constituencies to large ones. It is the prevalence of this insufficient and partial view that constitutes one of the chief difficulties which Ministers have to encounter in dealing with the question in a comprehensive and philosophic spirit.

Indeed, their path is beset with embarrassments which entitle them to indulgent consideration, whatever be the line they take. A small measure will almost inevitably entail a series of fresh demands; it will establish a precedent instead of closing a controversy; it will make a franchise-discussion an annual infliction, like the motions for the abolition of capital punishment, and the withdrawal of the Maynooth Grant. Moreover, it could scarcely be carried; for it would be certain to encounter much opposition, and could arouse no conquering enthusiasm in its favour. But a sweeping measure in the popular direction—even if we could suppose the Government inconsiderate and unconscientious enough to propose it—would divide the Liberal party, and

concentrate the hostility of the Conservatives, and even if passed in the Commons, would be defeated in the Lords; while there would be no general or consentaneous feeling in the country strong enough to warrant an attempt to carry it by pressure. And a wise and scientific measure—at once cautious and extensive—can scarcely be anticipated, for the reason we have suggested: the public mind is not yet sufficiently familiar with the principles on which it would be based, to be ripe for their adoption.

What then, it will be asked, is the motive sufficiently powerful to induce the Government and the Liberal party to carry on the work of Parliamentary Reform in the presence of so much apathy, and in spite of so many difficulties? We answer without hesitation, that the absence of popular excitement, or urgent pressure, is in itself an opportunity; that though no vehement party of Radical Reformers is beating at our gates, and though the consideration of the subject might, without danger, be postponed, yet we are convinced that a broad and far-sighted policy requires that the political institutions of the country should keep pace with its social and material growth. The last quarter of a century has conferred upon this nation a marked advance in intelligence, education, and knowledge, as well as in population, prosperity, and industrial power; we think the political franchise ought to be conferred on a larger number of our fellow countrymen, because we believe a larger number of our fellow countrymen are qualified to exercise it. Nobody will dispute that there exist in the United Kingdom considerable bodies and classes of men, excluded from the franchise by the present restricted basis of the suffrage, who are at least as well qualified to vote as many of those who possess it; and it is obviously an error of the deepest die to allow the intelligence and the wants of the unrepresented portion of the community to gain such strength and influence as to enable them to impugn the authority of the Legislature, and to avenge their exclusion as a grievance. It is wise and just rather to anticipate the demands of the popular classes than first to resist and then to obey them. And we believe, that in our present state of society, the 1,045,000 registered Electors of Great Britain do not adequately represent the population of 20 millions of their fellow countrymen.

Moreover, it is not to be denied that we are nearer to a thorough and systematic comprehension of the question than we were. The discussions of the last few years have modified many extreme, and shaken many confident, opinions; the experience of recent elections has added not a little to our stock of data for decision; and the observation of the working of the electoral

system in other lands has done much to moderate the expectations of the sanguine. Each successive House of Commons displays more clearly than its predecessor the defects and the tendencies of the present representative arrangements; and every time a Member is sent back to his constituents he acquires a clearer perception of the wants and wishes, the dispositions and the dangers, of the country. The general result has, we think, been twofold; individual crotchets have been silently abandoned, and the wilder notions of those who used to call themselves 'the advanced Liberals,' are to a considerable extent discredited or discarded; while the views of the two great parties in the State have undergone a process of gradual approximation. On many of the provisions which need to be embodied in a new measure of Reform, the more moderate and reflecting men of both parties are in their hearts agreed. This could never have been said before. The opinions of the more Radical Reformers have also, it appears to us, been considerably modified, especially on two points—the Ballot, and the principle of Numerical Representation. The former, it is true, still holds its ground as a professed article of faith; that is to say, it has not yet been formally expunged. It is still honoured by an annual debate in Parliament, which excites little interest and no alarm. But even the most liberal constituencies now listen patiently and respectfully to arguments against it, and rarely press it on a reluctant politician, where he has courage enough to speak his mind. In the New Parliament, Mr. Berkeley's motion has gained a slight increase of apparent strength; but this advantage was more than compensated by the unanswerable speech of Sir G. C. Lewis, and the spirited and unqualified declaration of Lord John Russell, against the measure. Argument and reflection have gradually shaken the confidence of reformers in the efficacy of secret voting: the evils, against which it was sought as a protection, are, though far too slowly, on the decline; it is at once less desired and less feared.

The same may be said with regard to the doctrine of numerical representation. A very few years ago we may remember that a considerable and most active body of reformers took their stand on the propriety and justice of equal electoral districts. An association was formed (and we believe is still in existence) for the promotion of enactments basing representation upon numbers, or upon numbers and property combined, by a purely arithmetic rule; and its leaders issued a host of pamphlets displaying the grotesque absurdities and inequalities of the actual distribution of the representation, when tried by *their* uniform and simple standard. Their views at that time had a wide echo in the

country: that, we believe, has nearly died away. 'Manhood' suffrage, or 'Household' suffrage, though supported by far larger numbers, has also lost ground. A franchise, which excluded women and men of twenty years of age, was obviously based upon no *principle* that could stand the assault of vigorous and consistent logic; and as soon as men were free enough from practical grievances to be able to look the question dispassionately in the face, it was impossible for any sophistry to disguise from them the truth that to give the franchise to every adult male (or even—though in a less degree—to every occupier and lodger), would be to place the virtual command of the entire representation in the hands of the lowest section of the population, which is necessarily the most numerous; to enfranchise the whole of the labouring classes would be in effect to disfranchise all other classes, and would therefore be the most flagrant instance of 'class legislation' on record. Many of the politicians, too, who formerly held these doctrines, have seen reason to conclude that their embodiment in a legislative measure might not conduce to the extension of their power so certainly as they once believed; they have found 'the people' less wise, or less ductile, than they fancied;—on a late occasion they would have been discarded as promptly and universally by 'five-pounders,' or 'householders,' or 'adult men,' as by the 'ten-pounders.' Moreover, the ten-pounders—now that they are conscious of their political influence, and have few political objects which they have not attained, or cannot easily attain—are by no means so anxious for the admission of a crowd of voters, who would swamp them just as effectually as their superiors, as they were when led to believe that it was only by the aid of such reinforcements that they could accomplish their aims.

This revulsion of sentiment and opinion is in a great measure traceable to the spectacle of the American democracy. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the United States for the pregnant lessons they have taught us, and the timely warnings they have given. This change of feeling is not confined to the European side of the Atlantic. The real operation of extreme republican institutions is far better understood than it was by the Americans as well as by ourselves. They used to boast somewhat obtrusively of their unexampled freedom and the glorious success of their great experiment:—those tones of triumph are heard no longer. Our Radicals used to hold up the example of the States, in season and out of season, for our admiration and imitation, and taunt us with the slow and tardy steps with which we followed in their noble course:—our souls are vexed with few such pæans and exhortations now. Late

events have shown more clearly than of yore whither the great Republic of the West is tending, and how serious are the dangers which wait upon the career of a pure and uncontrolled democracy; and while the lovers of true liberty and genuine civilisation *there* are lamenting the evils which they cannot now arrest, and perhaps could not have prevented, the same class of patriots *here* are become more than ever anxious to profit by the warning before it is too late. A few years ago the substantial, deep-seated, long-descended fabric of English liberty was in danger from the blind but honest enthusiasm of the sincere friends of popular institutions, *now*, if we succumb to that peril, we shall be wrecked with our eyes open. The tide has somewhat ebbed, and the rock is above water. Let us inquire a little more in detail what the warnings that have come to us across the Atlantic are.

But, first, we must observe that, whatever be the mischiefs and dangers existing in the United States, they have not come unawares. The wise and noble founders of that polity foresaw them all, and, as far as human contrivances could second their designs, guarded against them. Starting, as they could not avoid doing, from the basis of popular election, they yet endeavoured to the utmost of their power to prevent this principle from degenerating into the supremacy of mere numbers. Bulwarks and precautions, often most ingenious and subtle, were multiplied to this end in the Constitution both of the Federal Union and of the separate States. But one by one, in the course of seventy years, the rising tide of democracy has swept them all away. The populace — *i. e.* the numerical majority — was from the beginning too powerful not to wish to be altogether omnipotent. Being the predominant, it soon desired to be the supreme, ruler. And it was at the outset too strong not rapidly to become all it wished. Its fetters and limitations were all, so to speak, self-imposed, and could be removed by the same authority that had created them. At first, too, the mischief would be scarcely felt, and not easily believed; for the labouring classes of America in early days were a very different class from what the promiscuous arrivals of Europe's surplus have since made them. As a rule, perhaps, they were fairly competent to exercise the electoral franchise: the choice of their rulers and their representatives might safely be intrusted to their hands; but when the degeneracy of their character from unlimited foreign intermixtures warned the wiser among them of their danger, the restrictions and qualifications on universal suffrage, which had been inconsiderately removed, could not be replaced.

Elections, as we know, are excessively frequent,—taking place in some States and for some purposes annually; in others, every two years; in some few every four. In former days the qualifications demanded from voters were many and various: in all the States these have now been lowered, and in *two-thirds* of them actually abolished; so that nearly every free male throughout that miscellaneous and shifting population is an elector,—has an equal vote in the choice of President, members of Congress, State representatives, senators, judges, and municipal and executive officers of every description. Judge Kent, in his 'Commentaries,' thus concludes a remarkable sketch of the march of this fatal descent:—

'In Maine, Vermont, New York, Maryland, South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Alabama, no property qualification whatever—not even serving in the militia or paying tax—is requisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage. Every free male white citizen of the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have been resident for some short period, varying from three months to two years, is entitled to vote. To this enumeration must now be added Florida, Texas, Wisconsin, Iowa, California; and, finally, the once aristocratic State of Virginia adopted the same ultra-democratic Constitution in 1851, by a vote of 75,748 to 11,060. The following States alone retain the semblance of an electoral qualification:—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, Ohio, and Louisiana.'

Now, let us consider for a moment what the effect of such a purely arithmetically, democratic suffrage must be, and is—on the executive, on the representatives, on the judicial functionaries, and on the press. In the first place observe, that the vast majority of the voters under such a system, those who can if they please, carry every election, are *necessarily*, if not uneducated, still the least educated portion of the community,—too busy to think patiently, too ignorant to think deeply, and too uncultivated to think comprehensively. Though often full of native sagacity, they are liable to be swayed by prejudice and passion precisely in proportion to their ignorance. Next, remember that in many of the most important cities and districts, the real American citizens are liable to be swamped by immigrants of yesterday, full of the wild dreams and fierce malignities they bring with them from the old world. Not that they are numerous enough actually to overpower the native population, but quite numerous enough to hold the balance between the native parties, and nearly sure to decide for the wildest and the worst,—and that they are eminently corruptible as well as passionate. Consider, finally, the strong

temptation—a temptation, we know, extensively yielded to—thus held out to the more cultivated, respectable, and reflective class of electors to desert an arena where they can win no garlands and must swallow much dust, to abstain altogether from a strife in which they are certain to be worsted, and to be silent when their voice, however courageously raised, would be unheard amid the overpowering din. The *majority* is thus converted into the *totality* of the electoral body,—and that body becomes such as we have seen it to be.

The executive functionaries from the highest to the lowest—from the President to the sheriff's officer—being chosen by this body, must please this body in order to be chosen. They must obey—or at least are placed under urgent inducements to obey—not only the deliberate and secular will, but the momentary passions and caprices of those whose breath called them into and prolongs their being. We have seen too often of late how this baneful influence operates upon a President who seeks re-election; the American newspapers abound with instances of its operation in the case of inferior officers charged with the execution of the law. Not only are the most shameful outrages against persons and property—where either are looked upon by the masses with an evil eye—suffered to go unpunished, though the perpetrators of them are perfectly well known, but the authorities themselves wink at or even aid these violations of equity and law.*

It needs no argument to prove that a general lowering of the character and qualifications of electors must entail a corresponding degeneracy in the class of representatives elected; and we have all seen, and the Americans themselves admit with grief, that this natural consequence has too certainly ensued throughout the Union. The effects have been nearly equally observable in the Federal Congress and in the State Legislatures. The sort of men sent now are not the same as were chosen formerly; candidates are reduced to practices, in order to secure their election, to which they would not formerly have stooped; and when elected they are obnoxious to suspicions and charges to which they were never formerly exposed. Mr. Tremenheere's very interesting and valuable work, on 'The Constitution of the United States,' abounds in exemplifications of these truths derived from American authorities as well as from his own observations. To confine ourselves to one point only. Charges of direct pecuniary corruption—such as could have been brought against British senators, and could not have been

* See 'Things as they are in America,' p. 162. By W. Chambers.

brought against American senators, half a century ago — are now frequent, notorious, believed among themselves, and indeed we may say admitted and proved, against members of both Houses of Congress. Only a few months ago a charge of this sort, ending in the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, and the condemnation of two representatives, occupied much attention on both sides of the water. Mr. Tremenheere speaks of this corruption (or at least the belief in it) as notorious, and Colonel Benton, a well-known senator, not long since publicly stated that a new power, called, we believe, 'the lobby interest,' had grown up for *managing* the passing of bills through Congress, — 'the class of agents, now multiplied to scores, and '*supplied with the means of conciliating members,* or combining 'interests.' The representative from North Carolina, too, did not scruple to affirm that, 'with money enough, any bill might 'be carried through Congress.' Indeed, no secret is made of the fact, that a large number of members are not men of independent fortunes,—that life at Washington is very expensive,—and that the stipend of eight dollars a day—now increased, we believe, to two thousand dollars the session — was insufficient to meet the necessities of a representative's or senator's position. 'Accu-'sations,' says Mr. Tremenheere, 'without stint or measure, are 'launched against a considerable proportion of members of both 'Houses of Congress, to the effect that, in order to make up such 'incomes as will enable them to live in the manner they think 'requisite, they accept money-payments from persons interested 'in questions before the Legislature, to give their special attention 'to such questions.'

The removal of all, or nearly all, qualifications for the exercise of the Electoral Franchise, and the consequent lowering of the class by whom that franchise is exercised, combined with the frequency of elections, have led to another most disastrous, but logical, and probably inevitable result. Not only do the more high-minded and self-respecting of the community shrink from the rough and dirty work which it is too often necessary to endure, in order to please that populace of voters on whose voice depends the issue of their candidature, but the whole machinery and management of elections seem to have fallen into the hands of a set of professional demagogues and agents, who make a regular business of the affair, and even go so far, in some cases, as to *contract for securing a majority.**

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* Of the extent to which collective bribery, in the shape of unperformed but well-paid contracts, is practised by the municipal authorities in power at any given time, as especially exemplified in

But perhaps the most ominous indication and consequence of the progress of the democratic spirit in the United States is traceable in the position of the judicial functionaries. If any officials ought to be exempted from a too direct popular influence, it is these. If any ought to be too secure in their seats and salaries to fear or court the masses, whom they have to judge and whose disputes they have to decide, it is surely these. The independence of the Bench has in all times and countries been held to be the best security both for individual freedom and for even-handed justice. The founders of the American Commonwealth were no exceptions; and, by the original form of the Constitution, all judges, both State and Federal, were appointed by the Executive, for life, and at fixed salaries. All this is now changed, and the change has been alarmingly rapid. In 1833, according to Judge Story, *five*, out of twenty-five States, *elected* their judges, and elected them only for a term. In 1844, according to Judge Kent, *twelve* States out of twenty-nine had adopted this principle. In 1853 the judges were elective in *twenty-five* States out of thirty-one, and in *twenty-two* of these they are appointed for short periods only. In *three* States they are elected *annually*. In most, they are elected by universal, or quasi-universal, suffrage. The judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are still irremoveable, and exempt from the influences of popular election. But their strange and most shocking decision in the case of Dred Scott shows that party passion and democratic temper have penetrated even into that august tribunal. The majority of the Supreme Court is steadily appointed to uphold Southern interests, and in the Dred Scott case judgment was postponed for nine months, in order to defeat the chance of one member of the Court, who was likely to become the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency.

But, while the spectacle of a country in which the principle of numerical representation has been so consistently carried out, and of the consequences to which it logically leads, has done much to wean English reformers from so shallow and perilous a doctrine, — and while the conviction is daily gaining ground among us that national interests, and not mere aggregates of population, should be taken as the ground-work of our system, — all parties have come to a general agreement as to an obvious

the City of New York, we can scarcely venture to speak without fuller and more certain information than we have yet been able to procure; but, if newspaper accounts are to be trusted, it is systematic and unblushing to an amazing degree.

corollary, which, directly and undeniably, flows from this proposition. With very few individual exceptions, we believe, all sections of politicians feel and openly avow that, as CLASSES and not NUMBERS are what we seek to represent, *all* classes must be represented—and, as far as practicable, represented in a fair and beneficent proportion. The problem is, to secure an elected assembly which shall represent or embody all the various elements of our national life. In working out such a problem, it is assuredly necessary not to omit or underestimate the most numerous, the most active, and the least favoured of all these elements. We are all agreed, then, that the labouring classes ought to be adequately represented, and that they are not adequately represented now. Thus far, we apprehend, there is really no serious difference of opinion. It is when practical measures for meeting this desideratum in the due degree come to be debated, that conflict and controversy will arise. We are all pretty well agreed, moreover, as to the nicety and difficulty of the problem. We have at once to go to the limits of what is just, and to keep within the limits of what is safe. We have to devise some franchise which shall give to the working classes their *due*—and not more than their due—share of electoral power. We have to enable their voice to be fairly heard, without enabling it unfairly to predominate. It must, we think, be admitted that, of all the manifold schemes hitherto proposed for this purpose, no single one has commanded general approval, or can be deemed wholly satisfactory. On a former occasion we analysed most of the plans suggested, and pointed out the objections to each of them in turn. As we shall have to recur to the subject before the next Session of Parliament, we shall not enter upon this branch of it at present, further than to observe, that in a variety and combination of franchises and qualifications will probably have to be sought the solution of the difficulty. The object of the present Paper is rather to clear up the actual position of the question of Reform—to show how it stands, both as regards popular feeling and a just and sagacious policy.

For this purpose we must now request the attention of our readers to a few observations on some of the effects already produced by the first great Reform Bill on the character of Parliament, or now beginning to develop themselves. None of those who took part in the discussions on the comprehensive measure of 1832, whether as advocates or opponents, will say that it has quite realised either their hopes or their fears; it has failed of some of the consequences which were then predicted, and it has produced some which were either wholly

unexpected, or only dimly and partially foreseen. Now, however, we are in a position to see more clearly both what it has done, and whither it is tending; and till we fully understand both these points we can scarcely be considered ripe for further action. We have, however, no intention now of asking our readers to accompany us over the whole of this wide field; we shall confine ourselves to two or three points, which, it seems to us, have not attracted the notice they deserve.

There can be no doubt whatever that the Reform Act of 1832 has enormously increased the influence exercised by the general feelings of the country, and especially of the middle classes, upon the proceedings of the Government. At the same time we are by no means sure that this effect has not been rather indirect and circuitous than immediate and specific. It is the custom to say that, but for Parliamentary Reform, we should not have had Municipal Reform, the New Poor-Law, Retrenchment of Expenditure, Law Reform, or the Repeal of the Corn-Laws. And in a certain sense all this is true — but, not, perhaps, in the precise sense in which it is intended. These various improvements would not have been carried out — or would not have been carried out so easily and so soon — if Parliamentary Reform had not preceded them and paved the way; but they were carried as and when they were, more because Parliamentary Reform, in its indirect operation, had prepared the mind of the people for them — educated the mind of the people up to them — than because the democratic change in the franchise and the fairer apportionment of the representation either enabled the House of Commons to force them on an unwilling Ministry, or placed in power a willing Ministry with power to force them on a recalcitrant oligarchy. The discussions and agitations of 1832 disseminated and heightened the interest felt by the various classes of the nation in political questions, increased their knowledge, and aroused and educated their thinking faculty to a degree which must have vastly augmented their influence over the Legislature, however unfair the system or however narrow the constituency by which that Legislature might be elected. The very same excitement added tenfold to the influence of the Press, as the reporter of popular meetings, as the mirror of popular feeling, as the instructor of popular ignorance, as the organ of popular expression. This increased influence would have existed had the Reform Bill never been carried, and would have been exercised not only over the country, but over the Government in the name of the country. Therefore, granting that the nation felt strongly on

the several questions we have specified, it is very doubtful whether it could not have enforced its wishes with regard to them even without the instrumentality of a reformed representation. We must bear in mind that Catholic Emancipation, the Repeal of the Test Act, and the Revision of the Pension List, were all carried in an unreformed Parliament and against a reluctant Government; at a period, too, when neither the Press nor the Liberal party were as powerful as they have since become. The first and some of the most decided measures of retrenchment were inaugurated by the Duke of Wellington's administration. Law-Reform can never be said to have become a popular question, or to have been urged by the constituencies upon their members; its necessity has rather been felt by the more educated classes of all shades of political opinion, and has been enforced through the medium of the Press; and the cause has found favour and practical aid rather among the Lords than in the Lower House. The Repeal of the Corn-Laws was carried out of doors rather than in Parliament; and it is difficult to believe that, whatever the constitution of the House of Commons might have been, a political and economic blunder so flagrant as 'Protection,' could have been maintained in the face of an agitation so masterly, so scientific, and so wise, as that which for six years was devoted to the enlightenment of the public mind—in the face of ceaseless parliamentary discussions, of an Irish famine, and of a converted Minister. It must never be forgotten that the Parliament which repealed the Corn-Laws was elected by the constituencies with the express purpose of upholding them.

But to whatever extent we may attribute the prompt and commanding influence now exercised by the nation over the deliberations of its representatives to the Reform Act of 1832, it is remarkable that that measure has in no degree changed the *personnel* of the governing classes. The Whigs, it is true, are in power now, as the Tories were usually in power before; but they are very nearly the *same* Whigs and the *same* Tories as of old. Ministers are far more affected than formerly by the feelings and opinions of the general public, but they are chosen from the same ranks, and consist almost exclusively of the same individuals. The administration of affairs is carried on in far closer conformity to the popular will, but it is committed to the same hands as before. It would be difficult to name three individuals who have become Ministers since 1832, who might not just as easily have become Ministers before that revolution. The large boroughs, the new constituencies, have contributed no new ele-

ments to the Government. That body is composed now, as then, of Peers, of men of noble families or landed wealth, of ambitious lawyers, of able men of various classes, who have embraced a parliamentary career and taken to politics as an interest and a profession. Some, possibly many, have entered the House of Commons of late years who would never have sought, and perhaps could not easily have obtained, a seat under the old *régime;* but we scarcely know of one to whom the path to *office*, closed before, has been distinctly opened by the Reform Bill.* The old, habitual, historic names which recurred in each successive Ministry in the last generation, are familiar in this generation also, or are replaced by their natural successors alone.

This result, or rather this want of result, is natural enough; but we greatly doubt whether it was at all anticipated by the zealous Reformers of five and twenty years ago. The old traditions are still current among us; old associations are stripped of little of their power; the sons of eminent politicians naturally follow their fathers' footsteps, and aspire to fill their fathers' places; old names and old families have still influence with constituencies; leisure for the occupation and taste for the rewards of politics still are and always must be found with those to whom hereditary wealth brings freedom from obligatory toil; the great are naturally ambitious to be the leaders of the nation; the first in rank and riches strive to be the first in place also, and have countless advantages in the competition; and, till a vast change comes over the British Constitution, the 'easy' classes will continue to furnish the governing classes of the country. Nor do we see in this any occasion for complaint or regret. The wealthy and the noble can scarcely spend the leisure and the education which their rank and means secure to them in a worthier task than that of serving and guiding the land that gave them birth; and, as long as they are powerless either to exclude able and independent plebeians, who devote themselves to the same career, from sitting by their side and sharing in their honours, or to govern the country otherwise than it is willing to be governed, any preference or

* We had Huskisson and Poulett Thomson under the unreformed Parliaments. We have had Mr. Baines and Mr. Wilson since. But Mr. Baines is a lawyer, and Mr. Wilson entered Parliament for one of the oldest and smallest boroughs in the kingdom. Mr. Disraeli is perhaps the nearest approach to an exception; but he is just one of the men who would have entered the House sooner or later for a rotten borough under the old system.

predominance they may possess is equitably inherited or fairly won, and cannot be a source of danger. Still, the slight change in this respect wrought by so immense an organic innovation as the Act of 1832, is not without its significance.

Combined, however, and contrasted with this fact, is another, which deserves careful consideration. While the same classes, and nearly the same families as formerly, continue to furnish the Ministries who rule us, and while the counties and the small boroughs return, to a great extent, the same *sort* of members, and often the very same individuals, as of yore—the class of men chosen by the large town constituencies, and especially by the new constituencies, are altogether and increasingly dissimilar. These are either men who have made themselves known in public life—and known for the most part as holders of extreme opinions—or men of local influence and reputation. Where they do not owe their seats to democratic favour, as noted Radicals, they owe them to the respect and esteem they enjoy among their fellow-townsmen. There can be few stronger or better founded titles to a seat in Parliament than this. Men who have won the trust and admiration of those among whom they have lived, who know them well and have watched them long, will often make excellent Members of Parliament, sagacious judges of public questions, and vigilant guardians of the public purse. It is well that the House of Commons should consist, *in a fair proportion*, of such men. But there are certain counterbalancing considerations which should not be overlooked. The marked and *increasing* disposition of large boroughs to elect local men and mere town celebrities tends towards consequences not fully foreseen nor altogether beneficial. In the *first* place, the most really able and intelligent residents are usually busy men—merchants, manufacturers, or others—who cannot leave their vocations; and the choice is thus frequently driven, by a process of exhaustion, upon men whose local eminence is due solely to their wealth, their benevolence, or the respectability of their private character. It would be indecorous and invidious to specify instances, but recent elections abound in such. And the class of members usually sent up by the largest borough constituencies in the kingdom has long supplied a subject for disparaging comment to the antagonists of Reform, and has undeniably been a source of disappointment to its friends.*

* We give from a recent Parliamentary Return a list of the Members who sit for the largest boroughs. It will be observed that this

In the *second* place men who have achieved eminence among their fellow-townsmen, and won their respect by character and conduct, will necessarily, in the majority of cases, be men past middle life. As senators whose function is merely to watch over popular rights, to check wasteful or corrupt expenditure, to counsel, and, if need be, to control the Rulers of the Nation, such men may be fully competent, and perhaps even invaluable. But the attributes and requirements of an English Parliament take a wider range. From its members are chosen the confidential

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list of *sixty-eight* contains only *one* name of first-class eminence, and scarcely more than *ten* who can be said to possess any Parliamentary distinction.

Cities and Boroughs.	Population.	Electors.	Members.
London - -	127,869	19,115	Duke, Rothschild, RUSSELL, Crawford
Marylebone -	370,957	20,851	*Rt. Hon. Sir B. Hall*, Lord Ebrington
Tower-Hamlets	539,111	27,980	Ayrton, Butler
Finsbury - -	323,772	20,626	*Duncombe*, Cox
Westminster -	241,611	13,182	*Sir D. L. Evans*, Sir J. Shelley
Lambeth - -	251,345	20,276	Roupell, Williams
Southwark -	172,863	10,170	Sir C. Napier, Locke
Greenwich -	112,556	7,888	Sir W. Codrington, Townsend
Liverpool - -	375,955	18,314	Ewart, Horsfall
Manchester -	333,665	18,044	Potter, Turner
Birmingham -	232,841	9,074	Muntz, Scholefield
Wolverhampton	119,748	3,611	*Rt. Hon. C. P. Villiers*, Thorneley
Bristol - -	138,186	12,612	Berkeley, Gore Langton
Leeds - -	172,270	6,204	*Rt. Hon. M. Baines*, Beecroft
Sheffield - -	135,310	6,874	*Roebuck*, Hadfield
Bradford - -	103,786	3,279	Wickham, *Thompson*
Newcastle-upon-Tyne -	113,332	5,962	Ridley, Headlam
Salford - -	106,793	4,028	*Massey*
Hull - -	84,690	5,494	Clay, Lord Ashley
Stoke - upon - Trent - -	84,476	2,115	Copeland, Ricardo
Oldham - -	72,354	2,098	Cobbett, Platt
Portsmouth -	72,096	3,671	Elphinstone, *Rt. Hon. Sir F. Baring*
Preston - -	69,542	2,793	Grenfell, Cross
Sunderland -	67,394	2,493	Fenwick, Hudson
Brighton - -	69,673	3,936	Pechell, Coningham
Norwich - -	68.616	6,175	Lord Bury, Schneider
Bolton - -	61,172	1,933	Gray, Crook
Leicester - -	60,642	4,162	Harris, Biggs
Merthyr - Tydvil	63,090	1,263	Bruce
Nottingham -	57,407	5,650	Paget, Walter
Bath - -	54,248	3,144	Sir A. Elton, Tite
Stockport - -	53,834	1,417	Kershaw, Smith
Plymouth - -	52,221	2,604	Collier, White
Devonport -	50,159	2,628	Sir T. E. Perry, *Wilson*

advisers of the Sovereign, the responsible Ministers of the day, the men to whom are entrusted the actual reins of power, and on whom devolves the daily task-work of administration. These Ministers have not merely to contrive wise measures, and to defend them skilfully in debate, but to transact business with Foreign States, to conduct complicated affairs at home, to encounter and to solve many laborious and difficult problems of legislation and finance, — in a word, not only to understand vaguely the science of politics, but to administer it practically with sagacity and diligence. The House of Commons, it is true, is not the Executive, but it furnishes the chief portion of the Members of that Executive. Now, to become a competent and efficient Minister in a country and a constitution such as ours, demands not only good capacities, but good opportunities—the devotion of the whole man—the advantages of long and early training. It is rare indeed that a representative who has spent the best years of his life in alien callings, however honourable and serviceable those callings may have been, can enter the Cabinet as a Minister adequate to the various and onerous requirements of his office; and it is too late for him to commence an apprenticeship in subordinate positions. Neither the faculty of debate, nor that of administration, are easily acquired late in life. Few ever distinguish themselves, either in Parliament or in office, who do not begin their political career while yet young and flexible —ready for toil and drudgery, and not too old to learn a new profession. The class of members, therefore, which it is the natural tendency and the increasing habit of large popular constituencies to choose, is not such as can furnish Ministers for the service of the Country and the Crown; and the more these constituencies are multiplied, the more will the House of Commons be impoverished for official and ministerial purposes,—the more restricted will be the body from whom, practically, we can choose our rulers. As a rule, large boroughs will not elect young men or unknown men; as a rule, too, only men who enter Parliament while young will become, can be induced to become, or are fitted to become, Ministers;—it follows, therefore, inevitably, that, if the prevalent democratic notion, of a Reform Bill were strictly carried out by the disfranchisement of small boroughs and the transfer of their members to the most populous towns, the effect would be to confine us, in our choice of rulers, to three alternatives. Either we must take them from the House of Peers, — and already there is an increasing tendency towards this horn of the dilemma; — or we must look to those ancient and wealthy county families who, by connexion, by territorial influence,

by ancestral custom (as it were), can return their younger members for county constituencies;—or we must follow the example of other nations, and so far alter our Constitution as to make Ministers out of Statesmen by education and profession,—but Statesmen whose education has been conducted, not in the House of Commons, but in the offices of established and experienced politicians. To state the matter broadly, our leaders and rulers would be either *aristocrats* or *bureaucrats*. Surely those democratic politicians who are bent upon abolishing small and multiplying large boroughs, and who would divide the whole country into populous and homogeneous electoral districts, can have little conception in what an anti-democratic direction their reforms are tending. To illustrate our meaning by an example—in adducing which we mean anything but disrespect to any individuals. There is no reason to believe that the present Members for Manchester, Liverpool, and the Metropolitan Boroughs are not perfectly fair and accurate specimens of the men whom large town constituencies will habitually choose. Respectable, honourable, sensible men, as most of them unquestionably are—useful senators as we believe most of them will prove—yet, if we put aside Lord John Russell (whose position among them is an accident), could the whole list furnish one single working Minister to the Cabinet?*

* We have given a list of the Members who now represent the large borough constituencies. We now subjoin a list of the Members of the House of Commons who have filled, or are likely to fill, Ministerial offices, with the places for which they sit.

Members.	Description of Seat.	Place.	Population	Electors
Lord Goderich - -	County	W. Riding	1,325,495	37,153
Sir Fitzroy Kelly -	"	Suffolk, E.	185,393	5,907
Major Beresford -	"	Essex, N.	189,435	5,553
Mr. Sidney Herbert -	"	Wilts, S.	102,529	3,309
Mr. Henley - -	"	Oxfordshire	170,439	5,119
Sir E. B. Lytton -	"	Herts	167,298	6,061
Mr. Disraeli - -	"	Bucks	163,554	5,353
Lord Duncan - -	"	Forfarshire	64,161	3,165
Mr. Henry Herbert -	"	Kerry	238,000	4,960
Mr. Chichester Fortescue - - -	"	Louth	91,000	2,117
Sir B. Hall - -	Borough	Marylebone	370,957	20,851
Mr. Baines - -	"	Leeds	172,270	6,204
Lord John Russell -	"	London	127,869	19,115

Again: there is in our opinion another evil, or class of evils, to be apprehended from that tendency to choose local celebrities and fellow-townsmen which we have described as characteristic of large borough constituencies. A great proportion of these members—those at least who do not owe the distinction to mere wealth—have earned the reputation and esteem which they enjoy by assiduous attention to municipal business and local interests, by energy and devotion in promoting the prosperity of the town which they inhabit, by zeal and success in espousing the cause of their fellow-citizens in any controversy which may have arisen with other districts. Hence there will always be danger lest, when they enter the Great Council of the

Members.	Description of Seat.	Places.	Population.	Electors.
Mr. C. Villiers - -	Borough	Wolverhampton	119,748	3,611
Mr. Massey - -	"	Salford	106,793	4,028
Sir. F. Baring - -	"	Portsmouth	72,096	3,617
Mr. J. Wilson - -	"	Devonport	50,159	2,628
Mr. Horsman - -	"	Stroud	36,543	1,287
Sir C. Wood - -	"	Halifax	33,582	1,488
Mr. Vernon Smith -	"	Northampton	26,657	1,774
Sir R. Bethell - -	"	Aylesbury	26,794	1,417
Sir James Graham -	"	Carlisle	26,310	1,223
Sir H. Keating -	"	Reading	22,175	1,431
Mr. B. Osborne - -	"	Dover	21,478	2,024
Mr. Bouverie - -	"	Kilmarnock	43,585	1,385
Lord Stanley - -	"	King's Lynn	19,355	1,055
Mr. R. Lowe - -	"	Kidderminster	17,035	502
Mr. Labouchere -	"	Taunton	14,176	887
Sir J. Ramsden - -	"	Hythe	13,164	998
Lord Palmerston -	"	Tiverton	11,143	482
Sir George Grey -	"	Morpeth	10,012	391
Mr. Danby Seymour -	"	Poole	9,255	539
Sir F. Thesiger - -	"	Stamford	8,747	529
Sir J. Pakington -	"	Droitwich	8,185	371
Mr. H. Fitzroy - -	"	Lewes	9,827	724
Sir G. C. Lewis - -	"	Radnor	6,653	447
Mr. W. Cowper -	"	Hertford	6,605	620
Mr. Hayter - -	"	Wells	4,736	343
Mr. Gladstone - -	University	Oxford	—	—
Mr. Napier - -	"	Dublin	—	—
Mr. Walpole - -	"	Cambridge	—	—

Thus, of the forty-one Members of the House of Commons who have formed part of an administration, or may be considered eligible for high office, *ten* sit for counties, *three* for universities, *nineteen* for small boroughs, and only *nine* for boroughs of more than 30,000 inhabitants. Of these nine, also, it may be observed that two, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Massey, have hitherto sat for small boroughs, viz. Westbury and Newport.

Nation, municipal rather than imperial considerations should still be uppermost in their minds and nearest to their hearts, and lest, in all discussions, they should regard less what will benefit their country than what will please their town. There is always considerable temptation in this direction,—a temptation, it is true, which high-minded and honourable men have no great difficulty in resisting when grand and stirring questions of national moment are at issue, or when political interests of world-wide magnitude raise the mind above petty thoughts, and scatter all selfish and sordid passions to the wind;—but a temptation to which all are liable to succumb at times when the State machine glides gently onward in the ordinary path, when most controversies involving distinct *principles* have been set at rest, when politicians differ little, and differ only about details. In proportion as grievances are removed and abuses are redressed,—in proportion as enlightenment spreads among all classes and sections and annihilates or diminishes the doctrinal differences between them,—in proportion as legislation and administration become purified and perfected,—in that proportion will imperial questions dwindle in magnitude, and municipal interests grow more important in comparison. The door is thus opened to that mischief which has attained such portentous dimensions in the United States, and which is not unknown among ourselves,—the practice, namely, of what has been termed *collective* bribery,—the corruption, not of an individual elector, but of an entire constituency, by the gift or the promise of some gigantic local job.

Now if, in the preceding pages, we have, as we believe, correctly expressed the wants and faithfully interpreted the feelings of the nation on the subject of our Representative Organisation, it is clear that the purposes to be effected by any new Reform Bill are briefly these:—It must extend the basis of the representation without departing from the fundamental idea that classes, and not mere numbers, are the things to be represented. It must expand the Constitution without transforming it; it must popularise without democratising it. It must admit to the franchise all the more competent and worthy portion of the labouring classes, without admitting them in such numbers or in such a manner as to give them a preponderance over other sections of the community. In extending the large popular constituencies, or assimilating other constituencies to them,—if such extension or assimilation should be deemed advisable,—provision should be made against the hazardous tendencies we have pointed out. And, lastly, some measures should be devised for facilitating the entrance into Parliament

of that class of young men who might formerly be returned for close boroughs,—who so materially enriched the House of Commons and enlarged the ministerial choice,—but who now, being unknown to fame, are eschewed or ignored by the large towns, and, being men neither of landed wealth nor of noble connexion, can find no favour from the counties. The problem is not an easy one, and will no doubt anxiously occupy the minds of Ministers during the recess.

But, although we propose to defer the practical details of this discussion, we are unwilling to leave any obscurity on two important parts of it, which appear to be already virtually decided by the recorded votes of the Liberal party in the last Parliament, and by the general expectations of the country. It cannot be doubted that the first condition of any change in the present franchise will be a large reduction of the qualification introduced in counties by the Chandos Clause; for it is impossible to defend on any grounds of analogy, policy, or justice the arbitrary distinction between the 10*l.* borough householder and the 50*l.* tenant of house and land outside the circumscription of the borough. There may be reasons for establishing some difference between the two classes of voters, though we question whether they afford any solid ground for legislation, and we think the safer rule would be that of uniformity; but at any rate we hold 15*l.* or 20*l.* to be the highest limit at which it is expedient to place the county franchise.

If, however, this extension is likely to fall chiefly on the counties, another and still more important mode of extending the franchise would be mainly effectual in enlarging and improving the constituencies of towns—we mean, the proposal to confer votes on all persons exercising professions which demand a liberal education, or on graduates who have obtained some authentic evidence of personal qualification.

We do not propose, however, to discuss these topics *in extenso* on the present occasion, but shall content ourselves with throwing out three suggestions for reflection.

1. The objects sought cannot be attained by the establishment of any single franchise qualification, but by the combined operation of many and various ones. We assume that it is honestly desired to embrace within the electoral pale *all*, of whatever class, who are morally, mentally, and socially fit for admission,—not merely to include a certain increased *number* of the working classes, without reference to fitness. If so, a simple lowering of the rental qualification, in boroughs at least, must obviously not be resorted to, for reasons which on a former occasion we expounded in some detail. A 10*l.* franchise draws

the line, rudely, indeed, but pretty distinctly in the more populous towns, between the middle classes and those who live on *daily* or weekly wages. A 5*l.* franchise would let in nearly the whole of the labouring class. A 7*l.* or 8*l.* franchise would admit comparatively few, and those few by no means obviously or certainly the best of their class. Moreover, it would admit in one borough the very same sort of men whom it would exclude in another, where, from casual causes, rents happened to be lower. In a word, no rental qualification for boroughs below the present one would offer a *discriminating* franchise; yet a discriminating franchise is precisely the desideratum we are seeking.

But there may be found many indications of a man's fitness for the electoral register entirely independent of the rent he pays or the sort of house he lives in. Let *any one* of those indications be allowed to count. Why was the 10*l.* limit originally fixed? Because it was conceived that as a rule a man who lived in a 10*l.* house would be above gross ignorance, and above sordid want —would be a man of some independence, and of some education —would have, in all likelihood, a certain interest in choosing his candidate well, and a certain capacity to choose him well. Very good:—then enfranchise any man who can give presumption of these qualifications—of this independence and this capacity, of this property and this education—in any other mode than that of living in a 10*l.* house. Therefore, without entering into details, we say let all who, in any simple and practical mode that can be devised, can prove the possession of property or education, or, perhaps we might even say, can produce a presumption of these qualifications equivalent to that afforded by residence in a 10*l.* house, be forthwith endowed with the franchise and placed upon the register.

2. We do not venture to hazard a conjecture whether the promised measure will involve any local disfranchisement or not. If, however, it should contain clauses of this character, and should therefore place at the disposal of Parliament any considerable number of seats, an opportunity (such as was contemplated in 1854) would be afforded for attempting, in at least some districts, that *representation of minorities* which we have on a previous occasion discussed in this Journal. 'The tyranny of the majority' was pointed out a quarter of a century ago by M. de Tocqueville, as the danger, the curse, and the crime of all democratic institutions. Every year that has since elapsed has added weight to his warnings and confirmation to his grave forebodings. The exclusive representation of majorities is a manifest injustice, and a serious

evil*; but hitherto in England the evil has been in a great measure corrected, and the injustice glossed over and countervailed by the number and the *variety* of our constituencies. In each constituency, however, the majority returns, or may return, *all* the members, leaving the minority—often nearly as numerous, and sometimes quite as wise—wholly unrepresented. Half the constituency *plus* one has everything; half the constituency *minus* one has nothing at all.

This evil is, we say, partially corrected by the *variety* of our constituencies,—the defeated minority in one shire or borough belonging to the same party as the triumphant majority in another; and the industrial and Democratic interest being preponderant in one district, while the agricultural and Conservative interest is preponderant in another. Thus, the number and small size and varying elements of our present electoral divisions afford a practical, and often a tolerably effective, check upon the injustice we are speaking of. But these electoral divisions are of matters of accident and historical tradition. They have nothing essential in their nature—they are secure of no continuous duration. Much of the democratic pressure of the day is directed to their abolition. And the point to which we wish to call special attention is this,—that *every change in our Representative System tends towards rendering the constituencies larger and more homogeneous. Every such change, therefore, has a tendency to enfeeble and remove the existing practical corrective of the theoretic mischief.* If the whole country were one undivided electoral body, voting for all the 658 members, the evil would be patent, complete, and unmitigated; the exclusive representation—the 'tyranny' of the majority—would be perfect. If the country were divided into 'equal electoral districts'—the favourite scheme of the Arithmetical Reformers—a deplorable approach would be made towards this ideal iniquity.

* The late Lord Grey was, we believe, the first Statesman who proposed to meet the evil by direct enactment. In a speech on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, in June, 1836, he suggested that, in order to secure a fair hearing for minorities, each elector should vote only for *five-eighths* of the number of councillors to be elected. But the proposal appears to have been thought too novel, and was not persevered in. In the Constitution of Malta, each elector has *four* votes for *seven* representatives. In the Constitution for the Cape Colony, prepared by the Board of Trade in 1850, it is provided that each elector for the Legislative Council should be entitled to give all his votes to one candidate, or to assign them among all the candidates, or some of them, at his pleasure.

If the system of electoral divisions recommended by 'The 'National Reform Association' were adopted—viz., giving one member to every district of 41,000 inhabitants—the result would be that three or four counties, like Sutherland, Westmoreland, and Argyll, would have purely agricultural constituencies; forty or fifty towns would have purely urban constituencies, and would return about 120 members; and the remainder of the districts, about 500 in number, would be nearly *homogeneous* in their ingredients; *i.e.*, they would consist of a mingled town and country population of comparatively uniform tone and colour. The existing corrective—arising from the majority in one district being the minority in an adjoining one—would thus be nearly destroyed, and the evil would stand out in all its nakedness.

At the same time, though we think the suggestion for the representation of minorities deserves an attentive consideration,—and a provision in accordance with Mr. Marshall's principle was, we believe, embodied in the Reform Bill introduced by Lord Aberdeen's Government, in 1854,—we are well aware that the plan of giving to each elector two votes for three members, or three votes for four members, is of too novel and unpractical a nature readily to command the assent of the British House of Commons. It is altogether inapplicable to all places returning only two, or less than two members; and to introduce it on an extended scale would require changes which we are satisfied that no Government, and, indeed, very few Reformers, can at present contemplate. If it ever be adopted at all, it must be as a remedy to the growing evil we have just pointed out.

3. There is, however, another provision, without which we should regard any measure of Representative Reform as unsatisfactory and incomplete. By the statute 6 Anne, c. 7. any Member of the House of Commons, on appointment to any civil office of trust and emolument under the Crown (with very few exceptions), vacates his seat, and either has to seek a new one or to present himself to his old constituents for re-election—or rejection. The moment a legislator becomes a servant of the Sovereign he ceases *ipso facto* to be a representative of the people. This enactment was in fact a compromise, falling short of the provision which had been proposed in the reign of William III. for banishing all the servants of the Crown from the House of Commons. The Bill for free and impartial proceedings in Parliament, in 1693, originally adopted that principle, but the Lords added the important words 'unless he be 'again chosen to serve in the same Parliament.' William never-

theless vetoed the measure, and the statute of Anne first introduced this limitation, which prevails to this day.

In the last century, when the influence of the Crown was really menacing to the yet unconsolidated privileges of the Commons, when the means of corruption at its disposal were vast and nearly uncontrolled, and when the Monarch might not impossibly seduce or purchase a dangerous tribune of the people by the offer of high place, and thus bribe him to barter popular for royal allegiance, it was probably right and wise to allow the constituencies the power of displacing a representative who might no longer be in a condition to serve them faithfully; nor, with the various ways and means then at the disposal of the Crown, did any serious inconveniences result from the practice. But at the present day all these dangers are chimerical. Parliament is virtually omnipotent, and the House of Commons nearly so; the liberty of the subject is no longer in danger; the influence of the Crown is no longer in need of reduction or jealous vigilance; the Sovereign cannot now use the representatives of the people to betray or to oppress the people. Why, then, retain a custom no longer wanted and no longer innocuous? Before the great Reform Bill, indeed, it was attended with no practical mischief. The Sovereign appointed whom he would as his ministers, out of the party then strongest in the House of Commons; and if any of those appointed lost their seats, they came into Parliament at once, and as a matter of course, for some Government or nomination boroughs. Since 1832, however, the case has been very different, and much inconvenience has ensued.

Many instances in recent times have shown that the mischievous consequences of maintaining this enactment are not imaginary. On one occasion Lord John Russell was out of Parliament for several weeks in the middle of the session (having been defeated in Devonshire), till the member for Stroud, a personal friend, vacated in his favour. Mr. Macaulay had to resign his post as Paymaster of the Forces, and the Government lost permanently one of its greatest ornaments and the country a most faithful and able servant. During the last six months of Sir Robert Peel's administration, Mr. Gladstone, from a similar reason, and to the great inconvenience of the public business, held the office of Secretary for the Colonies without a seat in Parliament. And on more occasions than we have any right to disclose have ministerial arrangements been hampered, and political combinations, which might have rendered the greatest service to the country, been prevented by the necessity of selecting for special office not the best men, but the men who were most certain of their re-election.

Indeed the obligation thus imposed upon the Sovereign and her advisers, of confining their choice to those who are in Parliament and can count upon remaining there, has become a serious nuisance, and inflicts a real injury on the public service. It limits mischievously the class and the circles out of which practical Statesmen can be chosen. By making a seat in Parliament the indispensable condition precedent, and the only avenue to high official life, it stimulates the competition for seats, and thus tends to aggravate corruption. It confines the selection, first, to those who are rich enough to embrace a parliamentary career and hardy enough to face the rough strife of the popular arena—able to persuade a small borough, or willing to contest a large one. It confines it still further to those who, already in Parliament, have been fortunate enough to please, not the great constituency of the empire, but this or that small electoral body—perhaps a body unable to appreciate comprehensive views, unable to forgive honest ones—resentful, it may be, of supposed slights, or furious at a refusal to perpetrate local jobs. One simple and frequent mode in which this limitation of choice operates to the detriment of the commonwealth, will suffice to bring it home to every understanding, and to show of how vital consequence it is. Take the case of the law advisers of the Crown—the Attorney and Solicitor-general. Those offices are of vast responsibility, of great power, of high honour, and of enormous emolument. There can be no doubt that the eminent men who fill them ought always to be selected, without exception or reserve, from the very first members of the profession—if not always the first in practice, the most remarkable in judgment and legal acumen, the foremost in public estimation, the purest and loftiest in character. Yet what do the artificial necessities of the case demand? Why, in the first place, that they shall be chosen only from those lawyers who chance at the time to have a seat in Parliament, and, in the second place, *among these*, from such only as are certain of their re-election.

This is a great evil; but the mischief and the anomaly do not stop here. By immemorial custom and established professional etiquette, the Solicitor-general always succeeds the Attorney-general, and the Attorney-general is usually entitled to claim the highest judicial appointment that falls vacant during his tenure of office. Thus an advocate may become Lord Chief Justice, not in consequence of any proved or even supposed qualification for the Bench, but simply because he happened to have had a firmer hold than his rival on some parliamentary constituency. The judge obtains his appointment, not because he is the leader and ornament of the Bar—the profoundest

lawyer, and the most impartial and dignified mind in the profession—but because he was a successful candidate on the hustings, and a useful supporter in debate.*

We should like to see these injurious and indefensible anomalies corrected by two provisions:—*First*, by repealing the statutory avoidance of their seats by Members of Parliament on accepting office under the Crown; and, *secondly*, by placing a limited number of *ex officio* seats at the disposal of the Crown, giving, that is, to the law officers, and perhaps to some other ministerial persons, the privilege of sitting in the House of Commons, but without votes.

Necessarily ignorant, as we are—and silent, as if we were not ignorant, it would become us to be—of what may be the designs of the Ministry, or the opinion of any individual member of it, as to the practical treatment of this great question, we have discharged the duty of speaking openly our own sentiments; in the hope that these pages will be found to express the matured intelligence and the calm convictions of the large majority of the Liberal party throughout England, including the most distinguished of those who led the movement for Reform a quarter of a century ago. Few men in social and civilised life—statesmen less even than others—can do all they wish, or precisely what they wish. Statesmen of the closet may point out what is desirable and what is dangerous. Statesmen of the arena have the harder and the nicer task of determining how far the desirable cannot be attained and ought therefore not to be attempted,—where danger should be shunned, and where it must be courageously encountered,—when to insist and when to compromise.

The opinions and the measures which we have thus endeavoured to recommend are the same to which we have given our adhesion on two former occasions, when measures for the Reform of the Representation of this country were known to be contemplated by the Government.† Experience and reflection have rather confirmed us in these moderate views, and we are confident that they will be found in the end to be the most

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* It is probable that this evil might be mitigated or averted by endowing the Inns of Court with the privilege of returning two members, like the Universities. This proposal was contained in the abortive measure of 1854. The Inns of Court might generally be relied on for selecting the most eminent and respected members of their body.

† See the articles on the same subject, Edin. Review, Jan. and 1852, and Oct. 1853.

serviceable to the cause of freedom and of improvement. We aspire to a higher position than that of representatives of personal or transitory interests. We desire to be, and we believe we are — in success and triumph now, as heretofore in difficulty and in adversity — the exponents of those principles of political and social Progress which are in their essence enduring and eternal, — of that loyal Freedom whose foundations were laid far back in English history, and whose culminating principles are now almost completed by that sobriety of temper, without which Freedom and Progress are alike in jeopardy.

NOTE.

Parliamentary Committees and Railway Legislation.

We have received from Lord Redesdale, the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords, a further communication having reference to the observations annexed to his Lordship's letter of the 17th February, which was inserted in our April Number. His Lordship conceives that we 'appear to imply that his statements 'are untrue, by asserting that those of the Reviewer were not made 'without a careful examination of the written Minutes of the Proceedings before the Committees, and by adding that to those who 'are conversant with Parliamentary Committees and Railway Legislation the justice of our strictures is sufficiently apparent.' We reply that the expressions to which his Lordship refers were not intended to bear the interpretation thus affixed to them.

His Lordship objects to our statement that it was not in our power to verify either his version or our own by an appeal to printed records, and has sent us the Reports on two of the cases quoted by the Reviewer, taken from the Journals of the House. We feel it due to his Lordship to acknowledge that in the case of the Belfast and County Down Railway his statement of the proceedings is strictly accurate; and we regret that the Reviewer should have fallen into an error as to the proceedings before the Standing Orders Committee upon this Bill, from an impression that a sectional objection was the true cause of its rejection.

In the case of the Aberdeen, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead Railway Lord Redesdale has also correctly given the Report of the Committee against the Bill, which Report contradicts the statement made by the Reviewer on the authority of the 'Railway Times.'

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